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T H E
LOVER AND READER;

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED
THE WHIG-EXAMINER,

A N D
A SELECTION FROM THE MEDLEY,

OF PAPERS WRITTEN BY THE PRINCIPAL AUTHORS OF
THE TATLER, SPECTATOR,
AND GUARDIAN.

A NEW EDITION,
With NOTES and ILLUSTRATIONS.



LONDON,
PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN NICHOLS.
MDCCLXXXIX.

THE
LOVER AND READER

THE WINDHAM MUSEUM

A COLLECTION OF THE MEDICAL

THE TATLER'S SPECTATOR



LONDON
PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON

P R E F A C E.

THE Editor respectfully offers to the Publick a new, correct, and improved edition of *The LOVER* *, *The READER* †, and *The WHIG-EXAMINER* ‡, compleat in themselves, but of additional value and importance, considered as *parts* in that series of inestimable Papers, whereof STEELE, eminently distinguished by his philanthropy, the felicity of his genius, and his accomplishments as a fine gentleman, was very meritoriously for a course of years the Author or principal Publisher, to the equal delight and emolument of his countrymen.

* See in p. 135, a *distinct Preface* to the *LOVER*.

† See also in p. 285, a *distinct Preface* to the *READER*.

‡ Of this Paper, which was the production of ADDISON, a history is given in the leaf of *Notes* which introduces it. For some account of the MEDLEYS, see pp. 51. 64. 125.

— This amiable gentleman lived in a period commonly considered as the AUGUSTAN age of England, and sufficiently fortunate in great men and good writers. The pestiferous arts and influence of party spirit, that raged beyond example for some of its last years, makes it difficult even now to see men and things in their true light; but STEELE is exalted both in his private and public character, by rigorous enquiry and examination; infomuch, that there appears to have been no man in his time better qualified to conduct the well-chosen mode of entertainment and instruction which he adopted, improved, and pursued with the best views, and for the most laudable purposes. The very contrivance and trial of such a patriotic plan of extensive entertainment and utility, argue unquestionably much ingenuity and merit; but STEELE persevered for years in his spirited undertaking, with indefatigable industry under all discouragements; and happily succeeded to a degree of honour and usefulness, never equalled by any that came before him, nor yet surpassed by the ablest diurnal Writers who, with the benefit of his example, have laboured to excell him.

At

P R E F A C E.

At this moment it certainly may be said with truth and impartiality, that no Writer of any age, in any country, ever contributed so much, or so eminently, to the intellectual improvement and moral refinement of his contemporaries and posterity.

STEELE was unquestionably the first who engaged ADDISON, and many other able and elegant Writers, in the entertainment and service of the publick. It was he who incorporated them into an useful society, under great advantages, and who directed and *supported* them, in promoting the intellectual elegance, the virtue and religion of his countrymen. By his own unremitting exertions, at his own *expence*, and personal hazard, he rendered them for a course of years eminently serviceable to their contemporaries, and benefactors to their posterity and mankind.

With regard therefore to the many excellent performances in these Papers of which STEELE was not himself the Author; as they would not have seen the light, but by the means of his publication, and his zeal and address in conducting

ing it; the Publick doubtless was then, and is now, principally indebted to him for them; so that whatever STEELE might owe to ADDISON and other Writers, whom he probably *paid very handsomely*, certainly we owe to STEELE the communication of what was originally written by ADDISON and them. It now appears indeed that STEELE, in almost every point of view, had more than common merit; and in whatever class we rank him, as an Author, Transcriber, or Publisher, he seems well entitled to as eminent a station among the benefactors to his country, *as any writer who ever used pen and ink*. See TATLER with Notes, Edit. 1786, vol. VI. p. 450, & *seqq.* Notes.

Nov. 10, 1789.

J. N.

THE

THE
WHIG-EXAMINER.

BY MR. ADDISON.

COMPLETE IN FIVE NUMBERS.

WITH A SELECTION FROM

THE MEDLEY.

By STEELE, ANTHONY HENLEY, ESQ.
MR. ARTHUR MAYNWARING, &c.

“ Every reader of every party, since personal malice is
“ past, and the Papers which once inflamed the nation
“ are read only as effusions of Wit, must wish for
“ more of The WHIG EXAMINERS; for on no oc-
“ casion was the genius of ADDISON more vigorously
“ exerted, and on none did the superiority of his Wit
“ more evidently appear.”

Dr. JOHNSON.

* * " Soon after the first appearance of the EXAMINER *, came out a paper from the other side, called THE WHIG EXAMINER †, written with so much fire, and in so excellent a style, as put the Tories in no small pain for their favourite hero: everyone cried, BICKERSTAFF must be the author; and people were the more confirmed in this opinion, upon its being so soon laid down, which seemed to shew that it was only written to bind the EXAMINERS to their good behaviour, and was never designed to be a weekly paper." GAY's " Present State of Wit, 1711."

" ADDISON wrote, as different exigencies required, in 1707, " The present State of the War, and the Necessity of an Augmentation;" which, however judicious, being written on temporary topics, and exhibiting no peculiar powers, has naturally sunk, by its own weight, into neglect. This cannot be said of the few papers intituled " THE WHIG-EXAMINER," in which is exhibited all the force of gay malevolence and humorous satire. Of this paper, which just appeared and expired, SWIFT remarks with exultation, that " it is now down among the dead men." He might well rejoice at the death of that which he could not have killed." Dr. JOHNSON.

* On the 3d of August, 1710, appeared the first number of " The EXAMINER, the ablest vindication of the measures of the Queen and her new Ministry. " About a dozen of these papers," Dr. Swift tells us, " written with much spirit and sharpness, some by Secretary St. John, since Lord Bolingbroke; others by Dr. Atterbury, since Bishop of Rochester; and others again by Mr. Prior, Dr. Freind, &c. were published with great applause. But these gentlemen being grown weary of the work, or otherwise employed, the determination was, that I should continue it, which I did accordingly eight months. But, my style being soon discovered, and having contracted a great number of enemies, I let it fall into other hands, who held it up in some manner until her Majesty's death." Dr. Swift began with N° 13, and ended by writing a part of N° 46; when Mrs. Manley took it up, and finished the first volume; it was afterwards resumed by Mr. Oldilworth, who completed four volumes more, and published nineteen numbers of a sixth volume, when the Queen's death put an end to the whole.

† In this work Mr. ADDISON was assisted by MAYNWARING. Mr. OLDMIXON, indeed, from the circumstance of its being laid down to make room for The MEDLEY, apprehended it to have been principally the production of Mr. MAYNWARING. See the notes on N° III.

THE WHIG-EXAMINER.

N^o 1. Thursday, September 14, 1710.

*Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae,
 Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!
 Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
 intantum Pallanta, et cum folia ista diemque
 Oderit.*— VIRG. ÆN. X. 501.

‘ O mortals ! blind in fate, who never know
 ‘ To bear high fortune, or endure the low !
 ‘ The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
 ‘ Shall wish untouch’d the trophies of the slain ;
 ‘ Shall wish the fatal belt were far away,
 ‘ And curse the dire remembrance of the day.’

DRYDEN.

THE design of this work is to censure the writings of others, and to give all persons a re-hearing, who have suffered under any unjust sentence of the EXAMINER. As that Author has hitherto proceeded, his paper would have been more properly entitled the EXECUTIONER : at least his examination is like that which is made by the rack and wheel. I have always admired a Critick that has discovered the beauties of an Author, and never knew one who made it his business to lash the faults of other

6 THE WHIG-EXAMINER. N^o 1.

writers, that was not guilty of greater himself; as the hangman is generally a worse malefactor, than the criminal that suffers by his hand. To prove what I say, there needs no more than to read the annotations which this author has made upon Dr. GARTH's Poem, with the preface in the front, and a riddle at the end of them. To begin with the first: Did ever an advocate for a party open with such an unfortunate assertion? "The collective body of the Whigs have already engrossed our riches:" That is, in plain English the Whigs are possessed of all the riches in the nation. Is not this giving up all he has been contending for these six weeks? Is there any thing more reasonable, than that those who have all the riches of the nation in their possession, or, if he likes his own phrase better, as indeed I think it is stronger, that those who have already *engrossed* our riches, should have the management of our public Treasure, and the direction of our fleets and armies? But let us proceed: "Their representative the Kit-Cat have pretended to make a Monopoly of our sense*".

* Prior was the author of the number and annotations animadverted upon in this Paper. About this time he had deserted the Whig party, to join the Tory administration. About the time of his apostacy he was expelled from the Kit-Cat-Club; and he alludes, in the words here quoted, to his expulsion. He seems to have been the first person fixed upon for the management of the Examiner, which devolved ultimately on Dr. Swift. The drubbing he received here from Addison probably sickened Prior, and disabled him for his new honourable employment. See TAT. 12mo. 6 vols. *Notes on the Examiner*, N^o 210. & N^o 229.

Well,

N^o 1. THE WHIG-EXAMINER. 7

Well, but what does all this end in? If the Author means any thing, it is this, that to prevent such a Monopoly of sense, he is resolved to deal in it himself by retail, and sell a penny-worth of it every week. In what follows, there is such a shocking familiarity both in his raileries and civilities, that one cannot long be in doubt who is the Author. The remaining part of the preface has so much of the pedant, and so little of the conversation of men in it, that I shall pass it over, and hasten to the riddles, which are as follows.

The RIDDLE.

SPHINX was a monster, that would eat
Whatever stranger she could get;
Unless his ready wit disclos'd
The subtle riddle she propos'd.

Oedipus was resolv'd to go,
And try what strength of parts could do.
Says Sphinx, On this depends your fate;
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright;
Has two at noon, and three at night.
'Tis man, said he, who, weak by nature,
At first creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four: As years accrue,
With sturdy steps he walks on two:
In age, at length, grown weak and sick,
For his third leg adopts the stick.
Now in your turn, 'tis just, methinks
You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What stranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four.

[B] 4

The

8 THE WHIG-EXAMINER. N° 1.

The first part of this little mystical Poem is an old riddle, which we could have told the meaning of, had not the Author given himself the trouble of explaining it: but as for the exposition of the second, he leaves us altogether in the dark. The riddle runs thus: What creature is it that walks upon four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs at night? This he solves, as our forefathers have done for these two thousand years; and not according to RABELAIS, who gives another reason why a man is said to be a creature with three legs at night. Then follows the second riddle: What creature, says he, is it that first uses four legs, then two legs, then three legs; then loses one leg, then gets two legs, and at last runs away upon four legs? Were I disposed to be splenetic, I should ask if there was any thing in the *New Garland of RIDDLES so wild, so childish, or so flat*. But though I dare not go so far as that, I shall take upon me to say, that the Author has stolen his hint out of *The GARLAND*, from a riddle which I was better acquainted with than the *Nile* when I was but twelve years old. It runs thus, "Riddle my riddle my ree, what is this? "Two legs sat upon three legs, and held one leg "in her hand; in came four legs, and snatched "away one leg; up started two legs, and flung "three legs at four legs, and brought one leg "back again." This *Enigma*, joined with the foregoing two, rings all the changes that can be made upon four legs. That I may deal more ingenuously

N^o 1. THE WHIG-EXAMINER. 9

genuously with my Reader than the above-mentioned Enigmatist has done, I shall present him with a key to my riddle; which upon application he will find exactly fitted to all the words of it; one leg is a leg of mutton, two legs is a servant maid, three legs is a joint-stool, which in the Sphinx's country was called a tripod; as four legs is a dog, who in all nations and ages has been reckoned a quadruped. We have now the exposition of our first and third riddles upon legs; let us here, if you please, endeavour to find out the meaning of our second, which is thus in the Author's words:

What stranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four?

This riddle, as the Poet tells us, was proposed by Oedipus to the Sphinx, after he had given his solution to that which the Sphinx had proposed to him. This Oedipus, you must understand, though the people did not believe it, was son to a King of Thebes, and bore a particular grudge to the Treasurer of that Kingdom; which made him so bitter upon H. L. in this Enigma.

What stranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three?

By which he intimates, that this great man at Thebes being *weak by nature*, as he admirably expresses it, could not walk as soon as he was
born,

10 THE WHIG-EXAMINER. N^o 1.

born, but, like other children, fell upon all four when he attempted it; that he afterwards went upon two legs, like other men; and that, in his more advanced age, he got a white staff in Queen Jocasta's court, which the Author calls his third leg. Now it so happened that the Treasurer fell, and by that means broke his third leg, which is intimated by the next words, "Then loses one"—Thus far I think we have travelled through the riddle with good success.

What stranger creature yet is he
That has four legs, then two, then three?
Then loses one—

But now comes the difficulty that has puzzled the whole town, and which, I must confess, has kept me awake for these three nights;

— Then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four.

I at last thought the treasurer of Thebes might have walked upon crutches, and so ran away on four legs, viz. two natural and two artificial. But this I have no authority for; and therefore upon mature consideration do find that the words *Then gets two more* are only Greek expletives, introduced to make up the verse, and to signify nothing; and that *runs*, in the next line, should be *rides*. I shall therefore restore the true ancient reading of this riddle, after which it will be able to explain itself.

Oedipus

Nº 1. THE WHIG-EXAMINER. 11

Oedipus speaks :

Now in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What stranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gains two more,
And rides away at last on four ?

I must now inform the Reader, that Thebes was on the continent, so that it was easy for a man to ride out of his dominions on horseback, an advantage that a British Statesman would be deprived of. If he would run away, he must do it *in an open boat* ; for to say of an Englishman in this sense, that he runs away on all four, would be as absurd as to say, he clapped spurs to his horse at St. James's gate, and galloped away to the Hague.

Before I take my farewell of this subject, I shall advise the Author for the future to speak his meaning more plainly. I allow he has a happy talent at doggrel, when he writes upon a known subject : where he tells us, in plain intelligible language, how Syrisca's *Ladle* was lost in one hole, and Hans Carvel's finger in another*, he is very jocular and diverting ; but when he wraps a lampoon in a riddle, he must consider that his jest is lost to every one, but the few merry wags that are in the secret. This is making darker Satires than ever *Perfius* did. After

* These allusions to PRIOR's poems confirm what has been said in the preceding note on this Paper, p. 6.

this

this cursory view of the EXAMINER's performance, let us consider his remarks upon the Doctor's. That general piece of raillery which he passes upon the Doctor's considering the Treasurer in several different views, is that which might fall upon any Poem in Waller, or any other writer who has diversity of thoughts and allusions; and tho' it may appear a pleasant ridicule to an ignorant Reader, is wholly groundless and unjust. I do likewise dissent with the EXAMINER, upon the phrases of "passions being poised, and of the retrieving merit from dependence," which are very beautiful and poetical. It is the same cavilling spirit that finds fault with that expression of "the pomp of peace among the woes of war," as well as of "offering unasked." As for the Nile, how Icarus and Phaeton came to be joined with it, I cannot conceive. I must confess they have been formerly used to represent the fate of rash ambitious men; and I cannot imagine why the Author should deprive us of those particular similes for the future. The next Criticism upon the stars, seems introduced for no other reason but to mention Mr. BICKERSTAFF, whom the Author every where endeavours to imitate and abuse. But I shall refer the EXAMINER to the frog's advice to her little one, that was blowing itself up to the size of an Ox;

"— Non si te ruperis, inquit,
" Par eris" —

N^o 1. THE WHIG-EXAMINER. 13

The allusion to the victim may be a Gallimatia in French politicks, but is an apt and noble allusion to a true English spirit. And as for the EXAMINER's remarks on the word *bleed* (though a man would laugh to see impotent malice so little able to contain itself) one cannot but observe in them the temper of the Banditti whom he mentions in the same paper, who always murder where they rob. The last observation is upon the line, "Ingratitude's a weed
" of every clime." Here he is very much out of humour with the Doctor, for having called that the *weed*, which DRYDEN only terms the *growth*, of every Clime. But, for God's sake, why so much tenderness for ingratitude*?

But I shall say no more. We are now in an age wherein impudent assertions must pass for arguments: and I do not question but the same, who has endeavoured here to prove that he who wrote the DISPENSARY was no Poet, will very suddenly undertake to shew, that he who gained the Battle of *Blenheim* is no General†.

* PRIOR had been under great obligations to the Whig party, particularly to Lord HALIFAX. This is one of ADDISON's *oblique strokes*.

† He was deprived of his *Generalship* soon after this; to the great astonishment of all Europe.

N° 2. Thursday, September 21, 1710.

— *Arcades ambo*

Et cantare pares —

Virg. Ecl. vii. 4.

‘ Both young Arcadians, both alike inspir’d
‘ To sing and answer as the song requir’d.’

DRYDEN.

I Never yet knew an Author that had not his admirers*. BUNYAN and QUARLES have passed through several editions, and please as many Readers, as DRYDEN and TILLOTSON. The EXAMINER had not written two half sheets of paper before he met with one that was astonished at the force he was master of, and approaches him with awe, when he mentions State-subjects, as “ encroaching on the province that belonged to him, and treating of things that deserve to pass under his pen.” The same humble Author tells us, that the EXAMINER can furnish mankind with an “ Antidote to the “ poison that is scattered through the nation.”

* “ He who pleases many,” as Dr. JOHNSON observes of POMFRET, “ must have merit.”

This

N^o 2. THE WHIG-EXAMINER. 15

This crying-up of the EXAMINER's Antidote puts me in mind of the first appearance that a celebrated French quack made in the streets of Paris. A little boy walked before him, publishing, with a shrill voice, *Mon pere guerit toutes sortes de maladies*, "My father cures all sorts of distempers," To which the Doctor, who walked behind him, added in a grave and composed manner, *L'enfant dit vrai*, "The child says true."

That the Reader may see what party the Author of this Letter is of, I shall shew how he speaks of the French King and the Duke of Anjou, and how of our greatest Allies, the Emperor of Germany and the States-General. "In the mean while the French King has withdrawn his troops from Spain, and has put it out of his power to restore that monarchy to us, was he reduced low enough really to desire to do it. The Duke of Anjou has had leisure to take off those whom he suspected, to confirm his friends, to regulate his revenues, to increase and form his troops, and, above all, to rouse that spirit in the Spanish nation, which a succession of lazy and indolent Princes had lulled asleep. From hence it appears probable enough, that if the war continue much longer on the present foot, instead of regaining Spain, we shall find the Duke of Anjou in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the grandfather in his declining years; by whose arms, in the
" days

“ days of his infancy, he was upheld.” What expressions of tenderness, duty and submission ! The Panegyrick on the Duke of Anjou is by much the best written part of this whole Letter ; the Apology for the French King is indeed the same which the Post-boy has often made, but worded with greater deference and respect to that great Prince. There are many strokes of the Author’s good will to our confederates, the Dutch and the Emperor, in several parts of this notable Epistle ; I shall only quote one of them, alluding to the concern which the Bank, the States-General, and the Emperor, expressed for the Ministry by their humble applications to Her Majesty, in these words.

“ Not daunted yet, they resolve to try a new
 “ expedient, and the interest of Europe is to be
 “ represented as inseparable from that of the
 “ Ministers :

“ *Haud dubitant equidem implorare quod usquam*
 “ *est,*

“ *Flectere si nequeunt Superos, Acheronta move-*
 “ *bunt **.

“ The members of the Bank, the Dutch,
 “ and the Court of Vienna, are called in as
 “ confederates to the Ministry.” This, in the

* These lines are cited, with a little variation, from Virgil, *Æn.* vii. 312.

“ If Jove and Heaven my just desires deny,

“ Hell shall the power of Heaven and Jove supply.”

DRYDEN.

mildest

mildest English it will bear, runs thus : " They
 " are resolved to look for help wherever they
 " can find it : if they cannot have it from Hea-
 " ven, they will go to Hell for it ;" that is, to
 the members of the Bank, the Dutch, and the
 Court of Vienna. The French King, the Pope,
 and the Devil, have been often joined together
 by a well-meaning Englishman ; but I am very
 much surprized to see the Bank, the Dutch, and
 the Court of Vienna, in such company. We
 may still see this Gentleman's principles in the
 accounts which he gives of his own country :
 speaking of the General *, the *quondam* Trea-
 surer † ; and the Junto ; which every one knows
 comprehends the Whigs, in their utmost ex-
 tent ; he adds, in opposition to them, " For
 " the Queen and the whole body of the British
 " nation,

" *Nos Numerus sumus.*"

In English, " We are Cyphers."

How properly the Tories may be called the
 whole body of the British nation, I leave to any
 one's judging ; and wonder how an Author can
 be so disrespectful to her Majesty, as to separate
 her in so saucy a manner from that part of her
 people, who, according to the EXAMINER him-
 self, " have engrossed the riches of the nation ;"
 and all this to join her, with so much impudence,
 under the common denomination of WE ; that
 is, " WE, Queen and Tories," are cyphers.

* Marlborough.

† Godolphin.

"*Nos Numerus sumus*" is a scrap of Latin more impudent than Cardinal WOLSEY's "*Ego et Rex meus.*" We find the same particle WE, used with great emphasis and significance in the eighth page of this letter: "But, nothing decisive, nothing which had the appearance of earnest, has been so much as attempted, except that wise expedition to Thoulon, which WE suffered to be defeated before it began." Whoever did, God forgive them: there were indeed several stories of discoveries made, by letters and messengers that were sent to France.

Having done with the Author's party and principles, we now shall consider his performance, under the three heads of Wit, Language, and Argument. The first lash of his Satyr falls upon the CENSOR of Great Britain, who, says he, resembles the famous Censor of Rome, in nothing but espousing "the cause of the vanished." Our Letter-writer here alludes to that known verse in Lucan,

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

'The Gods espoused the cause of the conquerors, but Cato espoused the cause of the vanquished.' The misfortune is, that this verse was not written of CATO the *Censor*, but of CATO of *Utica*. How Mr. BICKERSTAFF, who has written in favour of a party that is not vanquished, resembles the younger CATO, who was not a Roman *Censor*, I do not well conceive, unless it be in struggling for the liberty of his country.

N^o 2. THE WHIG-EXAMINER. 19

country. To say, therefore, that the *Censor* of Great-Britain resembles that famous *Censor* of Rome “in nothing but espousing the cause of “the vanquished,” is just the same as if one should say, in regard to the many obscure truths and secret histories that are brought to light in this Letter, that the Author of these new revelations resembles the ancient Author of the Revelations “in nothing but venturing his head.” Besides that there would be no ground for such a resemblance, would not a man be laughed at by every common Reader, should he thus mistake one St. John for another, and apply that to St. John the Evangelist which relates to St. John the Baptist, who died many years before him *?

Another smart touch of the Author we meet with in the fifth page, where, without any preparation, he breaks out all on a sudden into a vein of poetry; and, instead of writing a letter to the EXAMINER, gives advice to a Painter in these strong lines: “Paint, Sir, with that force
“which you are master of, the present state of
“the war abroad; and expose to the public
“view those principles upon which, of late, it
“has been carried on, so different from those
“upon which it was originally entered into.
“Collect some few of the indignities which
“have been this year offered to Her Majesty,
“and of those unnatural struggles which have
“betrayed the weakness of a shattered constitu-

* Or confound, as Sterne says, ALEXANDER the Great with “Alexander the Coppersmith.”

“tion.” By the way, a man may be said to paint a battle, or, if you please, a war; but I do not see how it is possible to paint the present state of a war. So a man may be said to describe or to collect accounts of indignities and unnatural struggles; but to collect the things themselves, is a figure which this Gentleman has introduced into our English prose. Well, but what will be the use of this picture of a state of the war, and this collection of indignities and struggles? It seems the chief design of them it to make a dead man blush, as we may see in those inimitable lines which immediately follow: “And when this is done, D—n shall blush in his grave among the dead, Walpole among the living, and even Volpone shall feel some remorse”. Was there ever any thing, I will not say so stiff and so unnatural, but so brutal and so silly! this is downright hacking and hewing in Satyr. But we see a masterpiece of this kind of writing in the twelfth page; where, without any respect to a Duchess of Great-Britain*, a Princess of the Empire, and one who was a bosom-friend of her Royal Mistress, he calls a great Lady “an insolent woman, the worst of her sex, a fury, an executioner of divine vengeance, a plague;” and applies to her a line which Virgil writ originally upon Alecto. One would think this foul-mouthed Writer must have received some particular injuries, either from this great Lady or from her Husband; and these

* Duchess of Marlborough.

the world shall be soon acquainted with, by a book which is now in the press, intituled, "An Essay towards proving that gratitude is no virtue." This Author is so full of Satyr, and is so angry with every one that is pleased with the Duke of Marlborough's victories, that he goes out of his way to abuse one of the Queen's singing-men, who it seems did his best to celebrate a thanksgiving-day in an Anthem; as you may see in that passage: "Towns have been taken, and battles have been won; the mob has huzza'd round bonfires; the Stentor of the chapel has strained his throat in the gallery, and the Stentor of Sarum* has deafened his audience from the pulpit." Thus you see how, like a true son of the High-Church, he falls upon a learned and reverend Prelate, and for no other crime, but for preaching with an audible voice. If a man lifts up his voice like a trumpet to preach sedition †, he is received by some men as a Confessor; but if he "cries aloud and spares not," to animate people with devotion and gratitude, for the greatest public blessings that ever were bestowed on a sinful nation, he is reviled as a Stentor.

I promised in the next place to consider the *Language* of this excellent Author, who I find takes himself for an Orator. In the first page he censures several for the poison which they

* Dr. GILBERT BURNET, at this time Bp. of Sarum.

† Dr. SACHEVERELL.

“profusely scatter” through the nation; that is, in plain English, for “squandering away “their poison.” In the second he talks of “carrying probability through the thread of a “fable;” and in the third, of “laying an odium at a man’s door.” In the fourth he rises in his expressions; where he speaks of those who would persuade the people, that “the General, “the *quondam* Treasurer, and the Junto, are “the only objects of the confidence of the Allies, “and of the fears of the enemies.” I would advise this Author to try the beauty of this expression. Suppose a foreign Minister should address her Majesty in the following manner (for certainly it is her Majesty only to whom the sense of the compliment ought to be paid), “Madam, you are the object of the confidence “of the Allies;” or, “Madam, your Majesty is “the only object of the fears of the enemies.” Would a man think that he had learned *English*? I would have the Author try, by the same rule, some of his other phrases, as p. 7. where he tells us, “That the balance of power in Europe would be still precarious.” What would a tradesman think, if one should tell him in a passion, that his “scales were precarious;” and mean by it, that they were “not fixed?” In the thirteenth page he speaks of certain “profligate wretches, who having usurped the “Royal Seat, resolved to venture overturning “the chariot of Government, rather than to lose “their

“ their place in it.” A plain-spoken man would have left the *Chariot* out of this sentence, and so have made it good English. As it is there, it is not only an impropriety of speech, but of metaphor; it being impossible for a man to have a place in the chariot which he drives. I would therefore advise this Gentleman, in the next edition of his Letter, to change the *Chariot* of government into the *Chaise* of government, which will sound as well, and serve his turn much better. I could be longer on the *errata* of this very small work, but will conclude this head with taking notice of a certain figure which was unknown to the Ancients, and in which this Letter-writer very much excels. This is called by some an *Anti-climax*, an instance of which we have in the tenth page; where he tells us, that Britain may expect to have this only glory left her, “ That she has proved a farm to the “ Bank, a province to Holland, and a jest to “ the whole world.” I never met with so sudden a downfall in so promising a sentence; “ a jest “ to the whole world” gives such an unexpected turn to this happy period, that I was heartily troubled and surprized to meet with it. I do not remember, in all my reading, to have observed more than two couplets of verses that have been written in this figure; the first are thus quoted by Mr. DRYDEN :

Not only *London* echoes with thy *fame*,
But also *Islington* has heard the *same*.

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The

The other are in French,

“ Allez vous, luy dit il, sans bruit chez vos parens,
 “ Ou vous avez laissé votre honneur et vos gans.”

But we need not go further than the Letter before us for examples of this nature, as we may find in page 11. “ Mankind remains convinced, “ that a Queen, possessed of all the virtues requisite to bless a nation, or make a private family happy, sits on the throne.” Is this Panegyrick or Burlesque? To see so glorious a Queen celebrated in such a manner, gives every good subject a secret indignation; and looks liker Scarron’s character of the great Queen Semiramis, “ who”, says that Author, “ was the “ Founder of Babylon, Conqueror of the East, “ and an excellent Housewife.”

The third subject, being the argumentative part of this Letter, I shall leave till another occasion.

N^o 3. Thursday, September 28, 1710.

—*Non defensoribus istis*

Tempus eget.—VIRG. *Æn.* ii. 521.

“These times want other aids.” DRYDEN.

I WAS once talking with an old humdrum fellow, and before I had heard his story out, was called away by business. About three years after I met him again; when he immediately re-assumed the thread of his story, and began his salutation with, “But, Sir, as I was telling you.” The same method has been made use of by very polite writers; as, in particular, the Author of *Don Quixote*, who inserts several novels in his works, and, after a *parenthesis* of about a dozen leaves, returns again to his story. *Hudibras* has broke off the Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle. The *TATLER* has frequently interrupted the course of a *Lucubration*, and taken it up again after a fortnight’s respite; as the *EXAMINER*, who is capable of imitating him in this particular, has likewise done.

This may serve as an apology for my postponing the examination of the argumentative part of The Letter to the Examiner to a further day, though I must confess this was occasioned by a letter which I received last post. Upon opening it, I found it to contain a very curious piece of antiquity; which, without preface or application, was introduced as follows:

“Alcibiades

“ Alcibiades * was a man of wit and pleasure,
 “ bred up in the school of Socrates ; and one
 “ of the best Orators of his age, notwithstanding
 “ ing he lived at a time when learning was at
 “ its highest pitch : he was likewise very famous
 “ for his military exploits, having gained great
 “ conquests over the Lacedæmonians, who had
 “ formerly been the confederates of his coun-
 “ trymen against the great king of Persia, but
 “ were at that time in alliance with the Persians.
 “ He had been once so far misrepresented and
 “ traduced by the malice of his enemies, that
 “ the Priests cursed him. But after the great
 “ services which he had done for his country,
 “ they publicly repealed their curses, and
 “ changed them into applauses and benedictions.

* The speech of ALCIBIADES was written by Mr.
 MAYNWARING. The occasion of it was, the opposition
 the victorious general Stanhope met with in the election
 for Westminster, 1710, when he stood candidate for mem-
 ber of Parliament for that city, by his proxy, major gene-
 ral Davenport ; and was opposed by Mr. Thomas Cross
 the Brewer. By Alcibiades is meant general Stanhope, by
 Taureas Mr. Cross, by the Lacedæmonians the Spaniards.

During the violence of this election, Swift tells Mrs.
 Johnson, “ In the way to Kneller’s we met the electors
 “ for parliament-men ; and the rabble came about our
 “ coach, crying, “ A COLT, a STANHOPE, &c. We were
 “ afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken ; and so were
 “ always of their side.” Journal to Stella, Oct. 5, 1710.—
 “ In the election the Tories carry it among the new mem-
 “ bers six to one. Mr. ADDISON’s election has passed easy
 “ and undisputed ; and I believe if he had a mind to be
 “ chosen King, he would hardly be refused.” Ibid. Oct.
 12, 1710. It appears by Swift’s Journal, that STEELE,
 ADDISON, and himself, were at this period in the strictest
 habits of intimacy.

“ Plu.

“ Plutarch tells us, in the life of Alcibiades, that
 “ one Taureas, an obscure man, contended with
 “ him for a certain prize, which was to be con-
 “ ferred by vote ; at which time each of the
 “ competitors recommended himself to the
 “ Athenians by an Oration. The speech which
 “ Alcibiades made on that occasion has been
 “ lately discovered among the Manuscripts of
 “ King’s-College in Cambridge ; and commu-
 “ nicated to me by my learned friend Dr. Bent-
 “ ley ; who tells me, that by a marginal note
 “ it appears, that this Taureas, or as the Doe-
 “ tor rather chooses to call him, *Toryas*, was
 “ an Athenian Brewer. This speech I have
 “ translated literally, changing very little in it,
 “ except where it was absolutely necessary to
 “ make it understood by an English Reader. It
 “ is as follows :

“ Is it possible, O ye Athenians, that I who
 “ hitherto have had none but Generals to oppose
 “ me, must now have an artisan for my anta-
 “ gonist ? that I, who have overthrown the
 “ Princes of Lacedæmon, must now see myself
 “ in danger of being defeated by a Brewer ?
 “ What will the world say of the Goddess that
 “ presides over you, should they suppose you
 “ follow her dictates ? would they think she
 “ acted like herself, like the great Minerva ?
 “ would they now say she inspires her sons with
 “ wisdom ? or would they not rather say she
 “ has a second time chosen owls for her favour-
 “ ites ?

“ites? But O ye men of Athens, what has
 “this man done to deserve your voices? You
 “say he is honest; I believe it, and therefore
 “he shall brew for me. You say he is assiduous
 “in his calling: and is he not grown rich by
 “it? Let him have your custom, but not your
 “votes. You are now to cast your eyes on those
 “who can detect the artifices of the common
 “enemy, that can disappoint your secret foes in
 “council, and your open ones in the field. Let
 “it not avail my competitor, that he has been
 “tapping his liquors, while I have been spilling
 “my blood; that he has been gathering hops
 “for you, while I have been reaping laurels.
 “Have I not borne the dust and heat of the day,
 “while he has been sweating at the furnace?
 “Behold these scars, behold this wound which
 “still bleeds in your service! What can Taureas
 “shew you of this nature? What are his marks
 “of honour? Has he any other wound about
 “him, except the accidental scaldings of his
 “wort, or bruises from the tub or barrel? Let
 “it not, O Athenians, let it not be said, that
 “your Generals have conquered themselves into
 “your displeasure, and lost your favour by
 “gaining you victories. Shall those atchieve-
 “ments that have redeemed the present age from
 “slavery, be undervalued by those who feel the
 “benefits of them? Shall those names that
 “have made your city the glory of the whole
 “earth be mentioned in it with obloquy and
 “detrac-

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“ detraction ? Will not your posterity blush at
 “ their forefathers, when they shall read in the
 “ annals of their country, that Alcibiades, in
 “ the 90th Olympiad, after having conquered
 “ the Lacedæmonians, and recovered Byzantium,
 “ contended for a prize against Taureas the
 “ Brewer ? The competition is dishonourable,
 “ the defeat would be shameful. I shall not
 “ however slacken my endeavours for the secu-
 “ rity of my country. If she is ungrateful, she
 “ is still Athens. On the contrary, as she will
 “ stand more in need of defence, when she has
 “ so degenerate a people ; I will pursue my vic-
 “ tories, till such time as it shall be out of your
 “ power to hurt yourselves, and that you may
 “ be in safety even under your present leaders.
 “ But oh ! thou genius of Athens, whither art
 “ thou fled ? Where is now the race of those
 “ glorious spirits that perished at the battle of
 “ Thermopylæ, and fought upon the plains of
 “ Marathon ? Are you weary of conquering, or
 “ have you forgotten the oath which you took
 “ at Agraulos, ‘ That you would look upon
 “ the bounds of Attica to be those soils only
 “ which are incapable of bearing wheat and bar-
 “ ley, vines and olives ?’ “ Consider your ene-
 “ mies the Lacedæmonians ; did you ever hear
 “ that they preferred a Coffee-man to Agesilaus ?
 “ No, though their Generals have been unfor-
 “ tunate, though they have lost several battles,
 “ though they have not been able to cope with
 “ the

“ the troops of Athens, which I have conducted;
 “ they are comforted and condoled, nay cele-
 “ brated and extolled, by their fellow-citizens.
 “ Their Generals have been received with ho-
 “ nour after their defeat, yours with ignominy
 “ after conquest. Are there not men of Tau-
 “ reas’s temper and character, who tremble in
 “ their hearts at the name of the great King of
 “ Persia? who have been *against* entering into a
 “ war with him, or for making a peace upon
 “ base conditions? that have grudged those con-
 “ tributions which have set our country at the
 “ head of all the governments of Greece? that
 “ would dishonour those who have raised her to
 “ such a pitch of glory? that would betray those
 “ liberties which your fathers in all ages have
 “ purchased or recovered with their blood? and
 “ would prosecute your fellow-citizens with as
 “ much rigour and fury, as of late years we
 “ have attacked the common enemy? I shall
 “ trouble you no more, O ye men of Athens;
 “ you know my actions, let my antagonist re-
 “ late what he has done for you. Let him pro-
 “ duce his vatts and tubs, in opposition to the
 “ heaps of arms and standards which were em-
 “ ployed against you, and which I have wrested
 “ out of the hands of your enemies. And when
 “ this is done, let him be brought into the field
 “ of election upon his dray-cart; and if I can
 “ finish my conquest sooner, I will not fail to
 “ meet him there in a triumphant chariot. But,

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“ oh ye Gods ! let not the King of Persia laugh
“ at the fall of Alcibiades ! Let him not say,
“ the Athenians have avenged me upon their
“ own Generals ; or let me be rather struck
“ dead by the hand of a Lacedæmonian, than
“ disgraced by the voices of my fellow-citizens.”

N^o 4. Thursday, October 5, 1740.

Satis eloquentiæ, sapientiæ parum. SALLUST.

Of Eloquence sufficient, of Wisdom scanty.

HUDIBRAS has defined NONSENSE (as Cowley does wit) by negatives. Nonsense (says he) is that which is neither true nor false. These two great properties of Nonsense, which are always essential to it, give it such a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either answered or contradicted. It stands upon its own basis like a rock of adamant, secured by its natural situation against all conquests or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favour an enemy in his approaches. The *major* and the *minor* are of equal strength. Its questions admit
of

of no reply, and its assertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to distinguish colours in the midst of darkness, as to find out what to approve and disapprove in Nonsense; you may as well assault an army that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms any thing, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obscurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written piece of Nonsense, than in the most abstruse and profound tract of school-divinity.

After this short panegyrick upon Nonsense, which may appear as extravagant to an ordinary Reader, as ERASMUS's "Encomium of Folly;" I must here solemnly protest, that I have not done it to curry favour with my antagonist, or to reflect any praise in an oblique manner upon the Letter to the Examiner: I have no private considerations to warp me in this controversy, since my first entering upon it. But before I proceed any further, because it may be of great use to me in this dispute, to state the whole nature of Nonsense, and because it is a subject entirely new, I must take notice that there are two kinds of it, *viz.* *High NONSENSE* and *Low NONSENSE*.

Low NONSENSE is the talent of a cold phlegmatic temper, that in a poor dispirited style creeps along servilely through darkness and confusion. A writer of this complexion gropes his

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way softly amongst self-contradictions, and grovels in absurdities.

Videri vult pauper; & est pauper.

He has neither wit, nor sense; and pretends to none.

On the contrary, your *High* NONSENSE blusters and makes a noise: it stalks upon hard words, and rattles through polysyllables. It is loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical. It has something in it like manliness and force, and makes one think of the name of Sir *Hercules* NONSENSE in the play called "The Nest of Fools." In a word, your *High* NONSENSE has a majestic appearance, and wears a most tremendous garb, like *Æsop's* As cloathed in a lion's skin*.

When *Aristotle* lay upon his death-bed, and was asked whom he would appoint for his successor in the school, two of his scholars being candidates for it; he called for two different sorts of wine, and by the character which he gave of them denoted the different qualities and perfections that shewed themselves in the style and writings of each of the competitors. As rational writings have been represented by *wine*; I shall represent those kinds of writings we are now speaking of, by *small-beer*.

Low NONSENSE is like that in the *barrel*, which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid.

* See READER, N^o 3, and N^o 4.

High Nonsense is like that in the *bottle*, which has in reality no more strength and spirit than the other, but frets and flies, and bounces, and by the help of a little wind that is got into it imitates the passions of a much nobler liquor.

We meet with a low groveling Nonsense in every Grub-street production; but I think there are none of our present writers who have hit the sublime in Nonsense, besides Dr. Sacheverell in Divinity, and the author of this letter in Politics; between whose characters in their respective professions, there seems to be a very nice resemblance.

There is still another qualification in Nonsense which I must not pass over, being that which gives it the last finishing and perfection, and eminently discovers itself in the letter to the EXAMINER. This is when an author without any meaning seems to have it; and so imposes upon us by the sound and ranging of his words, that one is apt to fancy they signify something. Any one who reads this letter, as he goes through it, will lie under the same delusion; but after having read it, let him consider what he has learnt from it, and he will immediately discover the deceit. I did not indeed at first imagine there was in it such a jargon of ideas, such an inconsistency of notions, such a confusion of particles, that rather puzzle than connect the sense which in some places he seems to have aimed at, as I found upon my nearer perusal of
it :

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it: nevertheless, as nobody writes a book without meaning something, though he may not have the faculty of writing consequentially, and expressing his meaning; I think I have with a great deal of attention and difficulty found out what this Gentleman would say, had he the gift of utterance. The system of his politicks, when disembroiled and cleared of all those incoherencies and independent matters that are woven into this motley piece, will be as follows. The conduct of the late Ministry is considered first of all in respect to foreign affairs, and secondly to domestic. As to the first, he tells us, that “the motives which engaged Britain in the present war, were both wise and generous; so that the ministry is cleared as to that particular. These motives, he tells us, were to restore the Spanish monarchy to the house of Austria, and to regain a barrier for Holland. The last of these two motives,” he says, “was effectually answered by the reduction of the Netherlands in the year 1706, or might have been so by the concessions which it is notorious that the enemy offered.” So that the Ministry are here blamed for not contenting themselves with the barrier they had gained in the year 1706, nor with the concessions which the enemy then offered. The other motive of our entering into the war, viz. “The restoring the Spanish monarchy to the house of Austria”, he tells us, “remained still in its full

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“force;

“ force ; and we were told, says he, that though
 “ the barrier of Holland was secured, the trade
 “ of Britain and the balance of power in Europe
 “ would be still precarious : Spain therefore must
 “ be conquered.” He then loses himself in
 matter foreign to his purpose : but what he en-
 deavours in the sequel of his discourse, is to
 shew, that we have not taken the proper method
 to recover the Spanish monarchy ; “ that the
 “ whole stress of the war has been wantonly laid
 “ where France is best able to keep us at bay ;”
 that the French King has made it impossible for
 himself to give up Spain, and that the duke of
 Anjou has made it as impossible for us to con-
 quer it : Nay, “ that instead of regaining Spain,
 “ we shall find the duke of Anjou in a condition
 “ to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the
 “ Grandfather in his declining years, by whose
 “ arms in the days of his infancy he was upheld.”
 He then intimates to us, that the Dutch and
 the Emperor will be so very well satisfied with
 what they have already conquered, that they
 may probably leave the house of Bourbon in
 the quiet possession of the Spanish monarchy.

This strange huddle of politicks has been so
 fully answered by General STANHOPE, that if
 the author had delayed the publishing of his
 letter but a fortnight, the world would have
 been deprived of that elaborate production. Not-
 withstanding all that the French King or the
 Duke of Anjou have been able to do, notwith-
 standing

standing the feeble efforts we have made in Spain, notwithstanding "the little care the Emperor takes to support King Charles," notwithstanding the Dutch might have been contented "with a larger and better country than their own already conquered for them," that victorious general at the head of English and Dutch forces, in conjunction with those of the Emperor, has wrested Spain out of the hands of the house of Bourbon; and added the conquest of Navarre, Arragon, and Castile, to those of Catalonia, Bavaria, Flanders, Mantua, Milan, Naples, Sicily, Majorca, Minorca, and Sardinia. Such a wonderful series of victories, and those astonishing returns of ingratitude which they have met with, appear both of them rather like dreams than realities. They puzzle and confound the present age, and it is to be hoped they will not be believed by posterity. Will the trifling author of this letter say, that the Ministry did not apply themselves to the reduction of Spain, when the whole Kingdom was twice conquered in their administration? The Letter-writer says, that 'the Dutch had gained a good barrier after the battle of Ramillies, in the year 1706.' But I would fain ask him, whether he thinks Antwerp and Brussels, Ghent and Bruges, could be thought a strong barrier, or that those important conquests did not want several towns and forts to cover them? But it seems our great General on that side has done more for

us than we expected of him, and made the barrier too impregnable. "But," says the Letter-writer, "the stress of the war was laid in the "wrong place;" but if the laying the stress of the war in the Low Countries drew thither the whole strength of France; if it weakened Spain, and left it exposed to an equal force; if France, without being pressed on this side, could have assisted the Duke of Anjou with a numerous army; and if by the advantage of the situation, it could have sent and maintained in Spain ten regiments with as little trouble and expence as England could two regiments; every impartial Judge would think that the stress of the war has been laid in the right place.

The author in this confused dissertation on foreign affairs, would fain make us believe, that England has gained nothing by these conquests, and put us out of humour with our chief Allies, the Emperor and the Dutch. He tells us, "they hoped England would have been taken care of, after having secured a barrier for Holland." As if England were not taken care of by this very securing a barrier for Holland; which has always been looked upon as our Bulwark, or as Mr. Waller expresses it, our "outguard on the Continent;" and which if it had fallen into the hands of the French, would have made France more strong by sea than all Europe besides. Has not England been taken care of by gaining a new mart in Flanders, by opening
our

our trade into the Levant, by securing ports for us in Gibraltar, Minorca, and Naples, and by that happy prospect we have of renewing that great branch of our commerce into Spain, which will be of more advantage to England than any conquests we can make of towns and provinces? Not to mention the demolishing of Dunkirk, which we were in a fair way of obtaining during the last Parliament, and which we never so much as proposed to ourselves at our first engaging in this war.

As for this author's aspersions of the Dutch and Germans, I have sometimes wondered that he has not been complained of for it to the Secretary of state. Had not he been looked upon as an insignificant scribler, he must have occasioned remonstrances and memorials. Such national injuries are not to be put up, but when the offender is below resentment. This puts me in mind of an honest Scotchman, who as he was walking along the streets of London, heard one calling out after him "Scot, Scot," and casting forth in a clamorous manner a great deal of opprobrious language against that antient nation. Sawney turned about in a great passion, and found, to his surprize, that the person who abused him was a saucy parrot that hung up not far from him in a cage; upon which he clapped his hand to his sword, and told him, "Were he a man as he were a green-goose, he would have run him through the wame."

40 THE WHIG-EXAMINER. N^o 4.

The next head our Politician goes upon relates to our domestic affairs; where I am extremely at a loss to know what he would be at. All that I can gather from him is, that "the Queen had grieved her subjects" in making choice of such men for her Ministers, as raised the nation to a greater pitch of glory than ever it was in the days of our forefathers, or than any other nation in these our days.

N^o 5. Thursday, October 12, 1710*.

Parere jam non scelus est.

MARTIAL.

'Tis now no longer treason, TO OBEY.*

WE live in a nation where at present there is scarce a single head that does not teem with politicks. The whole Island is peopled with

* At the end of this number, the WHIG-EXAMINER was laid down to make room for the MEDLEY, which Mr. Maynwaring began on the 5th of October, 1710, and continued for forty-five numbers, till August 6, 1711, a few weeks after, when SWIFT had discontinued the EXAMINER. A particular account of the MEDLEYS written by Mr. Maynwaring, and of the assistance he received from other writers, may be seen in Oldmixon's Memoirs of him, published in 1715, p. 169—202. Among others, one number

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with Statesmen, and not unlike Trinculo's Kingdom of Vice-roys, every man has contrived a scheme of government for the benefit of his fellow-subjects, which they may follow and be safe.

After this short preface, by which, as an Englishman, I lay in my claim to be a Politician, I shall enter on my discourse.

The chief point that has puzzled the freeholders of Great-Britain, as well as all those that pay scot and lot, for about these six months past, is this, Whether they would rather be governed by a Prince that is obliged by laws to be good and gracious, just and upright, a friend, father and a defender of his people; or by one who, if he pleases, may drive away or plunder, imprison or kill, without opposition or resistance. This is the true state of the controversy relating to *Passive-obedience* and *Non-resistance*. For I must observe, that the Advocates for this doctrine have stated the case in the softest and most palatable terms that it will bear: and we

number was by Steele, and another by Anthony Henley; which shall both be given in the present selection. On the third of March, 1711-12, a new MEDLEY was begun; which, on the 16th of May following, branched out into two distinct papers, both published on the same days, Mondays and Fridays, one by A. Baldwin, the other by J. Baker; and these continued till the stamp duty of a half-penny put an end to both, N^o XLV. Aug. 4, 1712, being the last that was published. See the notes on that number in the present selection; and see the notes on Aug. 1, 1712, in the 8vo. edit. of the SPECT. 1789.

very well know, "hat there is great art in moulding a question; and that many a motion will pass with a "*nemine contradicente*" in some words, that would have been as unanimously rejected in others. *Passive-obedience* and *Non-resistance* are of a mild, gentle, and meek-spirited sound. They have respect but to one side of the relation between the sovereign and the subject, and are apt to fill the mind with no other ideas but those of peace, tranquillity, and resignation. To shew this doctrine in those black and odious colours that are natural to it, we should consider it with regard to the Prince as well as to the people. The question will then take another turn, and it will not be debated whether resistance may be lawful, or whether we may take up arms against our Prince; but whether the English form of government be a tyranny or a limited monarchy? Whether our Prince be obliged by our constitution to act according to law, or whether he be arbitrary and despotical?

It is impossible to state the measures of Obedience, without settling the extent of Power; or to describe the *Subject*, without defining the King. An arbitrary Prince is in justice and equity the master of a Non-resisting people; for where the power is uncircumscribed, the obedience ought to be unlimited. *Passive-obedience* and *Non-resistance* are the duties of Turks and Indians, who have no laws above the Will of a
Grand

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Grand Signior or a Mogul. The same power which those Princes enjoy in their respective governments, belongs to the legislative body in our constitution; and that for the same reason; because no body of men is subject to laws, or can be controuled by them, who have the authority of making, altering, or repealing, whatever laws they shall think fit. Were our legislature vested in the person of our prince, he might doubtless wind and turn our constitution at his pleasure; he might shape our government to his fancy. In a word, he might oppress, persecute, or destroy, and no man say to him, what dost thou?

If therefore we would rightly consider our form of government, we should discover the proper measures of our duty and obedience; which can never rise too high to our Sovereign, whilst he maintains us in those rights and liberties we were born to. But to say that we have rights which we ought not to vindicate and assert; that Liberty and Property are the birth-right of the English nation, but that if a Prince invades them by violent and illegal methods we must upon no pretence *resist*, but remain altogether *passive*; nay, that in such a case we must all lose our lives unjustly rather than defend them: this, I say, is to confound governments, and to join things together that are wholly repugnant in their natures; since it is plain, that such a *passive* subjection, such an unconditional obedience, can be only due to an arbitrary Prince, or to a legislative body.

Were

Were these smooth ensnaring terms rightly explained to the people, and the controversy of Non-resistance set in this just light, we should have wanted many thousands of hands to some late Addresses. I would fain know what Freeholder in England would have subscribed the following Address, had it been offered to him; or whether her Majesty, who values the rights of her subjects as much as her own prerogative, would not have been very much offended at it? And yet I will appeal to the Reader, if this has not been the sense of many Addresses, when taken out of several artificial qualifying expressions, and exposed in their true and genuine light,

“MADAM,

“It is with unspeakable grief of heart, that
 “we hear a set of men daily preaching up
 “among us, that pernicious and damnable doctrine of *Self-preservation*; and boldly affirming, as well in their public writings, as in their private discourses, that it is lawful to
 “*resist* a tyrant, and take up arms in defence of their lives and liberties. We have the utmost horror and detestation of these diabolical principles, that may induce your people to rise up in vindication of their rights and freedoms, whenever a wicked Prince shall make use of his Royal authority to subvert them. We are astonished at the bold and impious attempts of those men, who under the reign of
 “the

N^o 5. THE WHIG-EXAMINER. 43

“ the best of Sovereigns, would avow such dan-
 “ gerous tenets as may secure them under the
 “ worst. We are resolved to beat down and
 “ discountenance these seditious notions, as being
 “ altogether republican, jesuitical, and confor-
 “ mable to the practice of our rebellious forefa-
 “ thers; who, in all ages, at an infinite expence
 “ of blood and treasure, asserted their rights and
 “ properties, and consulted the good of their
 “ posterity by *resistance*, arms, and pitched bat-
 “ tles, to the great trouble and disquiet of their
 “ lawful Prince. We do therefore in the most
 “ humble and dutiful manner solemnly protest
 “ and declare, that we will never *resist* a Sove-
 “ reign that shall think fit to destroy our *Magna*
 “ *Charta*, or invade those rights and liberties
 “ which those traitors procured for us; but will
 “ venture our lives and fortunes against such of
 “ our fellow-subjects who think they may stand
 “ up in defence of them.”

It happens very unluckily that there is some-
 thing so supple and insinuating in this absurd
 unnatural doctrine, as makes it extremely agree-
 able to a Prince's ear: for which reason the
 publishers of it have always been the favourites
 of weak Kings. Even those who have *no incli-*
nation to do hurt to others, says the famous
 Satyrist, would have *the power* of doing it if
 they pleased. Honest men who tell their Sove-
 reigns what they expect from them, and what
 obedience they shall be always ready to pay
 them,

them, are not upon an equal foot with such base and abject flatterers; and are therefore always in danger of being the last in the Royal favour. Nor indeed would that be unreasonable, if the professors of Non-resistance and Passive-obedience would stand to their principle: but instead of that, we see they never fail to exert themselves against an arbitrary power, and to cast off the oppression when they feel the weight of it. Did they not in the late Revolution rise up unanimously with those who always declared their subjection to be conditional, and their obedience limited? And very lately, when their Queen had offended them in nothing but by the promotion of a few great men to posts of trust and honour, who had distinguished themselves by their moderation and humanity to all their fellow-subjects, what was the behaviour of these men of meek and resigned principles? Did not the Church-memorial, which they all applauded and cried up as the language and sentiments of their party, tell her Majesty that it would not be safe for her to rely upon their doctrines of Passive-obedience and Non-resistance, for that "nature might rebel against principles?" Is not this, in plain terms, that they will only practise Non-resistance to a Prince that pleases them, and Passive-obedience when they suffer nothing? I remember one of the rabble in Oedipus, when he is upbraided with his rebellion, and asked by the Prophet if he had

had not taken an oath to be loyal, falls a-scratching his head, and tells him, Why yes, truly, he had taken such an oath, "but it was a hard thing that an oath should be a man's master." This is in effect the language of the Church in the abovementioned Memorial. Men of these soft peaceable dispositions in times of prosperity, put me in mind of Kirk's * Lambs; for that was the name he used to give his dragoons that had signalized themselves above the rest of the army by many military achievements among their own country-men.

There are two or three fatal consequences of this doctrine, which I cannot forbear pointing out. The first of which is, That it has a natural tendency to make a good King a very bad one. When a man is told he may do what he pleases with impunity, he will be less careful and cautious of doing what he should do, than a man who is influenced by fear as well as by other motives to virtue. It was a saying of Thales the wise Milesian, "that of all wild beasts a *Tyrant* is the worst, and of all tame beasts a *Flatterer*." They do indeed naturally beget one another, and always exist together. Persuade a prince that he is irresistible, and he will take care not to let so glorious an attribute lie dead and useless by him. An arbitrary power has something so great in it, that he must be more than man who is endowed with it, but never exerts it.

* See Gent. Mag. 1789. vol. LIX. p. 611.

This

This consequence of the doctrine I have been speaking of, is very often a fatal one to the People; there is another which is no less destructive to the Prince. A late unfortunate King very visibly owed his ruin to it. He relied upon the assurances of his people, that they would never resist him upon any pretence whatsoever; and accordingly began to act like a King who was not under the restraint of laws, by dispensing with them, and taking on him that power which was vested in the whole legislative body. And what was the dreadful end of such a proceeding? It is too fresh in every body's memory. Thus is a Prince corrupted by the professors of this doctrine, and afterwards betrayed by them. The same persons are the Actors, both in the temptation and the punishment. They assure him they will never resist, but retain their obedience under the utmost sufferings: he tries them in a few instances, and is deposed by them for his credulity.

I remember at the beginning of King JAMES's reign the Quakers presented an Address, which gave great offence to the High Church-men of those times. But notwithstanding the uncourtlinefs of their phrases, the sense was very honest. The Address was as follows, to the best of my memory, for I then took great notice of it; and may serve as a counterpart to the foregoing one.

“These

“ These are to testify to thee our sorrow for
 “ our friend CHARLES, whom we hope thou
 “ wilt follow in every thing that is good *.

“ We hear that thou art not of the religion
 “ of the land any more than we, and therefore
 “ may reasonably expect that thou wilt give us
 “ the same liberty that thou takest thyself.

“ We hope that in this and all things else
 “ thou wilt promote the good of the people,
 “ which will oblige us to pray that thy reign
 “ over us may be long and prosperous.”

Had all King JAMES's subjects addressed him

* On the 6th of February, 1684-5, the day on which King Charles II. died; his Successor thus addressed the Privy Council: “ My Lords, Before I enter upon any other business, I think fit to say something to you. Since it hath pleased Almighty God to place me in this station, and I am now to succeed so good and gracious a king, as well as so very kind a brother, I think it fit to declare to you, that I will endeavour to follow his example, and most especially in that of his great clemency and tenderness to his people. I have been reported to be a man for arbitrary power; but that is not the only story has been made of me: and I shall make it my endeavour to preserve this government both in church and state as it is now by law established. I know the principles of the Church of England are for monarchy, and the members of it have shewed themselves good and loyal subjects; therefore I shall always take care to defend and support it. I know too that the laws of England are sufficient to make the king as great a monarch as I can wish; and as I shall never depart from the just rights and prerogative of the Crown, so I shall never invade any man's property. I have often heretofore ventured my life in defence of this nation; and I shall still go as far as any man in preserving it in all its just rights and liberties.”

with [E]

with the same integrity * ; he had, in all probability, sat upon his throne till Death had removed him from it.

* The Gazettes of that period are particularly amusing. Let us hear the Grand Jury of Middlesex : " Never had people more cause of exultation than we, in that God hath miraculously bestowed your Majesty upon us ; who are a prince that hath shewed the greatest prowess and conduct for the glory and happiness of this nation ; a prince that hath shewed the most eminent marks of justice and virtue, even beyond all the princes that now tread upon the face of the earth ; a prince that hath patiently undergone the utmost hazards by sea and land, to abate the malice and fury of the most ungrateful and insolent sort of people that ever the earth bore, the Fanaticks of this nation ; a prince, that notwithstanding all provocations, was pleased lately to declare in council, that he will follow the example of our late deceased king in clemency and tenderness to his people, and will preserve this government both in church and state, as it is now established by law : In all humility we render our most hearty and humble thanks for this your most gracious declaration. And we faithfully promise, in our several stations, to expose our lives and fortunes in defence of your sacred person, your rights and prerogatives against all opposers whatsoever ; beseeching Almighty God to grant your Majesty a long and prosperous reign."

The University of Oxford says, " As we can never swerve from the principles of our institution in this place, and our religion by law established in the Church of England, which indispensably bind us to bear all faith and true obedience to our Sovereign without any restrictions or limitations ; so we cannot but most thankfully acknowledge that further obligation your Majesty hath laid upon us, by your royal assurance to defend that religion which to the great joy of all our hearts you have vouchsafed to give us in your late most gracious declaration . . . No consideration whatsoever shall be able to shake that steadfast loyalty and allegiance, which in the days of your blessed father, that glorious martyr, and in the late times of discrimination, stood here firm and unalterable to your royal brother and yourself, under the sharpest trials." &c. &c.

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A SELECTION
FROM
THE MEDLEYS*.

Nº 23. Monday, March 5, 1710-11.

By STEELE and MAYNWARING.

THERE are no affections of the mind
that seem at first sight more nearly related
to one another than Envy and Emulation. Yet
if

* "The EXAMINERS have no one to combat at present
but their friend THE MEDLEY; the author of which
paper, though he seems to be a man of good sense, and
expresses it luckily enough now and then, is, I think, for
the most part, perfectly a stranger to fine writing. I pre-
sume I need not tell you, that THE EXAMINER carries
much the more sail, as it is supposed to be written by the
direction, and under the eye, of some great persons who
sit at the helm of affairs, and is consequently looked on as
a sort of public notice which way they are steering us.
The reputed author is Dr. Swift, with the assistance some-
times of Dr Atterbury and Mr. Prior. THE MEDLEY is
said to be written by Mr. Oldmixon, and supervised by

[E] 2

Mr.

if we consider them attentively, we shall find that there are none more different. Both indeed arise from the comparison of ourselves with those above us; but in these comparisons, Envy repines at superior merit in another, Emulation bewails the want of it in ourselves. The business therefore of the *Envious* MAN is to vilify and disparage, as it is the nature of the *Emulous* to endeavour after those perfections which they behold in men more excellent than themselves. The design of both is to place themselves upon a level with those above them: but as to this end one of them practises all the little arts of detraction, defamation, and calumny, to pull down their superiors to their own condition; the other makes use of Industry, Vigilance, and Application, the Instruments of an honest and active Ambition, to raise himself up to that pitch of Reputation which he admires in men above him.

As every passion is more useful or pernicious according to the circumstances of the person in whom it reigns; what makes men of a private character disagreeable, makes those in a public station pernicious. In order to equal those who

Mr. Maynwaring, who perhaps might intirely write *those few papers* * which are so much better than the rest."

GAY's Present State of Wit, 1711.

The conjecture as to the writers both of the EXAMINER and MEDLEY are perfectly right. See the *Notes* on WHIG EXAMINER, N° I. and N° V.

* *Those Few* are all given here.

have

have serv'd their country with glory in the same stations, they derogate from every action that is confessedly great, and give the worst interpretation to every thing that can appear doubtful. Thus when they despair of rising to the perfections of their predecessors, they keep themselves in countenance by endeavouring to deface them.

I cannot forbear repeating on this occasion the story of a merry Rake, who was giving an account of a Ball which he had seen at a Musick House in *Wapping**. The Men concerned in it were made up of a crew of Sailors and Colliers. The Colliers, who came in last, observing the Sailors, contrary to their Expectation, to be spruced up in their best cloaths, withdrew into another room to wash their faces and brush themselves; when the head of the Colliery, who was more cunning than the rest, said to them: "Look ye, Lads, it is all fruitless pains; if you will be ruled by me, let us go into the great room, and juggle among the Sailors for their places: and I'll engage, tho' we cannot make

* "The Twenty-third MEDLEY, with that pleasant story of the Ball at Wapping, was written by Mr. STEELE; who was then courted by the Treasurer to come into his interests; but Mr. Steele preferred those of his country even to his own, and frequently attacked those hated ministers with his pen, under other names, when he did not think fit to make use of his own, while he was Commissioner of the Stamp Office. The comparison between Abel Roper and the Examiner, at the end of this Paper, is Mr. Maynwaring's."

OLDMIXON.

"our-

“ ourselves as clean as they are, we shall quickly make them as black as ourselves.”

I make a present of this short story to my friend the Examiner, in return for his polite simile of a man of quality going to a Ball with smut upon his forehead.

Were any such persons as are above described at the head of affairs at any time, how happy would they be in such a tool as the *Examiner*! Such an inventor of groundless falsehoods, such a reviver of confuted calumnies, who has no regard to the dictates of truth, nor even the sentiments of common humanity; that takes upon him the infamous task of libelling and reviling every one that has done service to his country for these ten years, and of cherishing in the minds of the ignorant a spirit of bitterness and prejudice. Slandrous and reproachful libels were formerly the weapons of the party that was out of power, which they made use of as the means, tho' they were very base means, to reinstate themselves. One cannot however but reflect, that adversaries must be very formidable, and have uncommon merit, when there is a necessity for defaming them even in their adversity.

This kind of ritaldry passes for wit and humour among the underlings of the party; who, when the author is very foul-mouth'd, are taught to believe that he is very satyrical; and when he appears scurrilous in an extraordinary

nary degree, smile upon one another, and whisper, the *Examiner* is *devilish severe to-day*. Thus plain calumnies, and downright matter of scandal, without any of those nice glances or strokes of wit that are admired in other writers of this kind, are here received as fine raillery and invective. Nay I have known some so very silly, as to admire him for the boldness of his sentiments, though every one knows that he deserves too ill to be in danger. 'Tis true, he himself has suggested to us, that his paper is an *Orthodox LIBEL*, where he calls those of his adversaries, *The Tolerated Papers of the Week*.

There is indeed a great resemblance between his brother *Abel* and himself; and I find a great dispute among the party, to which of them to give the preference. They are both News Writers, as they utter things which nobody ever heard of but from their papers. They are equally keen and pleasant in their sarcasms: They have both fallen into the same expedient of being witty. When *Abel* would effectually lessen a great person, he prints his name in a *small* character. When the *Examiner* rises to a pun, he distinguishes the point of wit in a *dark* letter. When *Abel* lashes the republicans, he tells you that several of them, in some distant hamlet or borough, drank confusion to the Church with a volley of oaths and curses. When the *Examiner* exposes the same party, he writes a letter to himself, under the name of

one of them, in which he cries *G—d D—n me*, and *by G—d*. They differ however in this: the *Examiner* utters falsehoods that are altogether stale and exploded; whereas *Abel* serves them up fresh and fresh. If the *Examiner* sometimes does shew himself the better scholar, *Abel* must be allowed to know the world better.

I have in former Papers remarked, that the *Examiner*, whoever has enjoyed that post for some weeks, has so much towards a wit, that he has very little discretion. For a proof of this I need go no further than his last Thursday's paper. Would any man have told us, that there were "one or two who seem to have been justly suspected of no very good inclinations" to the Reformation; and not have expected to be asked, whether one of these two had been bred a Presbyterian, or either of them had been a Papist? Would any man have confessed, all that is contended for by his adversary, that a man without Religion may be a *good church-man*, and that the name of a Churchman, as used by his friends, does not imply a zeal for *Religion*, but a Party? as he has wisely acknowledged in the following words. 'Tis possible that a man may have little or no Religion at heart; yet if he conceals his opinions, if he endeavours to make no proselytes, advances no impious tenets in writing, or discourse; if, according to the common atheistical notion, he believes Religion to be only a contrivance of politicians, for keeping the vulgar in awe, and

N^o 23. THE MEDLEY.

‘ and that the present model is better adjusted
 ‘ than any other to so useful an end ; though
 ‘ the condition of such a man, as to his future
 ‘ state, be very deplorable ; yet Providence,
 ‘ which often works good out of evil, can make
 ‘ even such a man an instrument for contribut-
 ‘ ing towards the preservation of the Church.’

Would any man in his wits have spoken of
 his sovereign in the following words, ‘ Why
 ‘ was the old ministry changed ? which they
 ‘ urge on without ceasing, as if no occasion in
 ‘ the least had been given ; but that all were
 ‘ owing to the insinuations of crafty men, prac-
 ‘ tising upon the weakness of an easy prince ?’

I must confess I should not have ventured to
 have quoted this sentence, had I not taken it
 out of a *protected* paper ; but whether after this
 it ought to be a *tolerated* one, I shall leave the
 world to judge, unless the patrons of it take
 care to have it supervised before it is published.

Again, whom does he aim at by that expres-
 sion, ‘ A man may perhaps mean honestly ; yet
 ‘ if he be not able to spell, he shall never have
 ‘ my vote for a Secretary ?’ I believe nobody
 ever heard of above *one* Secretary that could not
 spell.

Sometimes indeed he is not quite so impudent
 as he is at others : and though he observes no
 measures with those *that are out*, he endeavours
 to

to be civil at any rate to those *that are in*; for he assures us, nothing was done *by the necessity of complying with an unruly faction*: which saying of his will have a very good effect with those who are so willing to believe every thing he says as I am.

* * Just published, "New Dialogues upon the present Posture of Affairs, the Species of Money, National Debts, Public Revenues, Bank and East India Company, and the Trade now carried on between France and Holland. Vol. II. By the Author of the Essay on Ways and Means."

EXAMINER, Feb. 8, 1710-11.

This redoubted Financier was the famous Dr. DAVENANT. A little before this period, the MEDLEY, N° XVIII. Jan. 29, 1710-11, takes notice of his project to raise money by the following ways and means:

"A tax on auctions of books and pictures.

On quack-bills, almanacks, and plays.

On cockpits, bowling-greens, ninepin-alleys.

Shovelboards, billiard tables, music-booths.

Strongwater-shops and raree-shews.

On vintners, wine-coopers, jockeys, and undertakers.

On chocolate-houses and coffee-houses.

On cards, and upon the Jews."

+++ Just published, "A Journal of an Expedition performed by the Forces of our Sovereign Lady ANNE, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, &c. under the Command of the Hon. FRANCIS NICHOLSON, General and Commander in Chief, in the year 1710, for the reduction of Port Royal in Nova Scotia, or any other place in those parts of America, then in possession of the French." Ibid. And see TAT. N° 74.

N^o 32. Monday, May 7, 1711.

By MAYNWARING and HENLEY.

HAVING observed that other weekly authors print the letters that are sent to them, which are very well received by their courteous readers; I have resolved for the future to take the same course: so that whoever has any thing to communicate for the benefit or instruction of the publick, may expect to see it as fairly published, as this following letter, which I have received from an unknown person*, who appears to be very young, by one paragraph in his letter; but writes extremely well for one of his age.

• S I R,

• SO many fatal misfortunes having hap-
 • pened to this nation since that unhappy year
 • 1688, I wonder our friend the Examiner, and
 • his masters, of whose unerring judgments in

*“The thirty-second Medley was all Mr. Maynwaring’s, except the Letter concerning 1688, which was written by his friend ANTHONY HENLEY, Esq.”

OLDMIXON.

• state-

‘ state-affairs we have had in some late instances
‘ most convincing proofs, have not yet taken
‘ more of them into their consideration, and
‘ made it appear by undoubted matter of fact (as
‘ most certainly could with great ease and plain-
‘ ness be done) that the work of that year has
‘ been the origin and principal cause of all the
‘ sufferings of this nation, with regard both to
‘ church and state, for about these two and
‘ twenty years last past. As for our friend, I
‘ suppose the reason of his not having considered
‘ them before is, his not having received orders
‘ from the persons whom he serves : but that
‘ any noble patriots should omit a thing which
‘ would be so beneficial to their country, in
‘ opening the eyes, and rectifying the under-
‘ standings of prejudiced and misguided men ;
‘ this, I say, can by impartial thinkers be at-
‘ tributed to nothing, but their present engage-
‘ ment in politicks and projects for carrying on
‘ this so necessary a war, and in concerns of the
‘ next consequence to that. Nor is it to be
‘ doubted, but that after the confused posture
‘ in which affairs were left by some late minis-
‘ ters, is with due care and trouble regulated,
‘ this so great a piece of service to the public
‘ will not be looked upon as deserving any
‘ longer neglect. But though more urgent
‘ business hath hitherto employed those indefati-
‘ gable politicians, so as to occasion their omis-
‘ sion in this point ; yet I hope it may be lawful
‘ for

for friends thus privately to anticipate together
the satisfaction and joy, which all British minds
must and will receive from the effecting such
a good (and I had almost said grateful) work.

For my part, I often bless my good-fortune,
that I had not my being in those dismal days.
Thankful, with reason thankful I am, that
I have not seen a rebellious people rising in
arms against their prince, upon the slight oc-
casion of his endeavouring to subvert their
established Religion and Laws, the consequence
of which would at the most have been but
popery and miserable slavery. And had their
fury ended here, it might have been in some
measure pardonable; but for nothing more
than the security of their religion and state, to
depose, nay even drive out of the kingdom
their lawful sovereign; and upon the throne
from which was depulsed the mighty, inalie-
nable, indefeasible *Jure Divino* title, to place
a weak (the *tolerated Examiner* would say
usurped) Parliamentary one; this certainly was
the height of madness, pushed on by a foolish
zeal for the best of Religions and inestimable
Liberty. Many other facts, scarce less hein-
ous than what has been mentioned, have made
that antimonarchical year an ever-memorable
epocha to this nation. Of what evils then
can, nay must it not have been the cause? If
I had not good authority on my side, I should
not venture to affirm, that since that year have
been

• been given all the unreasonable grants now in
• force. In our Historians, indeed, we find ac-
• counts of a great many bestowed on undeserv-
• ing persons, even pimps, flatterers, and mis-
• tresses; all which, after what we have lately
• seen and heard, we may suppose were granted
• since the unlucky 1688. Nor with less reason
• did a sagacious and learned Divine move in the
• Convocation, that that year should be voted
• the spring of Atheism, Deism, and Immora-
• lity, which have so much pestered this nation
• of late. So that every body must be persuaded
• that all the atheistical rubbish which was re-
• vived, or rather made famous not long ago in
• the trial of the Church, proceeded originally
• from the Revolution. And I would ask any
• impartial man, what else but the Revolution
• could possibly have been the cause of the great
• wind which happened some years ago? Can
• we impute to any other thing the loss of so
• many trees, houses, and church-steeple, which
• were then blown down? I presume also every
• body will allow that year to have been the
• cause of the late attempt of a villainous French
• priest upon the person of a great minister of
• state. But you will excuse me, Sir, if I omit
• (as to my knowledge I do) a numerous train
• of evils too long to be here recited, and which
• may be better represented in their deserved co-
• lours by the skilful pen of the EXAMINER, to
• whom it more properly belongs, and who is
• so

‘ so excellent an artist in libellous scandal, which
 ‘ in this case is very requisite. It will be a sa-
 ‘ tisfaction to me, if this puts him in mind of
 ‘ his great neglect : and for the promoting so
 ‘ good a work, no pains shall ever be thought
 ‘ too great by, Sir, your unknown humble
 ‘ servant.’

I shall make no remarks upon this letter, but recommend it to my friend the Examiner, that he may pursue the hints there given him, rather than amuse the world with such monstrous absurdities as are contained in his last Paper : “ I
 “ verily think,” says he, “ that if the Preten-
 “ der be ever brought in, the Whigs are his
 “ men.” He is a pretty *thinker*, that is certain : and those men that carried the *abdication*, and settled the *succession*, are just as likely to bring in the Pretender, as some others, that shall be nameless, are to keep him out. But I have often wondered why he will not be persuaded once, for curiosity-sake, to write a paper with some truth in it, or at least some probability. He that is a great scholar, as every one may see by his mottoes, must needs know, that all the antient authors who laid down the rules of writing, unanimously agree, that nothing of that kind can ever please, or be of any consequence, if it has not a foundation of truth.

N° 38. Monday, June 18, 1711.

By MAYNWARING*.

I HAVE new occasions of complaint against my adversary the EXAMINER (for he will not let me call him *my Friend* any more): he
excepts

* This number is here principally preserved, as it is in answer to the last of the regular series of the EXAMINERS which was written by SWIFT; see the Supplement to the Dean's Works, Ed. 1779. vol. III. p. 119. In this Medley, Mr. Oldmixon tells us, the Author vindicates several noble persons, whom the EXAMINER had scandalously abused, as my Lord Somers, the Earl of Halifax, and himself. Of my Lord Somers, that Libeler said, suspecting his Lordship had been assisting in writing the MEDLEY, that 'a person of politeness and sound judgement descended to Billingsgate, pedantry, and nonsense!' and of my Lord Halifax, on the same suspicion, 'that one who had borrowed a great deal of wit, should abuse a man clumsily!' Having thus cleared those two very great men, he speaks in the next place for himself, whom the EXAMINER had reflected on as a Nonjuror: "Mr Maynwaring had been infected by his uncle with some Jacobite principles in his youth; but that as soon as he gave himself
leisure

excepts against my skill in irony when I use that name; but I fear I shall not be thought to have improved myself in the use of that figure, when I call such a writer an adversary. It is indeed a jest to hold him for an opponent, who so shamefully evades the question before us, and implicitly acknowledges his guilt in reviling innocent men, whom he had accused of procuring an act of indemnity to cover their crimes against

leisure to think, he found out the perniciousness of them, and espoused the good cause, for which he contended in these papers. He could not properly be called a Nonjuror, because he had never been put to the trial, whether he would take the oaths to king William and queen Mary or not. He had been in no station that made it requisite for him to take them, and he took them as soon as he was called to it. But on this pretence the Jacobite author of the EXAMINER charges him with having been disaffected to the party he then defended, and suspecting that Dr. Swift was the author of the EXAMINER, wherein he was so dealt with, he retorts upon him as above.

"Swift had been very conversant with the Whigs, had written several Tattlers, and some Whig Lampoons, had offered his service to the Earl of Godolphin, to write for him, before he prostituted his pen to his Lordship's successor: and Mr. Maynwaring used always to speak of him, as of one of the *wickedest wretches* alive: but the late managers thought him good enough for an Irish Deanry, and gave him that of St. Patrick, to the great scandal of the Church, and offence of all true Churchmen. He is charged here with being the Author of that profane tale, whereas in truth, he was little more than the publisher: he assumed to himself the infamy of that work, for the sake of the wit of it, there being not a more blasphemous book in our tongue, nor one wherein there are more humour and pleasantry." OLDMIXON, Life of Maynwaring, p. 199.

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their

their country. A plain recital of the clause wherein all are excepted who have had to do with the public treasure, has confounded all he could possibly invent further on that subject; and he is now forced to leave off his politics, and write a paper on Thursday last, in which he had no end imaginable, but to be as witty and angry as was possible.

But as great as he is, he cannot hinder me from being *his friend*; and I will be so, in spite of him, as long as I think fit. And indeed he is more friendly to me upon one occasion, than I believe he is aware of; for whenever I want any rude expressions, he is always ready to supply them: I only dip into one of his papers, and strait I find plenty for all uses, which I beg the Reader to observe, and to remember, that whatever of this kind appears in my papers, is always in *my friend's* own words. For instance, 'His writings are so notoriously disingenuous, so distant from matter of fact, so short of that spirit and entertainment which too often mingle with such pens as dip only in falsities; that were I to rake into their particular absurdities, my sufferings, &c. would be intolerable.' This is exactly my sense of his writings, and how could I better have expressed it than in these his own words, fairly copied out of his last Paper?

Now, he will say the next week, that this is a *Billingsgate paragraph*, and quite forget that it

it is his own. But how come any words to be Billingsgate in my papers, and to be courtly and ministerial in his? Or if they are Billingsgate words, pray whose words are they? They had never been written by me, if I had not found them used by so great a master of style: And how comes it to pass, that *my friend* is so highly enraged, when only his own expressions are turned against himself? How comes it to pass, that whenever he pleases to call me a *liar*, he provokes me no more than if he called me a *Tory*; whereas, if I happen at any time to accuse him of falshood, it has a terrible effect upon his reason? Plain simple readers will be apt to guess from this, that I am not conscious of having that ill quality, but defy him to prove any falshood upon me; and that he is too sensible of his natural infirmity, and of the proofs that have been made against him.

But if I had thought there had been the least danger of his present misfortune; I would neither have been so *merry* nor so *serious* with him as I have been. I thought it was as impossible for him to lose any part of his understanding, as to acquire more; and this made me boldly go on to *detect* him. Indeed I was apprehensive that such discoveries would gall him a little, and make people read him with less patience, and perhaps quite spoil the *design* of employing him; but I could not possibly foresee he would take it so much to heart, and

go out of his senses upon it. Now, as all people in that condition rave most of their last whimsies, you have him again, in the beginning of his paper, fancying himself "a general, who "has conquered an army, reduced a country to "obedience, and routed the main body of the "Whigs:" that is to say, all who love the Revolution, the Toleration, the Protestant Succession, Liberty, Trade, and Money. And this great service being over, "he finds it necessary "to send out small bodies, in order to take in "petty castles and forts, and beat little straggling parties." Does not all this put one in mind of some inhabitants of a certain Place, who are often heard making war alone in their dark rooms? And this freak is no sooner over, but behold him in another fit; other business crowds on his victorious hands, and "he finds "himself at leisure to subdue the present set "of writers, whom he has suffered without "molestation so long to infest the town."

This way of fighting he has learned from being beaten by one who was very lucky in it; I mean the late Isaac Bickerstaff, who under the fantastical notion of a *Censor*, and a man of gravity and learning, mixed with something ridiculous in his manner of possessing those qualities, had the skill to talk in a superior air to his opponents, and support himself in it, by giving himself a comical figure at the same time. Without this subtlety or carelessness

ness of himself, the *Tatler* had been the most insupportably arrogant of any writer that ever appeared in the world.

Now this *Bungler* the *Examiner*, this *Dunce out of his Element*, observing that the jest of the thing carried the reputation of that Paper to a great height, and that by the force of it he used his adversaries as he thought fit; I say, this *Dunce out of his Element* resolves upon the same way, and without any previous notice that he designed to be witty, assumes an aukward grandeur and superiority to all that pretend to oppose him. "The business I have left," quoth he "is to fall on those wretches that will be still keeping the war on foot, when they have no country to defend, no forces to bring into the field, nor any thing remaining, but their bare good-will towards faction and mischief." He goes on to represent the sincerity of the writers, whom he calls *factors to the Whigs*, after the manner of the abovesaid Bickerstaff, by forming a petition for them to blank letters; and the whole humour consists in the *Tatler's* old jest of saying, "That other writers gained a subsistence out of him." Here is now another symptom of his distemper! If he had continued in his wits, he would never have thought he could have imitated the *Tatler*.

The insipid petition I have mentioned is followed by an impertinent commendation, which is as great an addition of glory to the sacred

person he mentions, as it is that her most gracious speech is printed in *Abel's Post-Boy*. But we have lived to see the day wherein every thing that is great and illustrious among men is treated with an unbecoming familiarity. When matters are come to this pass, that the *Examiner* shall prate as if he were in the secret of the government, and the *Post-Boy* licentiously print, among the trash of his paper, a speech from the throne; all orders of men must expect to be huddled into the vile multitude, and used as if they had not sense of glory or infamy.

During the *Examiner's* leisure to examine inferior abuses, he employs some part of it in wondering the Whigs have not better writers; and then raises a suspicion that a person "of politeness and sound judgement descends to Billingsgate pedantry and nonsense;" and that another, who has "borrowed a great deal of wit, should abuse a man clumsily." It is sometimes impossible to make any tolerable guesses whom this *Bungler* intends by his hints; but I that have had much to do with him, am so far let into his manner of writing and thinking, that wherever he throws a calumny, I take it for a sign of superior merit in the person he calumniates. When he mentions therefore these two persons, I know he means to wound in the one a man whom all parties allow to have the most consummate wisdom and abilities; and in the

the other, whom he aptly calls a *Borrower*, a person of the most prompt and ready faculties, either in business or conversation, of any man living. As to his third, whom he describes by the word *Nonjuror*, I am utterly at a loss to know whom he means, having no acquaintance with any person that ever was a *Nonjuror*. If he speaks of him with relation to his party, there can be nothing so inconsistent as a Whig and a *Nonjuror*: and if he talks of him merely as an author, all the authors in the world are *Nonjurors*, but the ingenious Divine who writ *The Tale of a Tub*. He, I say, is the only writer in the world who is not a *Nonjuror*; for he is the first man who introduced those figures of rhetoric we call swearing and cursing in print: and as the *Examiner* is an enemy to *Nonjurors*, and takes upon him to set up for an ecclesiastical jurisdiction among us, I would advise him to subjoin, to the next invective he makes against the *Whigs*, this short *anathema* of Peter's in that *religious Tale**,—If you will not comply in all and singular the premises, “G—d d—n you, “and all your posterity! and so we bid you “heartily farewell.”

* “SWIFT derives the succession of his own Church “from the D—l, if there be any truth in his “Tale of “a *Tub*.” FLYING POST, Feb. 7—10, 1712.

N^o 10.

Friday, April 4, 1712.

*Ridiculum acri**Fortius et melius magnus plerumque fecat res.*

HOR. I Sat. x. 14.

‘ Well-season’d irony will oft prevail,

‘ Where stern rebukes and strongest reasonings fail.’

DUNCOMBE.

THERE is no one thing in the world, that makes a more considerable figure in it, than that *every where, no where* inhabitant **NOTHING**. The Cit, the Statesman, the Poet, and the Philosopher, nay even the Divines themselves, often make a great stir about *Nothing*. In the histories of their general assemblies, I have read of learned Councils and Convocations, that, after much time spent in hot feuds and debates, have at last done *Nothing*. They pretended indeed to do some great matters; “to settle the state of religion,” and find out “the source of immorality and profaneness;” but all their loud bravado’s have very frequently ended in *Nothing*. I have seen a *wise Statesman* silent for a whole evening, who had no better reason to give for his being so, than because

because he had *nothing* to say. And many a grave Lawyer resolves, upon the same account, never to shew his parts in *Westminster-Hall*. Some of the wisest men in the world, by a long and diligent search after knowledge, have been convinced only of this, that *they knew nothing*. I have heard, that in the reign of one of our queens, there was a profound *Secretary of State* that knew *Nothing* of his business. And (I have been told that) in another there lived a *Prelate**, who was often sent upon the most considerable *errands*, and was looked upon to do them extremely well, even when *he* understood *nothing* of the matter. As I remember, I have read in an ancient *historian* (but whether *Pausanias* or *Plutarch*, as the *Examiner* says, I cannot exactly tell) of a brave old Lacedemonian general, who was turned out of all his places for *nothing*; and of another that was put into his room, who had *nothing* at all in him. Had not Achilles, when disoblged by Agamemnon, been persuaded to return again to the *army*, those great advantages that were obtained by the Greeks in their ten years war against Troy, would at last have ended in *nothing*. In the time of king James the First, that brave gentleman Sir Walter Rawleigh was tried, condemned, and executed, though *nothing* worthy of death was proved or alledged against him: and during the reign of one of his predecessors, a most ingenious, most eloquent, and most deserving

* Bishop of Bristol.

person,

person, was sent to the Tower for *nothing*. Nor is this phantom less in vogue amongst *us*, than she was in the times of our *forefathers*. Nay, *we* esteem her even more than *they*, and her value seems to be raised by her antiquity. How often have we been told, that *nothing* is a sufficient equivalent for Spain? And we find that *nothing*, if artificially calculated, will amount to near *thirty-five millions*. I heard t'other day some four-faced criticks complain, that the *Spectator* writes about *nothing*; and yet who is there so remarkable in any sort of learning, that would not be content to part with all his past reputation, to be able for the future to write like the *Spectator*? On the other hand, the *Examiner* has a very copious subject; has a large province allotted him by *his masters*, being at liberty to write any thing but *truth*; and yet the *Examiner* makes *nothing* of it. A late Poet of the first class, though he had something in every thing that he wrote, yet composed a very excellent poem upon *nothing*. That significant *cypher*, though in such general esteem, never appeared so much to her advantage *before*. As a short specimen of her grandeur, I have set down the following lines:

But Nothing, why does Something still permit,	}
That sacred monarchs should at council sit	
With persons highly thought at best for Nothing fit,	}
Whilst weighty Something modestly abstains	
From prince's coffers, and from statesmen's brains,	}
And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns.	

We

—We are told by men of no small rank, that our great allies, the Emperor and the Dutch, have all along done *Nothing*. An ingenious and very learned author has wrote a very excellent treatise, to prove that *credit*, which is the support of the nation, is in itself just *Nothing*. And yet no doubt he wrote with sincerity, and was not any ways prejudiced against *her*; since it is positively averred, that, when he wrote that discourse, he himself had *nothing* but *credit* left. Some carry the matter still farther, and assert, that there is *nothing* even in French gold; but I cannot entirely agree with them in this. But that *Honesty* and *Justice*, the good of our Church and Constitution, the interest of ourselves and our allies, the Protestant Religion, and the Protestant Succession, stand for *nothing* with some men, is too plain to be denied. Good God! what a world of *nothings* do we live in! Trade is *nothing*, credit is *nothing*, balance of power is *nothing*, oaths are *nothing*, the most solemn alliances are *nothing*, and beating the French for ten years together is also *nothing*. In short, there is *nothing* in any thing, unless it will serve to promote the designs of a certain *man*, who, as he sticks at *nothing*, though never so unjust, does plainly thereby declare to the world, that he thinks there is *nothing* at all in Virtue, Morality, or Religion; and that *nothing* shall hinder him from overturning *every thing*.

N^o 21. Monday, May 12, 1712.

Felix et pulcher et acer,

Felix et sapiens et nobilis et generosus—

Felix orator quoque maximus, et jaculator,

Et si perfrixit, cantat bene.

Juv. Sat. vii. 190.

- Quintilian's fate was to be counted wise,
- Rich, noble, fair, and in the state to rise :
- Good-fortune grac'd his actions and his tongue,
- His colds became him, and when hoarse he sung,

C. DRYDEN.

- What cannot Fortune in her frolicks do?
- Fortune gives birth, gives beauty, courage too.
- In every earthly thing her sons excell,
- They dance, dispute, they rhyme, speak, fiddle
- well.

NEVILLE.

THE man who sets up for a weekly author must now and then be at a loss for a subject, or amidst too great variety he will not be always able to choose the best. This, I believe, will not be thought to be my present case; for as I have generally made it my business to write notes upon *Abel*, the *Examiner*, the *Conduct of the Allies*, and other celebrated State-writers of our age, the Reader will not take it amiss if I should sometimes leave them and politicks, to comment upon more antient authors. As a specimen of my capacity for this purpose, I have chosen the lines of Juvenal, which stand as the motto to this paper.

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In general, the poet would have us believe, that a man's reputation for beauty, virtue, wisdom, eloquence, nobility, and other accomplishments, does not so much depend upon his possessing those qualities, as upon his being born under a lucky planet; and for my own part, I have been long of his opinion.

To begin with Beauty; I should not so much wonder, to see a fine lady doat upon a short, fattish, red-faced, ill-shaped man, almost the image of deformity. The fair sex are more governed by their passions than their reason; they find out invisible beauties, which no other eye can discover; and therefore I was not at all surpris'd at the lady in the *Spectator*, who was so cold to the addresses of a fine gentleman, and so enamoured of a monkey; for without doubt Pug had his secret charms, or perhaps it was not more his fate to be beloved, than it was that particular ladies to be his lover. Aristotle has somewhere mentioned the dignity or gracefulness of the person, as one of the things principally necessary to attract the benevolence of mankind; but whenever I observe this universal benevolence, towards a man that has little more to recommend his person than a monkey, I am forced to impute his good fortune to the stars, or to what the poet calls,

Sydus et occulti miranda potentia fati.

I do not know whether the *Acer* of the Latin tongue, can be rendered by any one word of
any

any other language; but that which I understand by it, is a man of active virtue, one that is ever projecting something for the good of others, and ever active in the execution of such projects; such a virtue then ought not to be ascribed to a Cæsar or a Catiline, whose whole aim was to build their own power upon the ruins of mankind. We may as well allow active virtue to the devil, "who goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." I have read somewhere of a man of active virtue, who by his unparalleled conduct, and almost numberless victories, had reduced the most formidable enemy of his country, and was just upon the point of forcing him to consent to such a peace, as would have been safe and honourable; when, on a sudden, he was undermined in the favour of his prince, and affections of his fellow-subjects: therefore all his successes were ascribed to fortune, he was not so happy as to be thought a man of active virtue. When the man who had wrought all this mischief, who had begged peace from the conquered enemy, who had done all that was in his power to enslave his country, was yet celebrated every where for the man of active virtue. Certainly this difference of their fortunes was owing to the difference of the planets under which they were born.

If a man has had the address and ability to reconcile the jarring interests of confederate nations, to conquer always with an army made
up

up of different people, languages, and religions, often to surprize and over-reach a most vigilant and powerful enemy, and never himself to be surprized or unguarded; yet he shall be thought a fortunate man only, and not a wise man, if he was not born under a lucky planet. On the contrary, a man of trick, or craft, or what Solomon, in opposition to true wisdom, calls wicked devices, if he shall have destroyed that mutual confidence that is always necessary for the preservation of confederate nations, if he shall have forced them to treat with the enemy, every one separately for itself, that one or two being gained by present plausible conditions, all of them may sooner or later be enslaved, if he shall have exposed his own country single, and every one of the allies, to the power of a prince that is a match for them altogether, if he shall have made it easy for every one of them to be conquered, by having conquered the only man that could have saved them, yet this shall be the celebrated Wise Man; but certainly his fame for wisdom can be owing only to his stars.

To proceed to nobility; if a man by his unparalleled wisdom and virtue, and almost miraculous successes, should have set his own country at the head of many confederate nations, entirely broke a power that was formidable to them all, brought them within view of an honourable and lasting peace, he would certainly deserve the first rank amongst the most illustrious nobles, such honour would be done

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to his latest heirs, how little soever they may be thought to equal the merit of their great ancestor; even gentlemen hereafter shall think it no diminution to them to be descended from his very servants. Yet all this shall not entitle the hero himself to a place among the nobles; no, nor to a place above ground, if he happened not to have been born under this fortunate planet. On the other hand, if a gentleman of Wales, which is the lowest order of men in that happy climate, without wisdom, virtue, or estate, should restore that broken Power of the enemy, if he should enslave his own country, and render her the scorn of all other nations; yet if he was born under this fortunate planet, I should not wonder if he claimed kindred, *multijugâ sanguinis serie* *, as a certain author happily expresses it, with the most illustrious families of Great Britain, if he should pretend to titles that have given the longest succession of nobles, or even a race of princes, to this kingdom; if he should have influence enough to over-balance the old nobility, by making all his own country-men of that order; to be born under a lucky star, is to be any thing in the world.

For my own part, I should never wonder, if such a man, though he was never able to say yes or no to the plainest question, should, *per multos continuo vices* *, as the same author elegantly expresses it, be chosen the mouth or

* These are expressions of SWIFT, who penned the patent to the Earl of Oxford's peerage.

Orator of a whole kingdom ; if by his persuasive eloquence he should convince the clergy of his having sincere intentions to promote the good of the Church, notwithstanding his intimacy with the very man who has made the whole Christian Religion a meer "Tale of a Tub;" if he should convince the people that five or six thousand pounds *per annum* laid out by a general intelligence, to over-reach and disappoint the enemy, was a robbing of the nation, and that yet as great sums as were ever expended by him for the public good ought to be allowed his successor for Soups, Champaign, and Burgundy ; if he should be able to convince a people that the administration ought never to exceed in their expences, for the justest reasons whatsoever, the sums that were voted for the supply, and that squandering away upon a Don Quixote's expedition half a million, the value of one third part of a land tax more than was voted for the supply, was yet no exceeding ; in short, I should not wonder if such a person should be able to make us believe that white is black, or black white, since, in all these cases, he must either have his eloquence from the stars, or it must be the fate of a nation to be deluded.

In the last place, the Poet is of opinion, that by being born under a lucky planet a person with a very bad voice may have the reputation of a very good singer. This indeed seems very

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improbable, to me it seems only what is credible, that a whole nation should be senseless enough to dance after a Welch harper.

N^o 25.

Monday, May 26, 1712.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum
Si vis esse aliquis.*

Juv. Sat. i. 73.

‘Would’st thou to honours and preferments climb,
‘Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime.’

DRYDEN.

I Touched in my last * upon a letter from a
Clergyman of noife, though I cannot say
of eminence, containing a propofal for correct-
ing,

*“ The best advice I can give them to defend themselves from the censures of posterity, for being so unjust to a person of the Duke’s extraordinary merit, is to prevail with the learned Doctor, who has lately writ a very extraordinary letter to a great man, for ‘correcting, improving, and ascertaining, the English Tongue,’ to insert in his dictionary, when he fixes the standard of our language, that ‘saving of money to the publick’ signifies ‘to rob the Treasury and plunder the nation;’ that ‘to beat the enemy in ten successive campaigns’ is ‘to prolong the war,’ that ‘to supply the army with bread abroad cheaper than we could have it at home’ is ‘to starve the soldiers, &c.’ And lest that learned Projector for fixing the standard of our language should be at a loss for a model, I would recommend him to the Baron of M. Balzac, where he will meet with infallible rules, to attain the art of altering the
meaning

ing, improving, and ascertaining, the English tongue. I hinted then of what use it might be if successfully performed, to the Examiner, and others of our High-church authors, to justify their calling black white, and white black; being willing to contribute what I can to so good a design, I would advise the learned doctor to make use of his interest with his friends for obtaining a law of the same purport with the proclamation published by the Lacedæmonian Ephori: "That it should be lawful for the Clazomenians to act and speak as unhand-
"somely as they pleased without any crime." The reason of this odd proclamation was, that the Clazomenians were so abusive and insolent, as to besmear with soot the tribunal where the Ephori used to sit in judgement, and determine public affairs. Our High-church party takes the same liberty in practice with our Constitution, and the best men of the nation; and as they have made some steps towards obtaining

meaning of languages, and a demonstration to prove that it is as far below the dignity of a philosopher to speak *common sense*, as it is consistent with good manners, in a young Oxonian when he comes from the college to prove in mode and figure, that his father and mother are liars, and that it his duty to contradict them (even though they be of his own opinion) lest he should seem to be of theirs. I shall add no more at present; but the Faction ought also to advise that gentleman when he explains the word *Gospel* in his dictionary to call it a *Ta'e of a Tub*, that the religious and political style of the party may be all of a piece."

EXAMINER, N° 24.

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such a law, it is pity but they should go through with it.

The *learned* doctor is in very great pain about our language, and fears that it may come to be so altered as the great actions of his party will be lost to posterity; I must own, it is a very weighty consideration, and the inconveniency ought certainly to be guarded against. I would willingly help him to an expedient, but can think of none more proper to recommend at present than the practice of Erostratus, who burnt the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the same night Alexander the Great was born, which has effectually secured the memory of the villain from oblivion, notwithstanding all the changes which the *judicious* doctor tells us the Greek language has undergone since that time.

I know not whether our author's friends had any such thing in view, when they raised fires by night in the cities of London and Westminster, and burnt several temples of the true God, at the very time when our legislature gave a new birth to our liberties, by ascertaining them against the attacks of pulpit incendiaries, who spit *wild-fire* instead of preaching the GOSPEL; but this I am certain of, that the memory of the faction is secured from oblivion so long as our Records of Parliament last; and I suppose the doctor will grant, that they are not so subject to alteration as our common language. This will likewise record the great services done the
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nation, by a set of clergymen whose memories will ever be fragrant, and effectually secured against the railing of the Whiggish Papers, which the *Examiner* complains so much of since his late return from the circuits.

But this is not the only thing the doctor's friends have done to perpetuate their memory; the trophies they have added to those the duke of Marlborough brought from Blenheim, Audenard, Ramellies, &c. will last as long as we have history, especially since those gentlemen have been at so much useful pains to hang them up in the Exchequer, that they might outvie those in Westminster and Guildhall.

They have also erected themselves statues in all the Confederates courts, where they will certainly last as long as the pillar at Hochstet, though it were even changed into Corinthian brass, which every one knows comes very far short of those rich veins that have lately been discovered in Great Britain, and particularly near the mountains of Wales.

The doctor's friends have likewise erected themselves statues in those parts; and lest the reason should be unknown to late posterity, the doctor has found an admirable invention to prevent it, by getting inscriptions engraved upon them in Welsh, which he says has more Latin words than the old Saxon. What pity is it that Mr. Lhuyd could make no such discovery in his *Archæologia Britannica*! However he tells us

of another thing which may be of greater importance, viz. that the Old British has a very great affinity with the ancient Gaulish tongue, and therefore it may be proper to record the services done by our author's friends to the modern Gauls. This cannot fail of conveying advantageous ideas, to future ages to come, of the mighty obligations that the liberty and religion of Great Britain owe to them.

I might also put the doctor in mind of another great author, that understood the ancient British or Irish tongue, which Mr. Lhuyd owns to be the same originally with the Welsh, and that is the famous Buchanap, who, though the ancient British was his native language, and spoken in that part of Scotland where he was born, is so far from thinking it abounded with Latin (and every one must own him to be a very good judge) that he says (Hist. Lib. 1.) *Neque aliud est cur minus molestè feram priscam Scotorum linguam paulatim intermori, quam quod libenter sentiam barbaros illos sonos paulatim evanescere et in illorum locum Latinarum vocum amœnitatem concedere*; which, for the benefit of the English reader I shall translate thus: 'Nor is there any thing which makes me more easy at the gradual decay of the ancient Scotch tongue, than to find that those barbarous sounds do vanish by degrees, and are succeeded by smoother Latin words.'

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I know it will not discourage the doctor to tell him that he had as good make a coat that will always fit the moon, notwithstanding her frequent changes, as to pretend to ascertain or fix a living language like ours, which admits of alterations every day by our commerce with foreign nations, and the increase of arts and sciences; for he knows this, and that those of his own cloth have within these few years made such alterations in our tongue, as alter our notions as well as words. But I admire the happiness of the party's invention, who, to prevent other changes in our language than what they are pleased to make themselves, have taken very effectual methods to cramp our commerce, that our language may not suffer that way; nor have they been less careful to prevent our being mixed with foreigners who might spoil our dialect. Who then can advise him to a better method for ascertaining the English tongue, than that his friends should go on to raise the landed interest so high that the trading interest may be quite sunk, and to take special care that we have no new addition of Saxon words by bringing over the Hanoverian family; but to hasten as much as they can a new invasion by the Pretender and the French, because that language has more Latin words than the Saxon, which may be a very great help to us when we come to perform our divine worship in the Roman tongue.

N° 29*. Monday, June 9, 1712.

Sic quæ omnia quibus (Onefas!) Sociis aggressus est Catilina, ipse patricius, sed hoc minus est: Curii, Porcii, Syllæ, Cethegi, Autronii, Varguntei atque Longini. Quæ familiæ? Quæ senatus insignia. FLORUS.

HAVING a letter sent me with the character, of lieutenant general Wood, lately deceased, I thought myself obliged to insert it,

* This is taken from what may be called the RIVAL MEDLEY. The genuine MEDLEY preceding it is made up of extracts from the "Tale of a Tub," thus introduced,

"— *Hanc veniam petimus damusque vicissim.*" HOR.

"Being at present in a very lazy humour; and having heard some judicious gentlemen affirm, that it is much more commendable in a clergyman to preach a very ingenious sermon of another's, than an exceeding dull one of his own; I am resolved for once to make the like experiment, and accordingly crave leave of a late anonymous author, to fill this paper with some extraordinary collections that I have made out of his excellent book; a book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries, or the laborious eloquence of his stile. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgment, for the great helps and listings I have had out of his incomparable piece."

MEDLEY, June 6, 1712.

in order to do justice to the memory of that brave man, who raised himself by his merit, and was remarkable for justice betwixt man and man, as well as for his inviolable affection to the true interest of his country, which he served in a distinguishing manner.

‘ Last week was interred the body of lieutenant general Wood, with a solemnity becoming the memory of so brave a soldier, and so good a man; he was a person intrepid in danger; humane and civil in conversation; remarkably just and honourable in his principles; his military virtues were happily tempered with sweetness and civility; his memory must deserve the praise of every one the more, because his modesty in his life-time sought it the less: but though it endeavoured to prevent people to speak of him, it cannot prevent posterity to think of him; during a long and severe sickness, his behaviour was equal and easy to all that were about him; and though his strength failed him, his good humour continued to the last. The first instance of his military life appeared in the time of king William, and concluded in that of the duke of Marlborough: the names of those two great men were revered by him to the last; he expressed the highest indignation at the treatment they both had met with, and as he named the last, he would often reflect, We had lived in an age where it was criminal to
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' be innocent, and where merit was more dan-
 ' gerous than the worst of actions. He would
 ' frequently arraign the ingratitude of some of
 ' his countrymen, and thought it scandalous
 ' that the reputation of one that had deserved so
 ' much from his country, should be so inhu-
 ' manly treated by false insinuations, and bar-
 ' barous calumnies for the promotion of wicked
 ' ends; and that Britain should take so little
 ' care of the honour of one that had taken so
 ' much of hers. He is survived by his brother,
 ' a worthy divine of the Church of England, a
 ' person remarkable for the piety of his life, and
 ' of a character worthy of his honourable pro-
 ' fession *.'

N^o 38. Friday, July 11, 1712.

————— O Pudor !

O magna Carthago, probroſis

Altior Italiae ruinis ! HOR. 3 Od. v. 38,

' O Carthage ! to our endless shame,

' Rais'd on the ruin'd Roman name."

DUNCOMBE,

IT is the duty and interest of every man (as he is subject to the like accidents himself) to be concerned for the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures ; and therefore he that can look upon

* See TATLER with Notes ; N^o 144. and N^o 176, Notes on SYLVIVS.

the

the calamities of his brother, without being affected with them, must of necessity have divested himself even of common humanity. But though our charity ought to be as extensive as possible, and to confine it to any one sect or party is to make that virtue inconsistent with itself; yet, as it must be allowed that some amongst the wretched and the miserable are much more so, than others; so our compassion no doubt will have its different degrees, proportionable to the object that occasions it. Now those seem to me to lay claim to our pity in a very particular manner, who have fallen from a flourishing condition, into a state of misery and misfortune; and their unhappy circumstances will be still more deplorable, if owing to the villainy of others. I remember a saying no less common than true, that "No man can be miserable, but by comparison;" and if to reflect upon the greater happiness of another will make a man uneasy even under tolerable circumstances; a person that is really in adversity must certainly be much more sensible of his being so, when he compares his own present unfortunate condition, with those happy hours that he once enjoyed. And if there should happen to be this further in the case, that such a one suffers without any fault of his own; nay, perhaps, purely for his righteousness sake, as he is the less to be blamed, so he is the more to be pitied. That examples of this kind are

but

but too common, I could prove by instances without number, were not the matter too plain to be disputed. It were easy to reckon up several even of this nation, who merely upon the account of their extraordinary merit have been sacrificed to the ambition of men of little worth. Statesmen have been discarded for their integrity and abilities, to make room for persons deficient in both; and if there be any credit to be given to tradition, I have been told, that in the days of our forefathers it has been looked upon as criminal in a General to be always victorious against the enemies of his prince: nay, I have heard of a gentleman, who was condemned to a tedious imprisonment only for being one of the best Orators in England, and making use of that his talent in defence of his country. Such has been the iniquity of former times; which as we cannot reflect upon without indignation, so it ought to be a caution in the present age, to avoid running into the like scandalous practices.

Now what I have said in respect only to private persons, will be equally true if applied to communities. A people that have lived always under an arbitrary government, as they are accustomed to slavery and oppression, so they are less sensible of the misery of their condition. They never tasted the joys of liberty, and so having but an imperfect notion of its happiness, they owe their content chiefly to their ignorance. Thus a man that has been blind from
his

his infancy bears even that worst of misfortunes with patience, because he can frame no idea of sight, and so is altogether ignorant of the advantage of seeing. But if a free-born nation be deprived of their liberties, servitude sits heavy upon their shoulders, and their burthen, like that of Cain's, is greater than they can bear. The sense of their former blessings makes their present misfortunes intolerable; and it is their greatest unhappiness, that they were once happy. The Israelites were never so uneasy under their captivity, as when they thought upon the pleasant fields of Canaan; but when they remembered that Sion was a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth, they sat down and wept by the waters of Babylon *. England upon the account of her excellent constitution, the mildness of her government, the equity of her laws, and the purity of her religion, has been hitherto the envy of all Christendom. No nation has been more remarkably happy; nor has any country more strenuously exerted herself in defence of the just liberties of others. France had been long since successful in her designs, and her prince (what he has so long desired to be) the Universal Monarch of Christendom, had not England interposed in the behalf of the oppressed, and rescued Europe from the hands of the oppressor. So great have been her successes for many years past, that they have made

* See Psalm 137. See Dr. DONNE's translation in his poems.

known to all the world the justice of her cause: If we either reflect upon these deliverances, she has met with herself; how no weapon formed against her has prospered, nor even the gates of hell been able to prevail against her: or if, on the other hand, we consider how often she has rescued her allies even from the very brink of destruction, she may be justly looked upon as the favourite of Providence. Her majesty's reign has been more particularly glorious; never was the reputation both of our arms and our councils so great either abroad or at home; we were adored by our friends, and dreaded by our enemies; both our fame and our happiness were incapable of an addition, and it was a sufficient character to bear the name of an Englishman. So high was our credit, and so low that of the enemy, that one might reasonably have concluded that all the riches of France were not of value sufficient to have purchased our felicity. Lewis would then have given us a *Charte Blanche*; and a peace both for ourselves and allies had been obtained upon our own conditions, had not he been buoyed up by some designing Tricksters, who even then gave him very positive assurances, that they should be able to bring about the destruction of their country, and undo every thing that had been done for us. If therefore, after all this long series of prosperity, it should please God to give us over at last into the hands of blood-thirsty and deceitful

ceitful men, and they that hated us should be lords over us; as the change would be great and unexpected, so would our misfortunes be the more grievous, and the names of those excellent patriots that should be concerned in so extraordinary a work, would be had in everlasting remembrance, though not much to their honour.

But I hope, we have no reason to fear such a change, since the wisdom of her majesty will not suffer her to be imposed upon, and her piety will still entitle us to the favour and protection of Providence. However, we ought not to be too secure, at a time when such pernicious designs are carrying on, which if they succeed, must necessarily end in our ruin. The author of the Review (as I have been told, for I seldom or never read his paper) has of late taken very great pains to prove, that if the Dutch and the rest of our Allies are resolved to carry on the war without us, we must of necessity be obliged to side with the French, and declare war against them. I have heard that this same author of the Review is a creature of the present ministry, and has a pension from them for writing that paper. But I am now sufficiently convinced of the contrary. For certainly they can never be of the same opinion. They know very well that such a declaration as that would not only inevitably ruin this nation, but bring all Europe under the subjection
of

of the French King. If such projects should prevail, the Protestant Religion would be entirely destroyed; the Protestant Succession set aside at once, and the way paved for a Popish Successor, nay, perhaps for something even worse than that. Besides those persons, that have been all along of opinion, that we are reduced to such low circumstances, that it is impossible for us to carry on the war against France, can never sure think us in a condition good enough to begin a war with our Allies. As I hope therefore that the Review will make but few proselytes; so sure it is impossible that he should have any encouragers.

The story of Hanno and Hannibal has been so often made use off of late, that I shall not trouble my reader with any vain repetitions; but yet, for some reasons that occur at present, I cannot prevail upon myself quite to pass it by. The former had, it seems, no other way of perpetuating his own memory, than by ruining the greatest general of the age; and therefore he was resolved upon the undertaking, though he well knew that the downfall of Hannibal must of necessity be attended with the destruction of Carthage. Now I cannot but observe, that in this Hanno succeeded, even beyond his expectations; for his name has not only by this means been delivered down to posterity, but there have been some that have been much more ambitious of imitating Hanno than Hannibal:

nibal: may we of this age and nation avoid copying after such pernicious precedents. Let us rather follow the example of *Regulus*, who preferred the public welfare of his country before any private interest of his own; and chose rather to undergo the severest torments, than betray the Romans to their worst enemies, by advising them to clap up a dishonourable peace. Of so much greater value was Rome, than *Regulus*, even in the judgement of *Regulus* himself.

I was once as much as any one for continuing the war; but my sentiments are at present very much altered, because I am neither for carrying it on without fighting, nor for turning our arms against our best friends, in order to gratify our most implacable enemies.

I must therefore beg leave to conclude this paper with two sentences out of our excellent Liturgy; which, though they have been thought by some not to be so properly worded, yet, I believe, must be allowed by every one to be very proper upon this occasion.

“ Give peace in our time, O Lord!

“ Because there is none other that fighteth
“ for us, but only Thou, O God.”

N° 39. Monday, July 14, 1712.

— *An habent somnia pondus?* OVID. Met. ix. 495.

‘DREAMS are fumes from ill-concocted food.’

CROWNE.

‘Or vain illusions of the mind.’

POPE.

‘Which gild the glowing scenes of Fancy.’ FENTON.

AT a time when the greatest part of this nation seem to be in the humour of Dreaming, I hope I may be allowed to *dream* too; and I shall expect, now I appear in the shape of a Tory, to meet with more credit than I have done hitherto.

Though sleep may be reckoned one of the blessings of life; yet its pleasures are purely negative, and consist merely in a freedom from pain. When our spirits are exhausted by the fatigues of the day, we wish for sleep as old men for death, only because we are tired with our present condition. But even sleep itself (like the rest of the enjoyments of this world) is not altogether free from uneasiness. The body is oftentimes restless, and the mind full of perplexities: we act over again the labours of the day; and the same cares that disquieted us when

when waking, give us frequently no small disturbance in our sleep. MALEBRANCHE has endeavoured to give a rational account of those unaccountable whimsies, that occur to us in our *Dreams*; he fancies that there is a strange though unknown affinity betwixt our sleeping and our waking ideas, and seems resolved to find out a regular hypothesis, that shall solve all these irregular motions. But I intend to become neither his proselyte nor his antagonist, as being altogether ignorant in these matters; let the gravely learned, such as Dr. BENTLEY, &c. discuss these abstruse points; the polite Dr. SWIFT and I do not pretend to understand philosophy, and therefore it would be very impudent in us to determine, whether or no our *Dreams* are owing entirely to some constitutional reason, or else (as some wise sages have asserted) to the impressions of our enemy the devil: not but that, I dare say, Dr. SWIFT is of opinion, that they are not owing to any supernatural cause. All that I shall venture to affirm, is what I know by experience to be true, that we sometimes *dream* of what we never thought of, but much oftener of what was last in our thoughts.

Upon the last grand rejoicing night, as soon as I returned to my chamber, I began to reflect upon the folly of the people, who seemed so much affected with *they knew not what*. I could not help considering, whether or no the advantage that we were likely to receive by having

the town of Dunkirk in our possession during the space of two months, could counterbalance the faggots, &c. that were spent, and the windows that were broken that night. I could not get these bonfires out of my head, till at last I grew drowsy, and therefore thought it proper to repair to my bed. No sooner were my eyes closed, but the same things entered again into my noddle. It happened that whilst I was *dreaming* on these matters, that *great and successful* General Mr. Hill, and that *despicable, worthless, inconsiderable fellow*, the Duke of Marlborough, came both into my thoughts together, and forced me to make some sort of comparison betwixt them, and immediately I fell into a great company that were all debating the same matter. Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Lisle, Mons, &c. pleaded loudly and impudently for that *insolent wretch* the latter; but it occurred immediately that he was an implacable foe to our best friends the French, and a friend to our worst enemies the Dutch; which single consideration silenced at once all his advocates, so that it was in vain to alledge any thing in his behalf. Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Lisle, Mons, &c. disappeared; and by this time I fancied myself peeping into a raree-show, where nothing but Dunkirk was at present in view. However, as I looked through but a very small glass, so I observed that I could see only the body of the town, and that the citadel, forts,

forts, harbours, &c. were not at all discernible, though I looked very narrowly after them. I endeavoured, as I thought, to open my eyes wider, but by that means, instead of improving the prospect, I saw less than before. Upon this, one that stood by, told me, that I must shut my eyes quite, and then I should see better. I thanked him for his advice, but had sense enough, even in my *Dream*, not to take it. At length the whole company seemed to be agreed in their verdict: all of them wonderfully extolled Mr. Hill, and very much vilified the Duke of Marlborough. Some called the Duke a *treacherous Miser*, others a *Presbyterian*, others a *Republican*, but they all unanimously agreed that he was a *Coward*. But Mr. Hill (they said) was one of the finest gentlemen in the world, and the *best General* in Europe, except the Duke of Ormond and Count Tallard. Since he has behaved himself so bravely upon the quiet surrender of Dunkirk, where he had no opportunity of shewing his courage; what great things (says one) would *he* have done, if the French had but dared to resist him as at Quebec? Immediately upon this, a spectre something like the picture of Fame sounded a retreat upon a *mock trumpet*, and declared the victory upon the side of Mr. Hill; upon which the Duke of Marlborough retired in disgrace, and was followed by the universal hiss of the assembly. What strange incoherent fancies come into mens heads

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when

when they are asleep! But my next which was yet more unaccountable; for no sooner was the noise ceased, but all those people with whom I thought I had been conversing, and durst have sworn in my sleep had been as sensible men as any in England, appeared none of them to have any heads on. This unexpected surprize gave me such a shock, as entirely broke the thread of my imagination. After that I *dreamed* of nothing but liberty; and the following scene had so little of the *Dream* in it, that it would be very unlikely to please at present, and therefore I shall forbear the relation.

I am informed, that by the mediation of some great men, a peace is at last happily concluded betwixt the ingenious Dr. Bentley and the religious Dr. Swift: a peace of that vast consequence to this nation, that nothing certainly can be too much for those good men, who have been instrumental in bringing about that great work. The former consents to deliver up Wotton, and to restore what he hath unjustly taken from Horace; and as a further demonstration of his earnest desire that the alliance may be firm and lasting, and of his readiness to comply with the demands of Dr. Swift, he has acknowledged Don Quixot and Rabelais to be canonical. The latter, in consideration of such extraordinary concessions, agrees to give up all the ancient historians; and this he was the rather inclined to comply with, because it has been found of late

late that all the said historians have been notoriously guilty of very severe reflections upon the proceedings of some certain persons who are good friends to Dr. Swift. The articles are too long to be set forth at large here, but they will be inserted to-morrow by Abel in his Post-Boy: And as soon as this joyful piece of news has received the confirmation of that judicious writer, I shall expect that all true sons of the Church should make bonfires and illuminations upon the occasion.

I cannot but observe, that the Whitehall paper, which gives an account of the surrender of Dunkirk, is very artificially drawn up. It seems upon a cursory view of that paper, as if the town, the citadel, Fort Lewis, and the Rysbank, were all delivered up to the English. But upon a stricter examination it plainly appears that we are in possession only of the town, and that the citadel, Fort Lewis, and the Rysbank, are still garrisoned by the French; for that paper says, that 'not long after our forces were disembarked, the guards of the citadel, Fort Lewis, and the Rysbank, were relieved, as were the guards of all the other gates and forts soon after. That, this being done, the French garrison paraded towards the Port Royal, and the Count de l'Omont, the governour, having delivered up the keys of the town to Brigadier Hill, put himself at the head of the French garrison, and marched off to Vincoxberg; and

‘ immediately the Queen’s colours were hoisted
‘ in three several places belonging to the town.’
Now, I believe, it will be allowed me, that the
word *relieved* is never made use of, but when,
to refresh soldiers that have been long upon
duty, a fort, citadel, &c. are supplied by other
forces of the same garrison: but whenever a
fort, citadel, &c. are delivered up to an enemy,
the garrison is there said to *march out* of them,
upon which the enemy *takes possession* of them.
Besides, it is only said in that paper, that ‘ the
‘ Queen’s colours were hoisted in three several
‘ places of the town,’ whereas, had the citadel,
&c. been in our possession, they would certainly
have been hoisted upon them likewise. If
therefore we are in possession of the citadel, &c.
that paper published by authority is not very
cunningly worded; and for my own part,
whatever defects some people may have, I can-
not presume that they are deficient in *cunning*.
But it is possible that the French and we might
be considered by that writer as *one people*; if so,
relieved is a very proper expression; and then I
ask his pardon.

N^o 42. Monday, July 25, 1712.

Ingratum est gratias bene merenti non reponere.

“It is ingratitude to withhold thanks from the meritorious.”

A Man that can be guilty of *Ingratitude*, is capable of undertaking any mischief; for if kindnesſes make no impreſſion upon his mind, he muſt have laid aſide all notions both of Honour and Religion. To be able indeed to return good for evil, requires a more than ordinary ſhare of generoſity, and a perſon muſt have made a great progreſs in Religion, before he can arrive at ſuch a truly Chriſtian temper. But to do good to thoſe that do good to us, is a leſſon that our very paſſions ſuggeſt to us; and therefore he that can act contrary to this rule, muſt have diveſted himſelf even of common humanity. To neglect to repay debts of this ſort, is an injuſtice of the higheſt nature, becauſe a man can never here be ſaid to be inſolvent, and ſo is without an excuſe. Be his circumſtances never ſo mean, it cannot be entirely out of his power to do kind offices to his friends,

friends, at least he may refrain from doing them any injuries. What can be a more insignificant creature than a *mouse*? and what more unlikely than that such a despicable *animal* should ever be of service to the *lion*? And yet (as we are told in the fable) even that little insignificant creature found opportunities of discharging his obligations of gratitude; from whence mankind may make this reflection, that if favours are bestowed upon men of a generous disposition, though the distance betwixt the persons be never so great, the obliged will find out some method or other, to return the favours he has received. It is not perhaps always in his power to make so quick a return as is expected; but if the kindness has had a just influence upon his soul, he will eagerly embrace the first occasion, and be very uneasy till he can meet with an opportunity.

At a time when so many have been deficient in this point, and have shewn themselves so forgetful of their obligations to their party, I think a discourse upon this duty of *Gratitude*, cannot be thought improper. I shall forbear making any severe reflections upon the failings of particular persons, because my intention is to prefer charity to scandal, and instead of exposing men's persons, to endeavour to correct their vices. I shall not therefore shew what *some men* have been, but proceed upon a much better-natured principle, and attempt to shew what all men ought to be.

Amongst

Amongst all the parts of morality and religion, there are none so essentially necessary to denominate a man good and virtuous, as the duties of *Gratitude* and *Charity*; which, as they proceed from the same principle, so they seem to go hand in hand with each other. The chief motive to charity and forgiveness, is a due sense of the imperfections of our nature, and how much the very best and greatest amongst us, stand in need of the assistance of others. Those (saith our Saviour) will love much to whom much hath been forgiven; and certainly there cannot be any greater inducement to persuade men to pass by the infirmities of others, than to shew them how much they have been forgiven themselves, and how favourable a construction has been put upon their failings. And this same reflection is the foundation of *Gratitude*; so that a *charitable* man cannot possibly be *ungrateful*, nor can a *grateful* person be without *Charity*. Whoever therefore pretends either to honour or conscience, must take all opportunities of shewing himself *grateful*, otherwise I shall very much suspect the pretender. Most of our duties, either to God or Man, seem chiefly to be founded upon this principle of *Gratitude*. Though God, as he is a Being essentially good, and infinitely more perfect than the very best of mankind, lays a just claim to our praises and adoration; yet nothing raises us to so high a pitch of devotion, as a due consideration

tion of what we owe to Providence, and of the many great and good things which he hath been graciously pleased to do for us. We owe honour and obedience to our parents, as we are placed in a subordinate state to them; but we shall never honour and obey them as we ought to do, unless we look back upon their care and tenderness, and reflect how much we are debtors to them, for almost every thing we have and enjoy. But the extensiveness of this duty will appear still more plain, if we consider it as the original of all Friendship. When men have received reciprocal kindnesses, they then begin to commence Friends; and as these are the endearing ties that unite men's minds at first, so they are absolutely necessary for the continuance of such an union. Without these cements there would be no Friendships, but where these are, such Friendships either will, or ought to be, lasting. But as I would not willingly be so far misunderstood as to lay men under greater restraints than they ought to be, so I do not intend to carry the argument so far as to persuade men that they are under any extraordinary obligation for the common acts of courteousness and civility: these are but debts that we owe to every one, and we do but right, when we pay them. Then, and then only, a man may be properly said to be under an indispensable obligation, when he has received any positive marks of the esteem and Friendship of another.

For

For negative favours are not enough convincing to make a man become a sincere Friend, though they may possibly hinder him from being a troublesome enemy. But when a person has received any real favours, he must either be a Friend or a *Villain*.

How little these principles of *Honour* or *Gratitude* have been considered by some of our deserters, is too well known to be insisted upon. But *some men* are to be held by no ties; and such, according to the old saying, are much better lost than found.

Though no crime is more base than *Ingratitude*, yet there have been several in all ages, notoriously guilty of that infamous vice; it were endless to reckon up all the instances of this sort; but there is one that just comes into my head, so very remarkable in its kind, that I cannot forbear giving a relation of it.

Towards the conclusion of the famous battle of Saragossa, where the French and Spaniards were entirely routed, whilst the Confederates were in pursuit of the enemy, a regiment of Walloons being overtaken by that of Bolles's, threw down their arms and cried for quarter, which the good-natured English immediately granted them. Bolles so depended upon the effects of this generosity, that without staying to disarm the Walloons, he marched on after the rest. But no sooner was his back turned, but the Walloons began to think themselves
out

out of all danger, in an instant forgot all their great obligations, and taking up their arms fired upon the English, endeavouring to take away the lives of those who but just before had given them theirs. But this their ingratitude went not long unpunished; for it happened that another English regiment observing this base behaviour of the Walloons, bestowed upon them their due reward, by cutting every man of them to pieces. So speedy was their judgement, and so proportionable to their crime.

I can never reflect upon this action of the Walloons but with the utmost horror and indignation. I know of no character I would so industriously avoid as the character of an *ungrateful MAN*; nor any that I should be so very ambitious of obtaining, as the character of a person that is true to his obligations; for I should scorn to be outdone by any one in generosity.

And now I must desire those mean low-spirited souls, who have no notion of the obligations of *Gratitude*, to take a view of their own extraordinary qualifications, which are never so truly represented as when painted in the most odious colours. On the other hand, let those brave generous spirits, who are so far from forgetting to return their obligations, that they can forgive even those that have most injured them, by reflecting with pleasure on the beautiful image of those virtues they are possessed of, be encouraged

raged to go on in their old paths, and continue to prosecute those truly noble ends which alone are sufficient to make their names immortal.

N° 43. Monday, July 28, 1712.

Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare.

Juv. Sat. x. 363.

‘What I show,
‘Thyself may freely on thyself bestow.’

CONGREVE.

NOTHING so much contributes to the miseries of mankind as that insatiable passion *Ambition*. Most of our crosses and vexations are owing to this one source; and the reason why we are so often unfortunately disappointed, is, because we form to ourselves so many imaginary schemes, and so very unlikely to come to pass. The *ambitious* are always restless and uneasy, ever craving, and never satisfied. Their aspiring thoughts distract them even in their sleep; they dream of honours and preferments, and when waking spend all their time and labour in an endless pursuit after them. They never once consider their own deserts, but make their extravagant desires the measure of their expectations. Like Phaeton, they desire
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to get into the box, though they have no skill in driving; and so must of necessity overturn the chariot, and in the end ruin both themselves and others. No wonder therefore that *such* should be generally unsuccessful, because whilst they aim at things so far above their reach, it is impossible but that they must often miss of what they aim at. The true way to make our lives happy, is to set a high value upon every thing we enjoy, despising those grapes as sour and unwholsom, which it is not in our power to come at. For those who act contrary to this principle of contentment, though they be blessed with a more than ordinary share of fortune, yet are always complaining of their own condition. It is not sufficient to gratify their *ambition*, that they have been exceedingly successful in one or two enterprizes; their desires will be by no means satisfied thereby, but their hopes will be enlarged by their success, and consequently the uneasiness of their temper not lessened, but increased. And thus, like the dog in the fable, they part with the substance for the shadow; and throw away all the real enjoyments of this life, in pursuit of Ixion's mistress, a phantom pleasing at a distance, difficult to be obtained, but nothing when it is so.

Such are the effects of this untoward passion, nor does it rob men of their ease only, but too often of their virtue also. Those that propose to themselves great matters, and have large

prospects in their view, seldom ever stick at any methods that may be of use to bring about their designs. Honour and Conscience are set aside of course, if they any ways interfere with their Interest; and there are no ties so strong, but they are easily loosed by AMBITION. Promises are no longer to be observed by such men than it is consistent with their main chance to keep them; and friendships quickly become unfashionable, if they think they obstruct them in their way to greatness. *This Man* must not be countenanced, because it will disoblige a party; nor *that* receive any marks of their favour, because others perhaps more considerable will be piqued at the rise of a man they do not like. But how contrary is such shuffling behaviour to the rules of justice and integrity! and how disagreeable to the character of an honest fair-dealing man!

It may sometimes indeed happen, that men of great worth may be possessed of an ambitious temper, and then the effects of it are less mischievous. For *Ambition* never does so little harm, as when there is merit to support it. My Lord Bacon hath very elegantly described the difference betwixt *Ambition* when it stands upon its own bottom, and when it is accompanied with extraordinary qualifications: "He," saith he, "that seeketh to be eminent amongst able men, hath a great task; but that is ever good for the publick; but he that plots to be the only

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"figure

“figure amongst cyphers, is the decay of a
“whole age, Honour hath three things in it:
“the vantage ground to do good; the approach
“to kings and principal persons; and the raising
“of a man’s own fortune. He that hath the
“best of these intentions when he aspireth, is
“an honest man; and that prince that can discern
“of those intentions in another that as-
“pireth is a wise prince.” It would be well if
Ambition were confined to such as are desirous
of power only for this end, that they may be
able to do good, and reward those that de-
serve it.

Now as those persons, whose *Ambition* is but
the result of a reflection upon their own merit,
are likely to do no mischief by their success, so
they have much better chance of succeeding
than others. And if they be but once so for-
tunate as to get upon what my Lord Bacon
calls *the vantage ground*, their worth grows
daily more and more conspicuous, and their
honours are generally lasting, because they ap-
pear to every one to be the reward of their vir-
tues. But when those of an aspiring temper
are either men of no desert, or what is still
worse, of pernicious designs, though they may
be perhaps for some time almost miraculously
successful, yet they are for the most part raised
only (as the tortoise in the fable) to lose their
lives above the clouds. Thus unhappily for-
tunate was the *ambitious* Catiline, who, after
he

he had enticed over a numerous party of the Roman nobility to his faction, and was almost secure of succeeding in his conspiracy, met at last with an entire defeat; and that long projected scheme, from which he had formed such great hopes, ended in the destruction of himself and his party.

But though men of extraordinary merit are much more likely to be successful than others, yet even these often feel the effect of their *Ambition*, and must of necessity meet with very frequent disappointments, because they aim at things so very difficult to compass, and such as it is not in their own power to obtain. It would therefore be for the general advantage of mankind, if they would resolve to follow the advice of Epictetus, and place their happiness only in such things which entirely depend upon their own will, and which no one can take from them. Most men may, if they please, be contented with their condition; and the only reason why so few are so, is, because our real necessities are so much enlarged, by the addition of so many imaginary ones. How unjustly does that man complain of his fortune, who can live without the assistance of any one! And what little reason has he to envy those who prefer riches to freedom, and resolve to increase their substance, though they have no other way of doing it, but by living continually in a state of dependency? It is strange that men

should take such delight in being slaves; and that Liberty, that inestimable blessing, should be so little regarded by them. There are few but have it in their power to do justice to all men; and such cannot certainly be said to be unfortunate, unless they want an inclination to do so. A wise man would hardly wish for any thing more than this, unless it were for opportunities of doing good to as many as his circumstances would give him leave. But when a man has brought his mind to such an unhappy state, as that nothing but honours and preferments can satisfy it; as honours and preferments can never satisfy it, so I despair of ever seeing such a person contented. He, and he only, has a chance for being happy, who diligently prosecutes the calling that he is placed in, without expecting any extraordinary advancement. For those men whose thoughts are too often employed upon something that is collateral to their profession, and which perhaps they have but little reason even to think of, will be in great danger of neglecting their business, and so run the hazard of losing a certainty, and finding nothing in its stead but uneasiness. Nay, even granting that such a one should be as fortunate as he can desire, and that the wished-for lot should fall into his lap; yet it would afford him but little satisfaction, because it was no more than he himself expected. But should the man whose thoughts are entirely upon his business,

ness, be so lucky as to meet with any accidental preferment, as his good fortune would be all together unexpected, so it must of necessity afford him the much greater pleasure. And I may properly say of it, as Horace* does of life,

Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur hora †.

N^o 44. Monday, Aug. 1, 1712.

Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρεΐδαις,
Θέλω δὲ Κάδμῳ αἶδεν;
Ἢ Βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς
ἘΡΩΤΑ μένον ἤχῃ.

ANACREON, Ode I.

“ I’ll sing of Atreus’ godlike race,
“ And Cadmus shall my numbers grace.
“ Hark! the great task my strings deny,
“ And in soft airs of Love reply.” ADDISON.

IT is not the first time that Politicks have been forced to give way to *Love*. Nor can I think that the transition is at all unnatural, since it is what has been often made by the greatest and gravest Politicians. It is in vain for any one to dispute her commands; the prince and the peasant are equally her subjects; for Love, like Death, makes no distinction. As neither Learning, nor Wisdom, nor Riches, nor Honours, are able to secure men from the grave; so neither Learning, nor Wisdom, nor

* 1 Ep. iv. 15.

† “ If to-morrow’s sun be thine,
“ With double lustre shall it shine.”

FRANCIS
Riches,

Riches, nor Honours, can defend them from the attacks of this all-conquering passion. So much do Love and Death agree in the extent of their power, though they disagree in almost every thing else. For Death is the end of all our troubles, and Love for the most part the beginning of our misfortunes; the one is a state of anxiety and uneasiness, and the other (if considered merely in itself, without any regard to the consequences of it) of perfect peace and tranquillity; and yet men as eagerly pursue the latter, as they carefully avoid the former; so arbitrary is LOVE, and such slaves mankind. Horace, Ovid, Anacreon, and most of the wits amongst the antients, as they had frequently felt the force of this passion, so they are very expressive in their description of it; and if we reflect upon the writings of our modern poets, we shall (I believe) be convinced that they too were Lovers, since they then always write with the most spirit when they choose Love for their subject. But never certainly was its power more elegantly described, than by one of the Apocryphal writers. The occasion of his introducing that beautiful passage is (I presume) so well known, that I need only repeat the passage itself.

‘ It is not,’ saith he, ‘ the great king, nor the
 ‘ multitude of men, neither is it wine that ex-
 ‘ celleth; who is it then that ruleth them, and
 ‘ hath Lordship over them? Are they not Wo-
 ‘ men?’

‘ men ? Women have borne the king, and all
‘ the people that bear rule by sea and land.
‘ Even of them came they ; and they nourished
‘ them up that planted the vineyards, from
‘ whence the wine cometh. These also make
‘ garments for men, these bring glory unto men,
‘ and without Women cannot men be. Yea and
‘ if men have gathered together gold and silver,
‘ or any other goodly thing, do they not *love* a
‘ Woman, which is comely in favour and beau-
‘ ty ? And letting all those things go, do they
‘ not gape, and with open mouth fix their eyes
‘ fast on HER ? And have not all men more
‘ desire unto HER, than unto silver and gold, or
‘ any other goodly thing whatsoever ? A man
‘ leaveth his own father that brought him up,
‘ and his own country, and cleaveth unto his
‘ Wife. He sticks not to spend his life with his
‘ Wife, and remembereth neither father, nor
‘ mother, nor country. By this also ye must
‘ know that Women have dominion over you.
‘ Do ye not labour and toil, and bring all to
‘ the Woman ? Yea a man taketh his sword,
‘ and goeth his way to rob and to steal, to sail
‘ upon the sea, and upon the rivers ; and look-
‘ eth upon a lion, and goeth in darkness ; and
‘ when he hath stolen, spoiled, and robbed, he
‘ bringeth it to his LOVE. Wherefore a man
‘ *loveth* his Wife better than his father or mo-
‘ ther. Yea, many there be that have run out
‘ of their wits for Women, and become servants

‘ for their sakes. Many also have perished, have
‘ erred, and sinned, for Women. And now do
‘ ye not believe me? Is not the king great in
‘ power? Do not men of all nations fear to
‘ approach him? Yet did I see him, and
‘ Apame the king’s concubine, the daughter of
‘ Rabfaces, sitting at the right-hand of the king;
‘ and taking the crown from the king’s head,
‘ and setting it upon Her own head; she also
‘ struck the king with her left-hand. And yet
‘ for all this, the king gaped, and gazed, upon
‘ her with open mouth. If She laughed upon
‘ him, he laughed also; but if She took any
‘ displeasure at him, the king was fain to flatter,
‘ that she might be reconciled to him again. O
‘ ye men, how can it be but Women should be
‘ strong, seeing they do thus!’

My Lord Bacon, though so well versed in
other parts of learning, yet seems to have been
deficient in the history of LOVE. He tells us
in his discourse upon it, that, “ amongst all the
“ great and worthy persons (whereof the me-
“ mory remaineth, either antient or modern)
“ there is not one that hath been transported
“ to a high degree of LOVE, except Marcus An-
“ tonius, and Appius Claudius the Decemvir;
“ which shews,” saith he, “ that great spirits and
“ great business do keep out this weak passion.”
Never certainly was observation so ill grounded;
for if there be any credit to be given to history,
most of the greatest men in all ages and na-
tions,

tions, have been transported with the passion of Love in a more extraordinary degree than others. I believe it must be allowed me, that Richelieu and Mazarin were as wise statesmen and as expert politicians as ever any country produced; and yet none are more remarkable for their amours than they. These indeed are instances since my Lord Bacon, however they shew the weakness of his conclusion: but are there not notorious examples of this sort long before he wrote? Edward the Third was a very martial prince, and a king perhaps of as great capacities as England was ever yet blessed with: and yet Love found an easy admittance to his heart. David and Solomon stand in the first rank of the Scripture worthies, and are recorded as patterns of wisdom; but how little did their wisdom avail them, and how unable was it to defend them against the power of Love? The wisest among the Heathens seem to look upon this passion rather as a sign of very great perfection in men, than of any defect in their understandings; and for this reason they always represented their Gods as capable of being affected with it in a very violent degree: and as their heroes were ambitious of copying after the Gods, so they were generally as famous for their Love as their Valour. Achilles (if we may believe Homer) preferred his Love to his Reputation; nay, chose rather to sacrifice the whole Grecian army than part with his *beloved* Bryseis, and

and Alexander proved himself to be the son of Ammon as well by his Love as his Conquests. Cæsar has, I know, been often produced as an instance of one that, by strength of reason, had entirely got the better of this unruly passion; but Cæsar's case seems to have been much mistaken; no man was more subject to Love than Cæsar, but as he had more Ambition than ever man had, so Love was but the second in his thoughts, and consequently was forced to give place, whenever it interfered with his Interest, Cæsar could sacrifice his time and his reputation to the bewitching charms of Cleopatra, nor was Anthony himself more a *Lover* than Cæsar; but when his Love and his Interest came in competition, he chose rather to forsake his Mistress than his Empire. Cæsar therefore did not love Cleopatra less, but set a higher value upon Rome than Anthony did. Since then it is plain that men of the best sense have been oftentimes extravagant in their amours, it is highly unjust to accuse men of weakness for submitting to so irresistible a passion. The only true conclusion that we can make from such instances is, that reason, unless guided by the Divine Assistance, is unable to make any resistance against Love.

But though Reason has so little influence upon *Lovers*, yet Love seems to be more peculiarly a passion of the mind than any of our other passions. Envy, Anger, Revenge, and

the like, depend very much on the temperament of the body ; and consequently are more or less violent, according to the constitution of the person that is affected. Nor is it difficult for those that have experienced any of these passions to give, as in other distempers of the body, a very rational account of their operations. But *Love* (which I must beg leave to distinguish from *Lust*) is only to be felt, but impossible to be described. Men in *Love* as well know that they are so, as they know that there is a distinction betwixt the will and the understanding ; but they are altogether as ignorant of the nature of *Love*, as they are of the difference betwixt those two faculties. This only they know, that *Love*, like the Wind, beareth all before it ; but though they feel the force thereof, they cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth.

If any one condemns me for neglecting the publick, and deviating from the original design of this Paper, let him consider, that *Love* was the occasion of this digression : a passion impossible to be withstood, and which irresistibly leads all mankind astray.

N° 45. Monday, August 4, 1712.

*Sine mundum vadere sicut mundus vult vadere ;
nam mundus vult vadere sicut vult.*

‘ Since the World will not be advised, let the
‘ World pursue its own course.’

HE that sets up for an Instructor of Man-
kind, has undertaken not only a very
difficult, but a very ungrateful task*. For
though

* This was the last number of the MEDLEY that was published in its separate state ; (see WHIG-EXAMINER, N° V. p. 40, Notes) ; and the only one that appeared with a STAMP.—“ Grubstreet has but ten days to live ; then an act of parliament takes place, that ruins it, by taxing every half-sheet a halfpenny.” Swift, Journal to Stella, July 19, 1712.—“ Do you know that Grub-street is dead and gone last week ? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at least seven papers of my own, besides some of other people’s ; but now every single half-sheet pays a half-penny to the Queen. The OBSERVATOR is fallen ; the MEDLEYS are jumbled together with the FLYING POST ; the EXAMINER is deadly sick ; the SPECTATOR keeps up, and doubles its price ; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the
“ red

though the world very much wants mending, there are but few that care to be mended. Most men think that they have sense enough to be able to direct themselves, and look upon such a one as an encroacher upon their liberties, who endeavours to shew them that they are mistaken in any thing. Even the wisest are oftentimes fond of their own errors, and very unwilling to part with them: they have built perhaps much of their happiness upon such mistakes; and you would rob them of a great deal of their imaginary pleasure, if you should once persuade them to be undeceived. But the foolish are still more difficult

“red stamp the papers are marked with? Methinks it is worth a halfpenny the stamping it.” Ibid. Aug. 7.

The duty of one half-penny took place on Saturday, Aug. 2, 1712; and on the same day in the year 1789, it was enlarged to two-pence.

The MEDLEY was regularly continued for six numbers only; and on the 19th of August, 1712, the following apology for its omission appeared in The FLYING POST:

“There being no room for our MEDLEY, we must refer it to another opportunity; and in the mean time shall use Abel’s celebrated advertisement, EXPECT SOME-THING EXTRAORDINARY IN OUR NEXT.”

The same paper contains a remarkable anecdote:

“Whereas it was inserted in the Post-Boy, Aug. 14, that the Duke of Marlborough’s tent at St. Alban’s was exposed to view at six-pence apiece; on Saturday last passing through the town, I made a stay on purpose to enquire into the truth of that story. Accordingly I went directly to his Grace’s house, with six-pence in my hand for admittance, to see the tent; but found the gate open, with a free passage into the Bowling Green, where I beheld

difficult to be convinced: they indeed have the most occasion for advice, but they are generally the most incapable of receiving it. The more ignorant men are, the more tenacious of their own opinions; and none are so obstinate in defending their assertions, as those who can bring no arguments to support them. Such obstructions must that man expect to meet with who attempts to make mankind either better or wiser; nor are *these* all the difficulties he is to contend with. No, there are still another sort of people, who are not more able, but will be equally industrious, to oppose his designs. These
are

“ beheld this magnificent tent, which indeed is very curious in its kind. I walked all over the gardens without the least question from any of his Grace’s servants, from whence I came, or whither I was going. I likewise asked several people in the town if any such demand had been made for a sight of this tent? who all solemnly protested, that no such thing was ever asked; but that all persons had free access, without fee or reward. Moreover the garden-walls are so very low, and the ground without them so high, that within less than fifty yards of the Bowling green the whole country may have a clear prospect of the tent, without entering into the house. The next morning I went to the Abbey-church, where I observed a bright example of devotion and attention in his Grace’s deportment during divine service; with this other remark, that when his Grace took coach, he distributed money to the poor people at the church-door.”

After the above date we find the MEDLEY occasionally annexed to the FLYING POST, but containing little more than

are such whose interest it is to keep mankind as ignorant as possible, because they live merely by imposing upon others. The more blind men are, they are the more easy to be deceived; he therefore that endeavours to enlighten mens eyes, and lead them into the right way, must of necessity be discountenanced by such persons. I remember the story of a very clever fellow, who had found out an art of working up glass till it became altogether as durable as metal, and expected to have been very well rewarded for his pains. But his invention was so very prejudicial to the trade of glass-making, that the fellow,

than stupid abuse of the Earl of Oxford, till the beginning of the year 1713; when, on the 6th of January, we find this malicious exultation:

“ Informations are ordered in the Crown-office against
 “ Abel Roper, for his scandalous, villainous, and seditious
 “ reflections, in his libel intituled the Post-Boy, upon the
 “ Czar of Muscovy, the King of Denmark, &c. but we
 “ don’t hear that he was committed to Newgate, though
 “ his traiterous reflections upon the Hanover-succession
 “ might ere now have entitled him to a journey from
 “ thence to Tyburn.”

Which Abel, on the 21st of May, thus retaliates:

“ Whereas George Ridpath, who has been convicted
 “ for writing some, and is under prosecution for writing
 “ several other scandalous and seditious libels, intituled,
 “ The FLYING POST, or, The POST MASTER, highly
 “ reflecting upon her Majesty and her government, has
 “ left his bail, and is fled from justice: These are to give
 “ notice, that if any person will make discovery where the
 “ said Ridpath is, so that he may be taken and brought to
 “ justice,

fellow, instead of being encouraged, had the misfortune to be hanged for his ingenuity. Let those that are not able to find out the moral, go on till they are blessed with the like success.

From what I have said it may be very naturally concluded, that I intend to go on no longer with this Paper. They will do me but justice that make this conclusion, for I would not be reckoned one of those sort of people that preach one thing and practise another. Had I any hopes of prevailing upon mankind to forsake those errors they are so furiously running into, and which must at last necessarily end in their ruin, I might perhaps have sacrificed some more hours to promote the good of the publick. But as I find the world grows worse and worse, so I am quite tired of being their physician; I entirely despair of doing any good, and therefore resolve to prescribe no longer. As I write for no one's pleasure but my own, so I hope I may be allowed without offence to leave off whenever I think fit. Those indeed that write for

"justice, her Majesty is graciously pleased to promise him
"a reward of one hundred pounds, to be paid by the most
"Honourable the Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain.

"BOLINGBROKE."

Ridpath was committed to Newgate, Sept. 8, 1712; and it is remarkable that he and Abel Roper died on the same day, Nov. 16, 1729. They are thus immortalized by Pope:

"There Ridpath, Roper, cudgel'd might ye view;

"The very worsted still look'd black and blue."

Dunciad, ii. 149.

pay

pay (though their yoke be never so uneasy, and though they are forced to strain hard even for nonsense) must go on, till their masters will give them a discharge. If therefore the *Examiner* and *Plaindealer* be (as it is said) Pensionaries to some persons, I shall expect that the world will be still pestered with their weekly products of emptiness and absurdity. But I profess, I do not believe that they are so; for I cannot be brought to have so mean an opinion of the judgement of any sensible men, as to believe that they throw away their money upon persons that are incapable of doing them the least service. If *Abel* be likewise in pay (as it is generally believed) I find he is hired for another year: certainly he has the most generous masters in the world, and they the most good-for-nothing servant. The author of the *Review* is, I perceive, so unfortunate, as once more to change his opinion; had he left off writing, as he intended, I should then have been fully persuaded that common fame had been a liar in his case, and that he had never any thing for writing the *Review*. I profess, for my own part, I have no sort of evidence that he has ever received any money of any one; but *this* I shall venture to say of him, that no man ever better deserved to be rewarded by those men that call themselves *Tories*, because no one has said so much to vindicate the proceedings of that party; nay, I know no weekly paper be-

[K]

fides

sides that can possibly have done their cause any advantage. For if men are so silly as to be made proselytes, by such insipid writers as the *Examiner* and the *Plain Dealer*; I shall envy no party such half-witted converts, of what rank or quality soever they may be. But I fear, considering I am going off the stage, I shall be thought to express myself with too little charity; I shall therefore expatiate no further upon the misfortunes of my fellow-creatures, but at once take my leave of them in the words of that incomparable poet Roscommon,

“ I pity from my soul unhappy men,

“ Forc’d by their want to prostitute their pen.”

And now perhaps it may be expected that I should make a lamentation upon my own *exit*; but they that expect it will be very much mistaken: for as I had always a very great aversion to constraint, so I assure them, that my leaving off now (as my beginning was at first) is purely the effect of my own inclinations.

But though I am under no manner of concern for myself, yet I am very much troubled for my *poor Brother**. It is hard that a gentleman of such pretty parts should be snatched away in the very prime of his years. I cannot methinks help crying out upon this occasion, as Arria did once upon the approaching fate of herself and her beloved Pætus,

* The RIVAL Medley.

*Siqua fides, Vulnus quod feci non dolet (inquit ;)
Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet.*

Englified thus, by the Author of the verses* in
his 26th MEDLEY,

‘ My death’s my choice; but that my Brother dies]
‘ Grieves me full sore; for, oh ! he’ll never rise.’

But then it ought certainly to be some comfort to me in my afflictions, that if all things are duly considered, it is a great mercy that he has lived so long. If BICKERSTAFF’s Upholders had been still in being (whoresons, that had taken up an unaccountable humour of burying folks before they were dead !) God knows what might

* Who this Author was, may possibly be discovered from the following introduction : “ I am, I dare say, as much
“ a TORY as the EXAMINER would, and more than he
“ doth, express himself to be ; but yet, after congratulating
“ with you for your handsome defence of so deserving a
“ great man as the duke of MARLBOROUGH ; to shew
“ you how much in earnest I do it, I cannot forbear
“ joining with you in praise of him ; for whom, because
“ I have as much esteem as HORACE had for his CÆSAR,
“ I have ventured upon a translation of one of those Odes
“ which were inscribed to that ancient Hero, and it is applied with as much more justness as less elegance to this
“ the present Patriot of our Country. I desire that you
“ would consider, not how, but by whom, and to whom
“ this Ode is written ; and perhaps, upon these two last
“ considerations, you may think it merits a place in your
“ Paper. Add to them too this reason, that a verse now
“ and then hath been by the SPECTATOR brought to be
“ a fashionable entertainment ; and I would not have you
[K] 2 “ despise

might have become of us both long before this time. But I will drop this melancholy subject, and endeavour to keep up my spirits with that excellent sentence of Solomon's: "Wise men die, and perish together, as well as the ignorant and foolish."

I am well satisfied, that a tedious conclusion is altogether as bad as a long preface; and therefore it is time for me to make an end. But being unwilling to be guilty of that sort of robbery of fathering the labours of other learned gentlemen, I must beg leave first to declare to the world, that I have resolved never to be any more concerned in *this* or any other Weekly Paper whatsoever. If any thing that I have already written has been of service either to my Queen, my Country, or my Friends, I shall think that my time has been well spent, shall reap the pleasure of such an agreeable thought, and shall have done myself all the service that I intended.—*Nemo ante obitum felix.*

"despise the fashion, though one of indifferent parts hath
 "followed the fashion enough to make his Papers very
 "despicable, if it was for nothing but those senseless Verses
 "which are interspersed in the dull Prose. I shall re-
 "main your obliged Correspondent, W. B——D."

Of the verses themselves, a single stanza may suffice:

"Phœbus, when I'd in Lyric Verse
 "Battles and taken Towns rehearse,
 "Shew'd me the Sea, forbid me row
 "A Cock-boat where Main Oceans flow."

THE
L O V E R;
WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF
THE TATLER.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, GENT.

Phyllida amo ante alias, nam me discedere flevit.

VIRG. Ecl. iii. 78.

‘Phyllis o’er every other nymph I prize,

‘Oh, how she took her leave with weeping eyes!’

WARTON.

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PREFACE TO THE LOVER.

WHOEVER considers attentively the Papers published by STEELE under this title will readily discover, that they were originally intended, and admirably calculated, to sketch out the character of a person actuated by judicious Ambition, correct Love, and elegant Desire. They are obviously wrought on *out-lines* given by the Author, as shall be shewn in the sequel, in a preceding work. By comparing the dates of these very meritorious publications, it appears that "The LOVER," in the order of them, succeeded immediately in point of time to the first volume of "*The ENGLISHMAN*."

It is certain that ADDISON assisted his friend STEELE in *The LOVER*. N^o 10, is ascribed to this Auxiliary on good authority; who was probably consulted and concerned in the next number, and merely for merriment might give an *oblique stroke* now and then at the *Harleys* and *Foleys* in the subsequent Papers. If there were any other writers concerned in this work, besides ADDISON, their names and contributions have not yet come to the knowledge of its present Editor. Dr. Johnson says, it may be doubted whether ADDISON ever filled up *his* original delineation of the character of Sir Roger de Coverley; and takes occasion to make

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ingenious remarks on the Knight's character, into the consideration of which this is not the place to enter.

Let it suffice to observe here, that the character of Sir ROGER was originally not of ADDISON's, but of STEELE's delineation; as evidently appears from STEELE's signature to the Paper that contains the original sketch of it, corroborated by the unsuspicious testimony of Mr. Tickell, who ascribes that Number* to STEELE, and makes an apology for his re-printing it in his edition of ADDISON's "Works." It is indeed true that ADDISON wrought upon STEELE's ingenious *delineation* of Sir Roger's character; and even Mr. Tickell and Mr. Budgell exercised at times, not unhappily, their ingenuity in the same way, and tried their imitative powers, and less skilful hands at *filling it up*.

It is more to the purpose here to observe, adopting the Doctor's idea, that it may well be doubted whether STEELE ever filled up his *original delineation* of *The Lover*, though he has pourtrayed many parts of it delightfully, touching and re-touching them with exquisite delicacy, and the most masterly execution. Nevertheless, for reasons omitted or unobserved, it seems to be even beyond a doubt that STEELE with all the assistance that ADDISON afforded, or could afford him, was incapable of *filling up* his own *original delineation* of the *fine-*

* SPECTATOR, N^o 2.

fancied

fancied CHARACTER, from which Sir ROGER's was but an offspring, being merely a second exhibition of STEELE's *delineation* of a LOVER, in a form rather varied than new, and under a different name. Some years before, STEELE had originally introduced into the very first Paper of his TATLER his inimitable character of a LOVER, under the name of CYNTHIO, where in the most glowing colours, with his very delicate pencil, he has admirably drawn some of the most engaging features and finer lineaments of a delightful and interesting picture, that he doubtless entertained thoughts of finishing in the same exquisite style with the finest colouring. Had STEELE been more at his ease, and in greater leisure, happier in domestic life and pecuniary circumstances, it is very probable we might have now had his glorious conception, a master-piece in its kind, equally precious for originality of design, and felicity of execution. The case appears to have been, that, discouraged by embarrassing circumstances, distracted by multiplicity of business, diverted by dissipation, and despairing perhaps of being able to fill up his own *original delineation*, he fairly dismissed CYNTHIO from his work and the world, giving a melancholy account of his exit, pretty early in the course of the TATLER*.

* See TAT. with Notes in 6 Vols. N^o 5; N^o 22; and Notes; and the account of CYNTHIO's death, &c. N^o 85, *Ibidem*.

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The *delineation* of a LOVER, the model as he conceived of propriety, appears to have been the favourite idea of STEELE. It was familiar to him, as being a very accomplished gentleman, of great gaiety, of real genius, and boundless benevolence. On resuming the Censorship of his country, and commencing SPECTATOR, the first character he introduced into this work, for the entertainment and instruction of his countrymen, and the melioration of their taste and manners, was Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, who was no other than his CYNTHIO farther advanced in life, somewhat deranged by his LOVE, dignified, embellished, and rendered more generally interesting, by a variety of additional beauties and new peculiarities. When his favourite character, of which he certainly had the most delicate and discriminated idea, was violated and mangled by intermeddlers in the course of that work, he was *killed*, it is said, to prevent his being *murthered* *. It may,

* The obnoxious Paper in the SPECT. relative to Sir ROGER, ascribed at random to STEELE by Dr. Johnson, was most probably written by Mr. T. Tickell. See SPECT. with Notes 8vo. N^o 410, final *Note*, on the ambiguous *Signature* T, and N^o 324. *ad finem*.

It follows from all this, that if what is said here were really the declaration of ADDISON, as Mr. E. Budgell relates in his *Lee*, it certainly was spoken arrogantly enough, and clearly amounted to claiming an absolute power over a character that did not rightfully belong to him, being originally the invention and sole property of STEELE, who alone had an undeniable title to *kill* or *murther* the Knight, at whatever time, or in whatever way, he thought proper.
therefore,

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therefore, be very well supposed, that the idea and title of "*The Lover*" originated in STEELE's desire to fill up his own original delineation, in the accomplishment of which he had hitherto been variously obstructed. On this not improvable supposition, *Marmaduke MYRTLE, Gent.* is only another name for the *Admirable LOVER*, who made his first appearance so advantageously in the *TATLER*, and figured afterwards so pleasingly in the *SPECTATOR*, under the diversified appellations of *CYNTHIO*, and *SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY*.

In aid of this argument, it deserves notice, that in the process of "*The Lover*," for whatever reason, with an intention no doubt, to make more use of him, STEELE recalled his original *CYNTHIO* to life, and introduces him with additional beauty in N° 38; having paved the way for his introduction in the preceding Paper.

A gentleman of STEELE's elegant taste and fine accomplishments, eminent as he was for intellectual excellence and refined sentiments, had but to turn his eyes inward, to trace the principal outlines of this original delineation. Certainly he copied the most admirable traits and the most charming beauties of his *LOVER* from his own heart. Such as are conversant in his writings and publications, can entertain no doubt on this head. Those who are not, besides turning to the reference at the bottom of this page*, may find abundant evidence,

* See "*STEELE's Letters*," Lett. II. p. 2.

which

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which may be rendered still more convincing and satisfactory, by attending to STEELE's own Papers in the TATLER, SPECTATOR, &c. *passim*, & *ubique*.

The letter of CYNTHIO, when stripped of his super-refinements and lowered to a common-fized LOVER, TAT. N^o 35, was actually written and sent by STEELE himself, to Mrs. Mary Scutlock, afterwards Lady Steele, as appears from the autograph in the British Museum*. But it seems it was usual for STEELE, in the course of his publications, &c. to compliment his friends with his own features. Of the probability of this there are very many instances; and among others, an amiable young nobleman was supposed to have sitten to STEELE for his fine picture of "*The LOVER*." Such as are curious to know more on this subject, are referred to the Edition of the TAT. with notes in six Vols. cr. 8vo. 1786; *Notes on CYNTHIO*, *passim*, and particularly to N^o 85, and *Note*.

* See STEELE's "Letters," Vol. I. Lett. II. p. 2, and *Note*.



THE

(11)

To Sir SAMUEL GARTH*.

SIR,

AS soon as I thought of making the **LOVER** a present to one of my friends, I resolv'd, without further distracting my choice, to send it TO THE BEST-NATURED MAN †. You are so universally known for this character, that an
epistle

* SAMUEL GARTH, M. D. the celebrated author of "The Dispensary."—The first edition of this admirable poem came out in 1694; and went through three impressions in a few months. This extraordinary encouragement put him upon making several improvements in it; and in 1706 he published a fourth edition, with several additions. Major PACK observes, that "The Dispensary had lost and gained in every edition; almost every thing that Sir SAMUEL left out being a robbery from the publick, whilst every thing that he added was an embellishment to his poem." On the accession of King GEORGE I. he had the honour of being knighted with the Duke of MARLBOROUGH's sword. He died Jan. 18, 1718-19.

† "Well-natur'd GARTH inflam'd with early praise," says Pope in his "Epistle to Arbuthnot;" and in his "Farewell to London" he calls him

"The best good Christian, though he knows it not."

The same sentiment Pope expresses afterwards in prose: "The best-natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a Saint or a Philosopher famous; but ill tongues, and worse hearts, have branded even his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must

B

have

2 DEDICATION TO

epistle so directed would find its way to you without your name; and I believe nobody but you yourself would deliver such a superscription to any other person.

This propensity is the nearest a-kin to love; and good-nature is the worthiest affection of the mind, as love is the noblest passion of it: while the latter is wholly employed in endeavouring

“ have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever
“ there was a good Christian, without knowing himself
“ to be so, it was Dr. Garth.” Pope’s Works, vol. VI.
p. 90. — “ Pope afterwards declared himself convinced
“ that Garth died in the communion of the church of
“ Rome, having been privately reconciled.” Dr Johnson’s Life of Garth.

The Doctor remarks on the preceding testimonial of Garth’s Christianity, “ that POPE seems not able to deny,
“ what he is angry to hear, and loth to confess.”

The following curious passage from a late publication deserves notice. “ ADDISON had given Bishop Berkeley an
“ account of their common friend Dr. Garth’s behaviour
“ in his last illness, which was equally unpleasing to both
“ those excellent advocates for revealed religion.” When Addison talked seriously to Garth about preparing for his approaching dissolution, the Doctor said, “ Surely I have
“ good reason not to believe those trifles, since Dr. Halley,
“ who has dealt so much in demonstration, has assured me,
“ that the doctrines of Christianity are incomprehensible, and
“ the Religion itself an imposture.” But Bishop Berkeley took arms against this redoubtable dealer in demonstration; and addressed “ The Annalist” to him, with a view of shewing, that mysteries in faith were unjustly objected to by mathematicians, who admitted much greater mysteries and even falsehoods in science, of which he endeavoured to prove that *Fluxions* furnished an eminent example. “ Memoirs of G. Berkeley, D. D.” 2d Edit. 8vo, 1784, p. 30, &c. See also TATLER with notes, Vol. III. N^o 79, p. 30, & seq.

to make happy one single object, the other diffuses its benevolence to all the world.

As this is your natural bent, I cannot but congratulate to you the singular felicity that your profession is so singular to your temper. For what condition is more desirable than a constant impulse to relieve the distressed, and a capacity to administer that relief? When the sick man hangs his eye on that of his physician, how pleasing must it be to speak comfort to his anguish, to raise in him the first motions of hope, to lead him into a persuasion that he shall return to the company of his friends, the care of his family, and all the blessings of being * !

The

* “ It is the glory of medicine, that more than all others, it
 “ is the *profession of literature*, as well as of *benevolence*. No
 “ kind of knowledge is indifferent or useless to a physician,
 “ because man, the object of his care, is connected with, and
 “ influenced by, almost every thing in nature. With sin-
 “ gular propriety our language has appropriated to the me-
 “ dical practitioner, the term PHYSICIAN, that is, *φυσικός*, a
 “ Student of nature; whose science may be defined Universal
 “ Philosophy, or the contemplation of universal nature, di-
 “ rected to the preservation and relief of man. Accordingly
 “ we find, that in every period, there have been physicians
 “ who have supported this high and interesting part of their
 “ character; and have appeared as the *friends of philosophy*
 “ and the *guardians of literature*. HIPPOCRATES was in-
 “ structed in all the knowledge of his times. The learning of
 “ GALEN was immense, and extended to every subject. ORI-
 “ BASIUS was one of the best scholars of his *age*. Nor ought
 “ we to omit mentioning with honour the names of ÆTIUS,
 “ ARETÆUS, and PAULUS EGINETA. Quintilian informs
 “ that CELSUS wrote on a variety of subjects besides physic,
 “ Among the Arabians we find many learned characters. AVI-
 “ CENNA was a profound and universal philosopher: the me-
 “ morable

The manner in which you practise this heavenly faculty of aiding human life, is according to the liberality of science, and demonstrates that your heart is more set upon doing good than growing rich.

The

“morale saying of AVERROES, ‘*Sit anima mea cum philosophis,*’ proves unquestionably his attachment to literature; but does not prove what Mr. Bayle and the sceptics would draw out of it. RHAZES should have been previously noticed; and to these we may add ABDOLLATIPH, whose curious travels into Egypt a learned Professor is at present printing at Oxford. During the darkness of the middle ages, it cannot be supposed that physicians should have escaped from the depressing influence of the times. Yet there is reason to believe that they were less affected by it than other classes of men; and that even then, as on other occasions, they stood up the advocates of reason and nature, and formed, in some degree, a barrier against the absurdities of weak and bigoted Theologians. If from these we descend to modern times, many respectable vouchers might be produced. Latter ages have given us BOERHAAVE and HALLER, HOFFMAN, MEAD, PRINGLE, and GREGORY. These eminent men all distinguished themselves by the variety and extent of their knowledge. They were not only physicians, but also philosophers, poets, moralists, classical scholars, and theologians. Haller in particular deserves to be noticed, as one of the most extraordinary of mankind. Physicians have reason to glory in his name; for he exhibited the most wonderful union of genius and industry that perhaps the world ever saw. What kind of knowledge did he not attempt, and wherein did he not excell? He had studied with incessant diligence from his infancy. When only 9 years of age, he is said to have composed for his own use a Chaldee Grammar, a Greek and Hebrew Dictionary, and an Historical Dictionary, containing an Abridgement of more than 2000 articles from Bayle and Moreri. As a proof of his activity, we learn, that when he had the misfortune to break his right arm, his surgeon was surprized, on visiting him one day, to find him writing
“with

The pitiful artifices which empiricks are guilty of, to drain cash out of valetudinarians, are the abhorrence of your generous mind; and it is as common with GARTH to supply indigent patients with money for food, as to receive it from wealthy ones for physick. How much more amiable, Sir, would the generosity which is already applauded by all that know you, appear to those whose gratitude you every day refuse, if they knew that you resist their presents lest you should supply those whose wants you know, by taking from those with whose necessities you are unacquainted.

The families you frequent receive you as their friend and well-wisher, whose concern in their behalf is as great as that of those who are related to them by the ties of blood and the fancies of affinity. This tenderness interrupts the satisfaction of conversation, to which you are so happily turned; but we forgive you that our mirth is often insipid to you, while you sit ab-

“with his left, which he had never ceased to try till he acquired that use of it. To these might be added several living characters, too well known to need enumeration, who are worthy successors of those illustrious men, and in due time will have their names joined, by posterity, with theirs. Medical systems will change; they *must* change; because human knowledge is progressive; and the works of God are past finding out; but amidst their revolutions, honour will continue to be paid to the memory of such as these, as long as learning and genius as are esteemed among men.”

This long quotation is from an excellent epistle to Dr. Percival, prefixed to “Observations on the Literature of the Primitive Christian Writers;” one ingenious Essay, among many others, in two volumes of Miscellanies just published by a Writer who is too diffident to let his name appear in the title-page.

sent to what passes amongst us from your care of such as languish in sickness. We are sensible their distresses, instead of being removed by company, return more strongly to your imagination by comparison of their condition to the jolitties of health.

But I forget I am writing a Dedication; and in an address of this kind, it is more usual to celebrate mens great talents, than those virtues to which such talents ought to be subservient; yet where the bent of a man's spirit is taken up in the application of his whole force to serve the world in his profession, it would be frivolous not to entertain him rather with thanks for what he is, than applauses for what he is capable of being. Besides, Sir, there is no room for saying any thing to you, as you are a man of wit, and a great poet; all that can be spoken that is worthy an ingenuous spirit, in the celebration of such faculties, has been incomparably said by yourself to others, or by others to you: you have never been excelled in this kind but by those who have written in praise of you: I will not pretend to be your rival even with such an advantage over you; but, assuring you, in Mr. CODRINGTON's words *, that I do not know whether my love or admiration is greater, I remain, Sir, your most faithful friend, and most obliged humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE,

* "Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy:
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I."

CODRINGTON to Dr. Garth,

Verses prefixed to The Dispensary.

T H E

(7)

T H E
L O V E R,

Written in Imitation of the TATLER,
By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, *Gent.*

N^o 1. Thursday, February 25, 1713-14.

Virginibus puerisque canto. Hor. 3 Od. i. 4.

Virgins and blooming youths, attend my lyre!

B. BOOTH.

THERE have been many and laudable endeavours of late years, by sundry Authors, under different characters, and of different inclinations and capacities, to improve the world, by half-sheet advertisements, in learning, wit, and politicks; but these works have not attentively enough regarded the softer affections of the mind, which, being properly raised and

awakened, make way for the operation of all good arts.

After mature deliberation with myself upon this subject, I have thought, that, if I could trace the Passion or Affection of Love through all its joys and inquietudes, through all the stages and circumstances of life, in both sexes, with strict respect to virtue and innocence, I should, by a just representation and history of that one passion, steal into the bosom of my reader, and build upon it all the sentiments and resolutions which incline and qualify us for every thing that is truly excellent, great, and noble.

All you therefore, who are in the dawn of life, as to conversation with a faithless and artful world, attend to one who has passed through almost all the mazes of it, and is familiarly acquainted with whatever can befall you in the pursuit of Love: if you diligently observe me, I will teach you to avoid the temptations of lawless desire, which leads to shame and sorrow; and carry you into the paths of Love, which will conduct you to honour and happiness. This passion is the source of our being, and, as it is so, it is also the support of it; for all the adventures which they meet with, who swerve from Love, carry them so far out of the way of their true being, which cannot pleasingly pass on when it has deviated from the rules of honourable passion,

My

My purpose, therefore, under this Title, is to write of such things only which ought to please all men, even as men; and I shall never hope for prevailing under this character of **LOVER** from my force in the reason offered, but as that reason makes for the happiness and satisfaction of the person to whom I address. My reader is to be my Mistress; and I shall always endeavour to turn my thoughts so as that there shall be nothing in my writings too severe to be spoken before one unacquainted with learning, or too light to be dwelt upon before one who is either fixed already in the paths of virtue, or desirous to walk in them for the future.

My assistants, in this work, are persons whose conduct of life has turned upon the incidents which have occurred to them from this agreeable or lamentable passion, as they respectively are apt to call it, from the impression it has left upon their imaginations, and which mingles in all their words and actions.

It cannot be supposed the gentlemen can be called by their real names in so public a manner as this is. But the hero of my story, now in the full bloom of life, and seen every day in all the places of resort, shall bear the name of one of our British rivers, which washes his estate. As I design this Paper shall be a picture of familiar life, I shall avoid words derived from learned languages, or ending in foreign

foreign terminations: I shall shun also names significant of the person's character of whom I talk; a trick used by play-wrights, which I have long thought no better a device than that of under-writing the name of an animal on a post, which the painter conceived too delicately drawn to be known by common eyes, or by his delineation of its limbs.

Mr. SEVERN is now in the twenty-fifth year of his age, a gentleman of great modesty and courage, which are the radical virtues which lay the solid foundation for a good character and behaviour both in publick and private. I will not, at this time, make the reader any further acquainted with him than from this particular, that he extremely affects the conversation of people of merit who are advanced in years, and treats every woman of condition, who is past being entertained on the foot of homage to her beauty, so respectfully, that in his company she can never give herself the compunction of having lost any thing which made her agreeable. This natural goodness has gained him many hearts, which have agreeable persons to give with them: I mean, mothers have a fondness for him, and wish that fondness could be gratified by his passion to their daughters. Were you to visit him in a morning, you would certainly find some awkward thing of business, some old steward, or distant retainer to a great family, who has a proposal to make to him, not (you may be sure)

sure) coming from the person who sent him, but only in general to know whether he is engaged.

Mr. SEVERN has at this time patterns sent him of all the young women in town; and I, who am of his council in these matters, have read his particulars of women brought him, not from professed undertakers that way, but from those who are under no necessity of selling immediately, but such who have daughters a good way under twenty that can stay for a market, and send in their account of the lady in general terms only; as, that she is so old, so tall, worth so much down, and has two batchelor uncles (one a rich merchant) that will never marry; her maiden-aunt loves her mightily, and has very fine jewels, and the like. I have observed in these accounts, when the fortune is not suitable, they subjoin a postscript, she is very handsome; if she is rich and defective as to charms, they add, she is very good.

But I was going to say, that Mr. SEVERN, having the good sense to affect the conversation of those elder than himself, passes some time at a club, which (with himself) consists of five; whom we shall name as follows.

Mr. OSWALD a widower, who has within these few months buried a most agreeable woman, who was his beloved wife, and is indulged by this company to speak of her in the terms she deserved of him, with allowance to mingle family-tales concerning the merit of his children,

dren, and the ways and methods he designs to take, to support a painful and lonely being after the loss of this companion, which tempered all his sorrows, and gave new sense and spirit to his satisfactions.

Mr. MULLET, a gentleman who in the most plentiful fortune seems to taste very little of life, because he has lost a lady whom he passionately Loved, and by whom he had no children; he is the last of a great house, and, though he wants not many months of fifty, is much sought by ladies as bright as any of the sex. As he is no fool, but sensible, they compare his years with their own, and have a mind to marry him, because they have a mind to bury him; he is as froward, exceptionous and humourfome as e'er a beauty of them all: I, who am intimate with MULLET as well as SEVERN, know that many of the same women have been offered to him of fifty, in case of losing him of five and twenty; and some perhaps in hopes of having them both: for they prudently judge, that when MULLET is dead, it may then be time enough for SEVERN to marry; and a lady's maid can observe that many an unlikelier thing has come to pass, than this view of marriage between her young mistress and both those gentlemen.

Mr. JOHNSON is a gentleman happy in the conversation of an excellent wife, by whom he has a numerous offspring; and the manner of subjecting his desires to his circumstances, which
are

are not too plentiful, may give occasion in my future discourses to draw many incidents of domestic life, which may be as agreeable to the rest of the young men of this nation, as they are to the well-disposed Mr. SEVERN.

The fourth man of this little assembly is Mr. WILDCOOSE, an old batchelor who has lived to the 53d year of his age, after being disappointed in Love at his 23d. That torment of mind frets out in little dissatisfactions and uneasinesses against every thing else, without administering remedy to the ail itself, which still festers in his heart, and would be insupportable, were it not cooled by the society of the others abovementioned. A poor old maid is one, who has long been the object of ridicule, her humours and particularities afford much matter to the facetious; but the old batchelor has ten times more of the splenetic and ridiculous, as he is conversant in larger scenes of life, and has more opportunities to diffuse his folly, and consequently can vex and delight people in more views, than an ancient virgin of the other sex.

The fifth and last of his company, is my dear self who oblige the world with this work. But as it has been frequently observed, that the fine gentleman of a play has always something in him which is of near alliance to the real character of the author, I shall not pretend to be wholly above that pleasure; but shall in the next Paper principally talk of myself, and satisfy
my

my readers how well I am qualified to be the Secretary of Love. I had ordered my bookseller to adorn the head of my Paper with little pretty broken arrows, fans thrown away, and other ensigns armorial of the isle of *Paphos*, for the embellishment of my work; but as I am a young author, and pretend to no more than a happy imitation of one who went before me, he would not be at that charge; when I failed there, I desired him only to let the Paper be gilded; but he said that was a new thing, and it would be taken to be written *by a person of quality*, which, I know not for what reason, the *bibliopoles* are also very averse to, and I was denied my second request. However, this did not discourage me, and I was resolved to come out; not without some particular hopes, that if I had not so many admirers, I might possibly have more customers than my predecessor, whom I profess to imitate; for there are many more who can feel what will touch the heart, than receive what would improve the head.

I therefore design to be the comfort and consolation of all persons in a languishing condition, and will receive the complaints of all the faithful sighers in city, town, or country; firmly believing, that as bad as the world is, there are as constant ones within the cities of London and Westminster, as ever wandered in the plains of *Arcadia*.

I shall in my next Paper (as much as I can spare of it, from talking of myself) tell the world

world how to communicate their thoughts to me, which will very properly come in with the description of my apartment, and the furniture of it, together with the account of my person, which shall make up the second Paper or chapter, and shall be placed before the *Errata* of this. I have nothing further to say now, but am willing to make an end of this leaf as quaintly as possible, being the first; and therefore would have it go off like an act in a play, with a couplet; but the spirit of that will be wholly in the power of the reader, who must quicken his voice hereabouts, like an actor at his *Exit*, helping an empty verse with lively hand, foot, and voice, at once; and if he is reading to ladies, say briskly, that with regard to the greatest part of mankind,

“ Foreign is every character beside :

“ But that of LOVER every man has try’d.”

N^o 2. Saturday, February 27, 1713-14.

— *Mentis gratissimus error.* HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 140.

“ The sweet delusion of the mind.”

W. DUNCOMBE.

I Cannot tell how many years, months, hours, days, or minutes, have passed away since I first saw Mrs. ANNE PAGE; but certain I am, that

that they have run by me, without my being much concerned in what was transacted in the world around me all that while. Mrs. PAGE, being a gentlewoman on whom I have ever doated to distraction, has made me very particular in my behaviour upon all the occurrences on this earth, and negligent of those things in which others terminate all their care and study; insomuch, that I am very sensible it is only because I am harmless, that the busy world does not lock me up; for if they will not own themselves mad, they must conclude I am, when they see me cold to the pursuits of riches, wealth, and power; and when people have been speaking of great persons and illustrious actions, I close the whole with something about Mrs. PAGE, they are apt to think my head turned, as well as I do that *theirs is*. However, I find consolation in the simplicity of my distress (which has banished all other cares), and am reconciled to it. But however I may be looked upon by the silly crowds, who are toiling for more than they want, I am without doubt, in myself, the most innocent of all creatures; and a squirrel in a chain, whose teeth are cut out, is not more incapable of doing mischief. Mrs. ANNE PAGE had such a turn with her neck, when I thinking no harm, first looked upon her, that I was soon after in a fever, and had like to have left a world (which I ever since despised) and been at rest. But as Mrs. ANNE's parents complied with her own passion for a gentleman of
much

much greater worth and fortune than myself, all that was left for me was to lament or get rid of my passion by all the diversions and entertainments I could. But I thank *Mrs. ANNE* * (I am still calling her by her *Maiden NAME*) she has always been civil to me, and permitted me to stand god-father at the baptism of one of her sons.

This would appear a very humble favour to a man of ungoverned desire ; but as for me, as soon as I found *Mrs. ANNE* was engaged, I could not think of her with hope any longer, any other ways than that I should ever be ready to express the passion I had for her, by civilities to any thing that had the most remote relation to her. But alas ! I am going on as if every body living was acquainted with *Mrs. ANNE PAGE* and myself, when there is indeed no occasion of mentioning either ; but to inform the reader, that it is from the experience of a patient, I am become a physician in LOVE. I have been in it thirty years, just as long as the learned SYDENHAM had the gout ; and though I cannot pretend to make cures, I can, like him, put you in a good regimen when you are down in a fit. As

* That young women were, at this time, usually styled *Mrs.* has been repeatedly shewn in the *TATLER*. It may be new to observe, that it appears from the register-books of St. Bride's, London, that so far back as the year 1579, children were so denominated when their names were recorded in baptism. See *TAT.* with *Notes*, Vol. I. No. 10, and No. 13. *Edit.* cr. 8vo, 1786. Six vols.

I was saying, this AFFECTION of mine left behind it a scorn of every thing else ; and having an aversion to business, I have passed my time very much in observation upon the force and influence this passion has had upon other men, and the different turns it has given each respective generation, from the cultivation or abuse of it. You'll say I fell into very unhappy days for a Lover of my complexion, who can be satisfied with distant good-will from the person beloved, and am contented that her circumstances can allow me only her esteem, when I acquaint you that my most vigorous years were passed away in the reign of the amorous Charles the Second. The licences of that court did not only make that LOVE, which the vulgar call romantic, the object of jest and ridicule, but even common decency and modesty were almost abandoned as formal and unnatural. The writers for the stage fell in with the court, and the theatre diffused the malignity into the minds of the nobility and gentry, by which means the degeneracy spread itself through the whole people, and shame itself was almost lost : naked Innocence, that most charming of beauties, was confronted by that most hideous of monsters, barefaced Wickedness.

This made me place all my happiness in hours of retirement ; and as great distresses often turn to advantages, I impute it to the wickedness of the age, that I am a great master of the bass-viol.

With

With this instrument I have passed many a heavy hour, and laid up treasures of knowledge, drawn from contemplation, on what I had seen every day in the world, during the intervals from musick and reading, which took up the principal part of my time. My purpose, at present, is to be a Knight-errant with the pen, since that order of men, who were so with their swords, are quite laughed out of the world. My business is to kill monsters, and to relieve virgins; but as it has been the custom, time out of mind, for knights who take upon them such laudable and hazardous labours, to have a castle, a mote round it, and all other conveniences within themselves, it has luckily happened, that the spacious and magnificent apartment, which the ingenious Mr. POWELL * lately possessed in Covent-Garden, has lately been relinquished by him, upon some importunate words and menaces given him by a gentleman who has the sovereignty of it, by virtue of some enchanted rolls of parchment which convey that mansion unto the said chief commander, vulgarly called a landlord. By *this means*, you are to understand, that the apartment, wherein the little kings and queens lately diverted so many of our nobility and gentry, is now mine. This spacious gallery, for such I have made it for my musings and wanderings of thought, I have

* For the story of this man, and this transaction, see the *Notes on the new TATLER*, *passim*; and CIBBER'S "Apology."

dignified with the name of "The Lover's Lodge," where, under fancied skies, and painted clouds, left by Mr. POWELL, I sit and read the true histories of famous knights and beautiful damsels which the ignorant call romances. To make my walk more gloomy, and adapted both for melody and sadness, there lies before me, at present, a death's head, my bass-viol, and the history of "Grand Cyrus." I cannot tell by what chance I have also some ridiculous writers in my study, for I have an aversion for comicks, and those they call pleasant fellows, for they are insensible of Love. Those creatures get into a familiarity with ladies, without respect on either side; and consequently can neither see what is amiable, or be the objects of Love. I wonder how these buffoons came into my head. But I was going to intimate, that the notions of gallantry are turned topsie-turvey, and the knight-errantry of this profligate age is destroying as many women as they can. It is notorious, that a young man of condition does no more than is expected from him, if before he thinks of settling himself in the world, he is the ruin of half a dozen females, whose fortunes are unequal to that which his laborious ancestors, whether successful in virtue or iniquity, have left him.

Thus I every day see innocents abused, scorned, betrayed, and neglected, by brutes, who have no sense of any thing but what indulges their appetites; and can no longer suffer the more charming

charming and accomplished part of the species to want a friend and advocate. I shall enquire, in due time, and make every anti-hero in Great-Britain give me an account why one woman is not as much as ought to fall to his share; and shall shew every abandoned wanderer, that with all his blustering, his restless following every female he sees, is much more ridiculous, than my constant, imaginary attendance on my fair-one, without ever seeing her at all.

But the main purpose of this chapter I had like to have slipped over, to wit, the more exact account of my bower. As it is not natural for a man in Love to sleep all night, but to be a great admirer of walking, I am at the charge of four tapers burning all night, and take my itinerations, with much gloomy satisfaction, from one end to the other of my long room, my field-bed being too small to interrupt my passage, though placed in the middle of my apartment. No one who has not been polite enough to have visited Mr. POWELL's theatre, can have a notion how I am accommodated; but if you will suppose a single man had Westminster-hall for his bed-chamber, and lay in a truckle-bed in the midst of it, it will give you a pretty good idea of the posture in which I dream (but with honour and chastity) of the incomparable Mrs. PAGE.

My predecessors in knight-errantry who were, as I above observed, men of the sword, had their lodgings adorned with burnished arms

round the cornices, limbs of dried giants over their heads and all about the moat of their castle, where they walked by moon-light ; but as I am a pen-champion and live in town, and have quite another sort of people to deal with, to wit, the criticks, beaux, and rakes of Covent-garden, I have nothing but stand-dishes, pens, ink, and paper, on little tables at equal distances, that no thought may be lost, as I am musing. I am forced to comply, more than my inclinations and high passions would otherwise permit, and tell the world how to correspond with me, after their own method, in the common way. I am to signify therefore, that I am more accessible than any other knights ever were before me, and in plain terms, that there is a coffee-house under my apartment ; nay further, that a letter directed, “ To MARMADUKE MYRTLE, at the “ Lover’s Lodge, to be left at SHANLEY’s coffee-house *, Covent-garden,” will find the gentlest of mortals, your most enamoured, humble servant.

* Mentioned in TOM BROWNE’s Works as a house of diversion for young gentlemen.

*** The fine outlines of STEELE’s original delineation of *The Lover*, the curious may see in the character of CYNTHIO, TAT. No 1, and in the admirable sketches *Ibidem*, No. 5. No. 22. No. 35. and No. 85. Even Sir ROGER in the SPECT. appears to be *The Lover*, under a different name, and only STEELE’s *Cynthio*, a little more deranged by his passion, a little farther advanced in life, and heightened, embellishd, and rendered more interesting by additional beauties and peculiarities.

N° 3.

N^o 3.

Tuesday, March 2, 1713-14.

“ Young nobles, to my laws attention lend ;

“ And all you vulgar of my school, attend.”

CONGREVE, *Art of Love*.

Lover's Lodge, March 2.

NOW I have told all the world my name and place of abode, it is impossible for me to enjoy the studious retirement I promised myself in this place. For most of the people of wit and quality, who frequented these lodgings in Mr. POWELL's time, have been here ; and I having a silly creature of a footman, who never lived but with private gentlemen, and cannot stedfastly lye, they all see by his countenance he does not speak truth when he denies me, and will break in upon me. It is an unspeakable pleasure that so many beauteous ladies have made me compliments upon my design to favour and defend the sex against all pretenders without merit, and those who have merit, and use it only to deceive and betray. The principal fair-ones of the town, and the most eminent toasts, have signed an address of thanks to me, and in the body of it laid before me some grievances, among which the greatest are the evil practices of a sett of persons whom they call in their presentation THE LOVERS *Vagabond*.

C 4

There

There has been indeed, ever since I knew this town, one man of condition or other, at the head and giving example to this sort of companions, who has been the model for the fashion. It would be a vain thing to pretend to property in a country where thieves were tolerated; and it is as much so, to talk of honour and decency when the prevailing humour runs directly against them. THE LOVERS VAGABOND are an order of modern adventurers, who seem to be the exact opposite to that venerable and chaste fraternity which were formerly called Knights-errant. As a knight-errant professed the practice and protection of all virtues, particularly chastity, a LOVER VAGABOND tramples upon all rights domestic, civil, human, and divine, to come at his own gratification in the corruption of innocent women. There are sometimes persons of good accomplishments and faculties who commence secretly LOVERS VAGABOND; but though amorous stealths have been imputed by some historians to the wisest and greatest of mankind, yet none but superficial men have ever publicly entered into the list of the VAGABOND. A LOVER *Vagabond*, considering him in his utmost perfection and accomplishment, is but a seeming man. He usually has a command of insignificant words accompanied with easy action, which passes among the sillier part of the fair for eloquence and fine breeding. He has a mien of condescension, from the knowledge that his carriage is not absurd, which he pursues

pursues to the utmost impudence. He can cover any behaviour, or cloath any idea with words that to an unskilful ear shall bear nothing of offence. He has all the sufficiency which little learning, and general notices of things, give to giddy heads, and is wholly exempt from that diffidence which almost always accompanies great sense and great virtue in the presence of those whom they admire. But the *LOVER Vagabond* loving no woman so much as to be distressed for the loss of her, his manner is generally easy and jaunty, and it must be from very good sense and experience in life, that he does not appear amiable. It happens unfortunately for him, though much to the advantage of those whom I have taken under my care, that the chief of this order at present among us in Great-Britain, is but a speculative debauchée. He has the language, the air, the tender glance; he can hang upon a look, has most exactly the sudden veneration of face when he is caught ogling one whose pardon he would beg for gazing; he has the exultation at leading off a lady to her coach; can let drop an indifferent thing, or call her servants with a loudness and a certain gay insolence well enough; nay, he will hold her hand too fast for a man that leads her, and is indifferent to her, and yet come to that gripe with such slow degrees, that she cannot say he squeezed her hand; but for any thing further he has no inclination. This chieftain however, I fear, will give me more plague and disturbance than
any

any one man with whom I am to engage, or rather whom I am to circumvent. He is busy in all places; an ample fortune and vigour of life enable him to carry on a shew of great devastation where-ever he comes. But I give him hereby fair warning to turn his thoughts to new entertainments, upon pain of having it discovered, that she is still a virgin upon whom he made his last settlement. The secret that he is more innocent than he seems, is preserved by great charge and expence on humble retainers and servants of his pleasures. But some of the women, who are above the age of novices, have found him out, and have in a private gang given him the nick-name of the BLITE, for that they find themselves blasted by him, though they are not sensible of his touch. It was the other day said at a visit, "Mr. such-a-one," naming the BLITE, "had ruined a certain young lady." "No," said a sensible female, "if she says so, "I am sure she wrongs him. He may," continued she, with an air of a disappointed woman, between rage and laughter, "hire ruffians to "abuse her; but many a woman has come out "of the BLITE's hands even safer than she "wished. I know one to whom at parting, "with a thousand poetical repetitions, and pressing her hands, he vowed he would tell nobody; but the flirt, throwing out of his "arms, answered pertly, I don't make you the "same promise."

Though

Though I shall from time to time display the LOVERS *Vagabond* in their proper colours, I here publish an act of indemnity to all females who took them for fine fellows till my writings appeared; that is to say (for in a public act we must be very clear) I shall not look back to any thing that happened before Thursday the 25th of February last past, that being the first day of my appearance in publick.

I expect therefore to find, that on that day all vagrant desires took their leave of the cities of London and Westminster.

In order to recover simplicity of manners without the loss of true gaiety of life, I shall take upon me the office of ARBITER ELEGANTIORUM. I cannot easily put those two Latin into two as expressive English words; but my meaning is to set up for a judge of elegant pleasures, and I shall dare to assert, in the first place (to shew both the discerning and severity of a just judge) that the greatest elegance of delights consists in the innocence of them; I expect therefore, a seat to be kept for me at all balls, and a ticket sent, that by myself, or a subordinate officer of mine, I may know what is done and said at all assemblies of diversion. I shall take care to substitute none, where I cannot be myself present, who are not fit for the best-bred society; in the choice of such deputies, I shall have particular regard to their being accomplished in the little usages of ordinary and common life, as well as in noble and liberal arts.

I have

I have many youths, who in the intermediate seasons between the terms at the universities, are under my discipline, after being perfect masters of the Greek and Roman eloquence, to learn of me ordinary things, such as coming in, and going out of a room. Mr. SEVERN himself, whom I now make the pattern of good-breeding, and my top fine gentleman, was with me twice a day for six months upon his first coming to town, before he could leave the room with any tolerable grace; when he had a mind to be going, he never could move without bringing in the words, "Well Sir, I find "I interrupt you;" or, "Well, I fear you have "other business;" or, "Well, I must be going;" hereupon I made him give me a certain sum of money down in hand, under the penalty of forfeiting twenty shillings every time upon going away he pronounced the particle *well*. I will not say how much it cost him before he could get well out of the room. Some silly particle or other, as it were to tack the taking leave with the rest of the discourse, is a common error of young men of good education.

Though I have already declared I shall not use words of foreign termination, I cannot help it if my correspondents do it. A gentleman therefore who subscribes ARONCES, and writes to me concerning some regulations to be made among a sett of country-dancers, must be more particular in his account. His general complaint

plaint is, that the men, who are at the expence of the ball, bring people of different characters together; and the libertine and innocent are huddled, to the danger of the latter, and encouragement of the former. I have frequently observed this kind of enormity; and must desire ARONCES to give me an exact relation of the airs and glances of the whole company, and particularly how Mrs. GATTY sits, when it happens that she is to pass by the LOVER *Vagabond*, who, I find, is got into that company by the favour of his cousin JENNY. For I design to have a very strict eye upon these diversions, and it shall not suffice, that according to the author of "The Rape of the Lock," all faults are laid upon SYLPHS; when I make my Enquiry, as the same author has it,

"What guards the purity of melting maids
 "In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,
 "Safe from the treacherous friend and daring spark,
 "The glance by day, and whisper in the dark;
 "When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 "When musick softens, and when dancing fires?"

*** This day were advertised, 1. "The Persian Tales," translated by A. PHILIPS; 2. "The Cid, or the Heroic Daughter," by OZELL; and 3. POPE's "Rape of the Lock;" to which he had now added his well-fancied machinery. STEELE, on the occasion of its appearance with this improvement, tacitly expresses his approbation of the alterations, in the quotations and allusions that conclude this Paper.

Thursday,

N^o 4. Thursday, March 4, 1713-14.

The dancer joining with the tuneful throng,
 Adds decent motion to the sprightly song.
 This step denotes the careful Lover; this,
 The hardy Warrior, or the drunken Swift.
 His pliant limbs in various figures move,
 And different gestures different passions prove.
 Strange Art! that flows in silent eloquence,
 That to the pleas'd spectator can dispense
 Words without sound, and without speaking, sense. }

WEAVER'S * History of Dancing.

THE great work which I have begun for the service of the more polite part of this nation, cannot be supposed to be carried on by the invention and industry of a single person only: it is, therefore, necessary I invite all other ingenious persons to assist me. Considering my title is THE LOVER, and that a good air and mien is (in one who pretends to please the fair) as useful as skill in all or any of the arts and sciences, I am mightily pleased to observe, that the Art of DANCING is of late, come to take rank in the learned world, by being communicated in letters and characters, as all other parts of knowledge have for some ages been. I

* See TATLER, with Notes, SPECTATOR *passim*; particularly TAT. No. 88. Note on *Orchesography*, Vol. III. p. 147.

shall

shall desire all those of the Faculty of DANCING, to write me, from time to time, all the new steps they take in the improvement of the Science*. I this morning read, with unspeakable delight, in "The Evening Post," the following advertisement:

"On Tuesday last was published,

"The BRETAGNE, a French dance, by Mr. PE-COUR, and *writ* by Mr. SIRIS; engraven in characters and figures, for the use of masters, price 2s. 6d. *Note*, Mr. SIRIS's Ball Dances are likewise printed, and his original Art of Dancing by Characters and Figures. All sold by J. Walsh at the Harp and Hautboy in Catherine-street in the Strand."

Take this Dance in its full extent and variety, it is the best I ever read; and though Mr. SIRIS, out of modesty, may pretend that he has only translated it, I cannot but believe, from the style, that he himself *writ* it; and if I know any thing of writing, he certainly penned the last *coupée*. This admirable piece is full of instruction: you see it is called the BRETAGNE, that is to say, *the* BRITAIN. It is intended for a festival entertainment (like Mr. BAYES's grand Dance), that, upon occasion of the peace with France and Spain, the whole nation should learn a NEW DANCE together. Some of the best-experienced persons in French Dancing

* See TATLER with Notes, Edit. 1786, in 6 Vols. Vol. III. N^o 88, p. 147, and *note*.

are to practise it at the great room in York-buildings, where it seems, the Master of the Revels lives. He as it is usual, carries a white wand in his hand, and at a motion made with it to the musick, the Dance is to begin. I am credibly informed, that out of respect, and for distinction-sake, he has ordered, that the first Person who shall be taken out is to be the Censor of Great-Britain. I do not think this at all unlikely, nor below the gravity of that Sage; for it is well known, the Judges of the land Dance the first day of every term; and, it is supposed by some, they are to Dance next after the Censor.

Mr. SIRIS has made the beginning of this movement very difficult for any one who has not from his natural parts, a more than ordinary qualification that way. The Dance is written in the genius required by Mr. WEAVER in his "History of Dancing*." "The Ancients," says that more than peripatetic philosopher, Mr. WEAVER, "were so fond of Dancing, that PLINY has given us dancing islands, which passage of PLINY, *Cælius Rodiginus* quotes. There is also an account," says he, "that in the Torthebian Lake, which is also called the Nymphæan, there are certain islands of the Nymphs, which move round in a ring at the sound of the flutes, and are therefore called the Calamine Islands, from

* See SPECT. Edit. 1788, with Notes; *passim*; the book itself, 12mo, 1712; and SPECT. No. 334. and Notes.

"*calamus*,

“ *calamus*, a pipe or reed; and also the Dancing
 “ Islands, because at the sound of the symphony
 “ they were moved by the beating of the feet
 “ of the fingers.”

I appeal to all the learned etymologists in Great Britain, whether it is possible to assign a reason for calling this grand dance “ The Britain,” if the French did not think to make this a dancing island. The style of Mr. SIRIS is apparently political, as any judicious reader will find if he peruses his *Siciliana**, which was writ to instruct another dancing island, taught by the French. Let any man who has read MACHIAVEL, and understands dancing characters, cast an eye on Mr. SIRIS’s second page. It is intituled, “ The *Siciliana*, Mr. Siris’s new “ Dance for the year 1714.” Mr. Siris, a native of France, you may be sure, sees further into the French motions for the ensuing year than we heavy Englishmen do, or he would never say it was made for that more than any other year, for all authors believe their works will last every year after they are written, to the world’s end. I take it for a sly satire upon the awkward imitation of all nations which have not yet learned French dances, that the very next page to the *SICILIANA* is called “ The Baboon’s Minuet.” Then after that again, to

* The “ *SICILIANA*,” and “ An Essay towards an History of Dancing,” were both advertised at the end of this number of the *LOVER*. See pp. 34, 40.

D

intimidate

intimidate the people who won't learn from the French, he calls the next "The Dragoon's Minuet." I wish all good Protestants to be aware of this movement; for they tell me that, when it is teaching, a Jesuit in disguise plays on the kit.

But I forget that this is too elaborate for my character. All that I have to say to the matter of Dancing is only as it regards Lovers; and as I would advise them to avoid dabbling in politics, I have explained these political Dances, that the motions we learn may never end in warlike ones, like those which were performed by the antients with clashing of swords, described by Mr. WEAVER (in the above-mentioned History) out of Claudian:

" Here too the warlike dancers bleſs our fight,
 " Their artful wandering, and their laws of flight,
 " An unconfus'd return, and inoffenſive fight. }
 " Soon as the maſter's blow proclaims the prize,
 " Their moving breſts in tuneful changes riſe,
 " The ſhields ſalute their ſides, or ſtrait are ſhown
 " In air with waving; deep the targets groan,
 " Struck with alternate ſwords, which thence re-
 " bound,
 " And end the concert, and the ſacred ſound."

*** Juſt publiſhed the Siciliana, Mr. Siris' new dance for the year 1714, the tune intirely new; to which is added ſeveral excellent new minuets, jiggs, entries and ſtage dances, performed at the theatre and public entertainments; the tunes proper for the violin, flute or hautboy, price 6d. Printed for J. Walſh, ſervant to her Majeſty, at the harp and hautboy in Catherine-ſtreet, in the Strand, and J. Hare at the viol and flute in Cornhill near the Royal Exchange. LOVER, *in folio*. See p. 33, *Note*, and N° 5, *ad finem*, p. 40.

Saturday,

N^o 5. Saturday, March 6, 1713-14.

“ ——— My soul’s far better part,
 “ Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart ;
 “ For what thy father to thy mother was,
 “ That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass !”

CONGREVE, *Art of Love*.

AS I have fixed my stand in the very centre of Covent-garden, a place for this last century particularly famed for Wit and Love, and am near the play-house, where one is represented every night by the other*, I think I ought to be particularly careful of what passes in my neighbourhood; and, as I am a professed knight-errant, do all that lies in my power to make the charming endowment of Wit, and the prevailing passion of Love, subservient to the interests of Honour and Virtue. You are to understand, that having yesterday made an excursion from my lodge, there passed by me near St. James’s the charmer of my heart. I have ever since her parents first bestowed her, avoided all places by her frequented; but accident once or twice in a year brings the bright phantom into my sight, upon which there is a flutter in my bosom for many days following. When I consider that during this emotion I am highly ex-

* The meaning is, “ Where *Love* is every night represented by *Wit*.”

alted in my being, and my every sentiment improved by the effects of that passion; when I reflect that all the objects which present themselves to me now, are viewed in a different light from that in which they had appeared, had I not lately been exhilarated by her presence; in fine, when I find in myself so strong an inclination to oblige and entertain all whom I meet with, accompanied with such a readiness to receive kind impressions of those I converse with; I am more and more convinced, that this passion is in honest minds the strongest incentive that can move the soul of man to laudable accomplishments. Is a man just? let him fall in love and grow generous. Is a man good-natured? let him love and grow public-spirited. It immediately makes the good which is in him shine forth in new excellences; and the ill vanish away without the pain of contrition, but with a sudden amendment of heart. This sort of passion, to produce such effects, must necessarily be conceived towards a modest and virtuous woman; for the arts to obtain her must be such as are agreeable to her, and the Lover becomes immediately possessed with such perfections or vices, as make way to the object of his desires. I have plenty of examples to enforce these truths, every night that a play is acted in my neighbourhood; the noble resolutions which heroes in tragedy take, in order to recommend themselves to their mistresses, are no way below the consideration of the wisest men, yet at the same

same time, instructions the most probable to take place in the minds of the young and inconsiderate: but, in our degenerate age, the poet must have more than ordinary skill to raise the admiration of the audience so high in the more great and public parts of his drama, to make a loose people attend to a passion which they never, or that very faintly, felt in their own bosoms. That perfect piece, which has done so great honour to our nation and language, called CATO, excels as much in the passion of its lovers, as in the sublime sentiments of its hero; their generous love, which is more heroic than any concern in the chief characters of most dramas, makes but subordinate characters in this.

When MARCIA reproves JUBA for entertaining her with Love in such a conjuncture of affairs, wherein the common cause should take place of all other thoughts, the prince answers in this noble manner:

“ ———Thy reproofs are just,
“ Thou virtuous maid: I’ll hasten to my troops,
“ And fire their languid souls with Cato’s virtue.
“ If e’er I lead them to the field, when all
“ The war shall stand rang’d in its just array,
“ And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee!
“ O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
“ And in the shock of charging hosts remember,
“ What glorious deeds should grace the man who
“ hopes
“ For Marcia’s love.”

D 3

It

It has been observable, that the stage in all times has had the utmost influence on the manners and affections of mankind; and as those representations of human life have tended to promote virtue or vice, so has the age been improved or debauched. I doubt not but the frequent reflections upon marriage and innocent love, with which our theatre has long abounded, have been the great cause of our corrupt sentiments in this respect. It is not every youth that can behold the fine gentleman of the comedy represented with a good grace, leading a loose and profligate life, and condemning virtuous affection as insipid, and not be secretly emulous of what appears so amiable to a whole audience. These gay pictures strike strong and lasting impressions on the fancy and imagination of youth, and are hardly to be erased in riper years, unless a commerce between virtuous and innocent lovers be painted with the same advantage, and with as lovely colours, by the most masterly hands on the theatre. I have said *masterly hands*, because they must be such who can run counter to our natural propensity to inordinate pleasure; little authors are very glad of applause purchased any way; loose appetites and desires are easily raised, but there is a wide difference between that reputation and applause which is obtained from our wantonness, and that which flows from a capacity of stirring such affections, as on cool thoughts, contribute to our happiness.

But

But I was going to give an account of the exultation which I am in upon an accidental view of the woman whom I had long loved, with a most pure though ardent passion; but as this is, according to my former representations of the matter, no way expedient for her to indulge me in, I must break the force of it by leading a life suitable and analogous to it, and making all the town sensible, how much they owe to her bright eyes which inspire me in the performance of my present office, in which I shall particularly take all the youth of both sexes under my care.

The two theatres, and all the polite coffee-houses, I shall constantly frequent, but principally the coffee-house under my lodge, BURTON'S*, and the play-house in Covent-garden: but as I set up for the judge of pleasures, I think it necessary to assign particular places of resort to my young gentlemen as they come to town, who cannot expect to pop in at Mr. BURTON'S on the first day of their arrival in town. I recommend it therefore, to young men to frequent SHANLEY'S † some days before they take upon them to appear at BURTON'S; I have ordered, that no one look in the face of any new-comer, and taken effectual methods that he may possess himself of any empty chair in the house without being stared at: but forasmuch as some, who may have been in town

* See Dr. JOHNSON'S "Lives of English Poets," Vol. II. p. 399. Edit. 8vo. 1782. † See p. 22.

for some months together heretofore, by long absence have relapsed from the audacity they had arrived at, into their first bashfulness and rusticity, I have given them the same privilege of obscure entry for ten days. I have directed also, that books be kept of all that passes in town in all the eminent coffee-houses, that any gentleman, though just arrived out of exile from the most distant counties in Great-Britain, may as familiarly enter into the *town-talk*, as if he had lodged all that time in Covent-garden; but, above all things, I have provided, that proper houses for bathing and cupping may be ready for those country gentlemen, whose too healthy visages give them an air too robust and importunate for this polite region of Lovers, who have so long avoided wind and weather, and have every day been out-stripped by them in the ground they have passed over by several miles. As to the orders under which I have put my female youth at assemblies, operas, and plays, I shall declare them in a particular chapter under the title of, "The Government of the EYE in Public Places."

* * * Just published, "An Essay towards an History of Dancing;" in which the whole art and its various excellences are in some measure explained. Containing the several sorts of dancing. antique and modern, serious, scenical, grotesque, &c. with the use of it as an exercise, qualification, &c. Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespeare's-head over against Catherine street, in the Strand. See N^o 4. p. 33, *Note*; and p. 34. *ad finem*.

Tuesday,

N^o 6. Tuesday, March 9, 1713-14.

" On rows of homely turf they sat to see,
 " Crown'd with the wreaths of every common tree,
 " There, while they sit in rustic majesty,
 " Each Lover has his mistress in his EYE."

CONGREVE, *Art of Love*.

CORRESPONDENTS begin to grow numerous; and indeed I cannot but be pleased with the intelligence which one of them sends me, for the novelty of it. The gentleman is a very great antiquary, and tells me he has several pieces by him, which are letters from the Sabine virgins to their parents, friends, and lovers in their own country, after the famous rape which laid the foundation of the Roman people. He thinks these very proper memorials for one who writes an history under the title of LOVER. He has also answers to those letters, and pretends OVID took the design of his epistles from having had these very papers in his hands. This you'll say, is a very great curiosity; and for that reason I have resolved to give the reader the following account, which was written by a Sabine lady to her mother, within ten days after that memorable mad wedding, and is as follows:

Dear Mother,

THIS is to acquaint you, that I am better pleased with a very good-natured husband in this little village here of Rome, than ever I was in all the state and plenty at your house. When he first seized me, I must confess, he was very rough and ungentle; but he grows much tamer every day than other, and I do not question but we shall soon be as orderly and sober a couple as you and my father. My cousin LYDIA nobody knows of certainly, but the poor girl had two or three husbands in the route, and as she is very pretty, they say all contend for her still. ROMULUS has appointed a day to fix the disputed marriages; but it is very remarkable, that several can neither agree to live together, or to part. For if one proposes it, that is taken so mortally ill, that the other will insist upon staying, at least till the other consents to stay; and then the party who denied demands a divorce, to be revenged of the same inclination in the other. Thus they say, they cannot consent to cohabit till they are upon an equality in having each refused the other. This you must believe, will make a great perplexity; but ROMULUS, who expects a war, will have great regard to let none who do not like each other stay together, and makes it a maxim, that a robust race is not to be expected to descend
from

‘ from wranglers. Pray let me know how my
‘ Lover, who proposed himself to you, bears
‘ the loss of me. I must confess, I could not
‘ but resent his being indifferent on this oc-
‘ casion, after all the vows and protestations he
‘ made when you left us together. I don’t
‘ question but he will make jests upon the po-
‘ verty of the Romans; but they threaten here,
‘ that if you are not very well contented with
‘ what has passed, they will make you a visit
‘ with swords in their hands, and demand por-
‘ tions with your daughters. When I was made
‘ prize by my good man, who is remarkably
‘ valiant (for which reason they left me undis-
‘ puted in his hands) he soon took off my first
‘ terrors from my observation of that his pre-
‘ eminence, and a certain determinate beha-
‘ viour, with a dying fondness that glowed in his
‘ eyes. I told him, from what I saw other
‘ people suffer, I could not but think my lot
‘ very fortunate, that I had fallen into his hands;
‘ and begged of him he would indulge my
‘ curiosity in going with me to some eminence,
‘ and observe what befell the rest of my friends
‘ and countrywomen. He did so; and from the
‘ place we stood on, I observed what passed in
‘ all the hurlyburly, he observing to me the
‘ quality and merit of the husbands, I giving to
‘ him an account of the wives. How strangely
‘ truth will out! HISPULLA, as I saw when they
‘ were struggling for her, has crooked legs;
‘ CHLOE laughed so violently when she was car-
‘ ried

ried off, that I observed her lover, as pretty as she is, hardly thought it a purchase; while DICTYNNA, as homely as she is, by muffling her face and shrieking, was contended for by twenty rivals. That arch creature FLORA has escaped by offering herself: as soon as she perceived what was intended, she got upon a little hillock, and cried out, "Who will have me, who will have me? here I am; come take me." This forwardness made every man think her a common woman; and the flirt is now safe under the protection of ROMULUS, as a woman not yet disposed of; but when her character and innocence is known, it is thought she will fall to the lot of MARCIUS, for his generous behaviour to THALESTRINA, who, you know, was betrothed to CINCINNATUS; MARCIUS and CINCINNATUS have long been mortal enemies, and met each other in skirmishes of our different nations, wherein sometimes one, sometimes the other, has been successful. This noble virgin, whose beauty and virtue distinguished her above all the Sabine youth, fell into the hands of MARCIUS. Our apartments here are not very lofty, and arbors and grottos, strewed with rushes, herbage and flowers, make up the best bridal beds among the Romans; to such an abode as this MARCIUS dragged the lovely THALESTRINA. This people are not polite enough, especially on this occasion, to express their passion by civility and ceremonious behaviour: when THA-

LES-

‘LESTRINA was convinced of MARCIUS’s immediate purpose, she fell into a swoon at his feet, and with a sigh in her fall cried, Oh CIN-
‘CINNATUS!

‘MARCIUS, at the suddenness of the accident, and the name of his enemy and rival for military glory, was surprized with many different passions and resentments, which all ought to have given way to the care of THALESTRINA; but in a nation of men only, and on the first day wherein they had a woman in their commonwealth, he was much at a loss how to be assistant to her; but as he saw life revive in her, nature and good sense dictated rather to absent himself, than be present at the many distortions of her person in coming to herself. He retired, but entered the place again when he thought she might be enough recovered to be capable of receiving what he had to say to her.

‘He approached as she leaned against a tree which supported the bower, and delivered himself in these terms:

“Madam, the passion you were lately in,
“your noble form, and the person you called
“upon in your distress, give me to understand
“you are THALESTRINA. I am MARCIUS,
“and have no debate with CINCINNATUS, but
“on account of glory; were he a stranger to me,
“your passion for him should secure you; were
“he my friend, you should command all in
“my

“ my power, in spite of all the charms I see in
“ you: and as he is my enemy, I scorn to
“ wound him in a circumstance wherein he is
“ not capable of making a defence. You have
“ common humanity, and the generosity of an
“ enemy for your safeguard; I will return you
“ to CINCINNATUS; and I see by the beauti-
“ ful gratitude which I now read in your face,
“ you will represent this conduct to the advan-
“ tage of the Romans, of whom there is not one
“ who does not sacrifice his private passions to
“ the service of his country. I assure you, I
“ know not whether it is more beholden to me
“ this day for the offering which I make of my
“ anger, or my love.”

‘ He did not put her to the pain of long ac-
‘ knowledgements of so great a bounty as that
‘ of her very self, but conducted her into the
‘ presence of ROMULUS, and told him with a
‘ very joyous air, he had resigned a fine woman
‘ from his bed, to purchase a brave man to his
‘ country.

‘ I know CINCINNATUS so well, that I doubt
‘ not but he will be a friend to Rome, and in-
‘ terpose his good offices for a peace between
‘ us and the Sabines: I hope all will join in
‘ the same mediation, who have children here;
‘ for I already know not to which party my
‘ heart would wish success, if a war should en-
‘ sue; for I find a wife is no longer a daughter,
‘ or any other name, which comes in competi-
‘ tion

‘ tion with that relation : but hope things will
 ‘ so end that I may have the pleasure to be the
 ‘ faithful consort of an honest man, without in-
 ‘ terfering with any other character, especially
 ‘ that of, ‘ Madam,
 ‘ Your dutiful child,

‘ MIRAMANTIS.’

* * This day is published, “ Love in a Wood ; or, the
 “ Country Squire, by G. J. [Giles Jacob].”

N° 7. Thursday, March 11, 1713-14.

—— *babet & sua castra Cupido.*

OVID.

—— “ Cupid has his fortresses.”

The Battle of EYES.

IT has been always my opinion, that a man
 in Love should address himself to his mis-
 tress with passion and sincerity ; and that if this
 method fails, it is in vain for him to have re-
 course to artifice or dissimulation, in which he
 will always find himself worsted, unless he be
 a much better proficient in the art than any
 man I have yet been acquainted with.

The following letter is a very natural ex-
 emplification of what I have here advanced.

I have

I have called it "The Battle of Eyes," as it brought to my mind several combats of the same nature, which I have formerly had with Mrs. ANNE PAGE.

' Sweet Mr. MYRTLE,

' I HAVE for some time been sorely smitten
' by Mrs. LUCY, who is a maiden lady in the
' twenty-eighth year of her age. She has so
' much of the coquette in her, that it supplies
' the place of youth, and still keeps up the girl
' in her aspect and behaviour. She has found
' out the art of making me believe that I have
' the first place in her affection; and yet so
' puzzles me by a double tongue, and an am-
' biguous look, that about once a fortnight I
' fancy I have quite lost her. I was the other
' night at the Opera, where seeing a place in the
' second row of the Queen's box kept by Mrs.
' Lucy's livery, I placed myself in the pit di-
' rectly over against her footman, being deter-
' mined to ogle her most passionately all that
' evening. I had not taken my stand there
' above a quarter of an hour, when *Enter* Mrs.
' Lucy. At her first coming in I expected she
' would have cast her eye upon her humble ser-
' vant; but, instead of that, after having dropped
' curtsie after curtsie to her friends in the boxes,
' she began to deal her salutes about the pit in
' the same liberal manner. Although I stood in
' the full point of view, and, as I thought,
' made

‘ made a better figure than any body about me,
‘ she slid her eye over me, curtsied to the right
‘ and to the left, and would not see me for
‘ the space of three minutes. I fretted in-
‘ wardly to find myself thus openly affronted
‘ on every side, and was resolved to let her
‘ know my resentments by the first opportunity.
‘ This happened soon after; for Mrs. Lucy
‘ looking upon me as though she had but just
‘ discovered me, she began to sink in the first
‘ offer to a curtsie; upon which, instead of
‘ making her any return, I cocked my nose and
‘ stared at the upper gallery; and immediately
‘ after raising myself on tiptoe stretched out
‘ my neck, and bowed to a lady who sat just
‘ behind her. I found by my coquette’s be-
‘ haviour, that she was not a little nettled at
‘ this my civility, which passed over her head.
‘ She looked as pale as ashes, fell a-talking
‘ with one that sat next her, and broke out
‘ into several forced smiles and fits of laughter,
‘ which I dare say there was no manner of occa-
‘ sion for. Being resolved to push my success,
‘ I cast my eye through the whole circle of
‘ beauties, and made my bow to every one that
‘ I knew, and to several whom I never saw be-
‘ fore in my life. Things were thus come to
‘ an open rupture, when the curtain rising, I
‘ was forced to face about. I had not sat down
‘ long but my heart relented, and gave me
‘ several girds and twitches for the barbarous
‘ treatment which I had shewn to Mrs. Lucy.

‘ I longed to see the act ended, and to make
‘ reparation for what I had done. At the first
‘ rising of the audience between the acts, our
‘ eyes met; but as mine began to offer a parley,
‘ the hard-hearted flut conveyed herself behind
‘ an old lady in such a manner, that she was
‘ concealed from me for several moments.
‘ This gave me new matter of indignation, and
‘ I began to fancy I had lost her for ever.
‘ While I was in this perplexity of thought,
‘ Mrs. Lucy lifted herself up from behind the
‘ lady who shadowed her, and peeped at me
‘ over her right shoulder: nay madam, thinks
‘ I to myself if those are your tricks I will
‘ give you as good as you bring; upon which
‘ I withdrew in a great passion, behind a tall
‘ broad-shouldered fellow who was very luckily
‘ placed before me. I here lay *incog.* for at
‘ least three seconds; *snug* was the word; but,
‘ being very uneasy in that situation, I again
‘ emerged into open candle-light, when looking
‘ for Mrs. Lucy, I could see nothing but the
‘ old woman who screened her for the remain-
‘ ing part of the interlude. I was then forced
‘ to sit down to the second act, being very
‘ much agitated and tormented in mind. I was
‘ terribly afraid that she had discovered my un-
‘ easiness, as well knowing, that if she caught
‘ me at such an advantage, she would use me
‘ like a dog. For this reason I was resolved to
‘ play the indifferent upon her at my next stand-
‘ ing-up. The second act therefore, was no
‘ sooner

‘ sooner finished, but I fastened my eye upon
‘ a young woman who sat at the further end of
‘ the boxes, whispering at the same time to one
‘ who was near me, with an air of pleasure and
‘ admiration. I gazed upon her a long time,
‘ when stealing a glance at Mrs. Lucy, with
‘ a design to see how she took it, I found her
‘ face was turned another way, and that she
‘ was examining from head to foot, a young
‘ well-dressed rascal who stood behind her.
‘ This cut me to the quick, and notwithstanding
‘ I tossed back my wig, rapped my snuff-
‘ box, displayed my handkerchief, and at last
‘ cracked a jest with an orange wench to attract
‘ her eye, she persisted in her confounded ogle,
‘ till Mrs. ROBINSON came upon the stage to
‘ my relief. I now sat down sufficiently mortified,
‘ and determined, at the end of the opera,
‘ to make my submission in the most humble
‘ manner. Accordingly rising up, I put on a
‘ sneaking penitential look, but to my unspeakable
‘ confusion, found her back turned
‘ upon me.

‘ I had now nothing left for it but to make
‘ amends for all by handing her to her chair.
‘ I bustled through the crowd, and got to her
‘ box-door as soon as possible, when to my
‘ utter confusion, the young puppy I have been
‘ telling you of before, bolted out upon me
‘ with Mrs. Lucy in his hand. I could not
‘ have started back with greater precipitation if
‘ I had met a ghost. The malicious gipsy took

‘ no notice of me, but turning aside her head,
 ‘ said something to her dog of a gentleman-
 ‘ usher, with a smile that went to my heart. I
 ‘ could not sleep all night for it, and the next
 ‘ morning writ the following letter to her :

“ MADAM,
 “ I PROTEST I meant nothing by what
 “ passed last night, and beg you will put the
 “ most candid interpretation upon my looks and
 “ actions; for, however my eyes may wander,
 “ there is none but Mrs. Lucy who has the en-
 “ tire possession of my heart. I am, Madam,
 “ With a passion that is not to be expressed,
 “ either by looks, words or actions,
 “ Your most unalienable,
 “ and most humble servant,
 “ TOM. WHIFFLE.”

‘ And now, Sir, what do you think was her
 ‘ answer? Why to give you a true notion of her,
 ‘ and that you may guess at all her cursed tricks,
 ‘ by this one—here it is.

“ Mr. WHIFFLE,
 “ I AM very much surpris’d to hear you
 “ talk of any thing that passed between us last
 “ night when to the best of my remembrance,
 “ I have not seen you these three days.
 “ Your servant, L. T.”

* * Just published, printed on a neat Elzevir letter, in
 a pocket volume, the second edition of “ Letters of Abelard
 “ and Heloise ” To which is prefixed, a particular account
 of their lives, amours, and misfortunes, extracted chiefly
 from Monsieur Bayle.

N° 8. Saturday, March 13, 1713-14.

Linguenda tellus, & domus, & placens

Uxor.

HOR. 2 Od. xiv. 21.

“ From lands, and house, and pleasing wife,

“ Cut off, your brittle life shall end.”

W. DUNCOMBE.

IN the calculation of a man's happiness in life, there is no one circumstance which ought more carefully to be considered, than the object of one's LOVE. As that will certainly take full possession of the heart, except it be resisted in time, it is the utmost madness to let your affections fix where you cannot expect the approbation of your reason. If a man does not take this precaution, his days will pass away with frivolous pleasures and solid vexations; his own reflexions only must soften his misfortunes and afflictions; but he can have no resource, no help from his cooler thoughts, who dare not admit his reason into his council. We cannot look back upon the pleasures which flow from loose desire, but with remorse and contrition, and therefore the mind cannot recur to them on occasions of distress, to borrow comfort; but honourable Love, though it has all the softness and tenderness which imagination can form, can be admitted under the severest affliction, and is

the best instrument to break its force; but as it breaks the force of sorrow, it does not do it by wholly removing the affliction, but rather by diversifying it. He that is under any great calamity, loses the sense of it, as it touches himself; and his affliction, which, perhaps, would have had in it the terrors of fear and shame, is by the neglect of his own part in the affair, turned only into pity and compassion for a tender wife who participates it. This kind of concern carries an antidote to its poison, and the merit of her regard to him has something in it so pleasing, that the soul feels a secret consolation in the happiness of being possessed of such a companion, at the same time that he thinks her participation is the greatest article of his distress. In all ages men who have differed from the sentiments of the world, when they have been precipitated by fury and party, and been sacrificed to the rage of their enemies, have in trials of this sort sunk under their distresses, or behaved themselves decently in them, according to the support which they have met with from the domestic partners of their affliction. This is an opportunity to vent the secret pangs of the heart to one whose Love makes nothing ungrateful, or to utter the sense of injuries where that appears conscious virtue, which to any other audience would sound like pride and arrogance.

There are indeed very tender things to be recited from the writings of poetical authors, which

which exprefs the utmoft tenderness in an amorous commerce ; but indeed I never read any thing which to me, had so much nature and love, as an expression or two in the following letter ; but the reader must be let into the circumstance of the matter to have a right sense of it. The epistle was written by a gentlewoman to her husband who was condemned to suffer death. The unfortunate catastrophe happened at Exeter in the time of the late rebellion. A gentleman, whose name was PENRUDDOCK *, to whom the letter was written, was barbarously sentenced to die without the least appearance of justice. He asserted the illegality of his enemies proceedings, with a spirit worthy his innocence ; and the night before his death his lady *writ* to him the letter which I so much admire, and is as follows :

Mrs. PENRUDDOCK's last letter to her Husband.

“ My Dear Heart,

‘ My sad parting was so far from making me
‘ forget you, that I scarce thought upon myself

* Col. JOHN PENRUDDOCK was the third of three sons of Sir JOHN PENRUDDOCK of Compton Chamberlain, in Wiltshire, who lost their lives in the service of the Crown. He appeared in arms with several of his friends, for his exiled Sovereign at Salisbury, and afterwards proclaimed him at Blanchford, but was soon overpowered, and taken by Col. UNTON CROKE who promised him quarter, but in violation of this promise, he was beheaded May 16, 1655. This active worthy Loyalist died in a manner becoming a foldier and a Christian. Mrs. PENRUDDOCK's letter has several strokes in it, of the most natural, the most animated, and pathetic tenderness.

E 4

‘ since,

• since, but wholly upon you. Those dear em-
• braces which I yet feel and shall never lose,
• being the faithful testimonies of an indulgent
• husband, have charmed my soul to such a
• reverence of your remembrance, that were
• it possible, I would with my own blood,
• cement your dead limbs to life again; and
• (with reverence) think it no sin to rob heaven
• a little while longer of a martyr. Oh my
• dear! you must now pardon my passion, this
• being my last (oh fatal word!) that ever you
• will receive from me; and know, that until
• the last minute that I can imagine you shall
• live, I will sacrifice the prayers of a Christian,
• and the groans of an afflicted wife. And when
• you are not (which sure by sympathy I shall
• know) I shall wish my own dissolution with
• you, that so we may go hand in hand to
• heaven. It is too late to tell you what I have,
• or rather have not done for you; how turned
• out of doors because I came to beg mercy; the
• Lord lay not your blood to their charge! I
• would fain discourse longer with you, but dare
• not; passion begins to drown my reason, and
• will rob me of my *devoir*, which is all I have
• left to serve you. Adieu therefore, ten thou-
• sand times, my dearest dear; and since I must
• never see you more, take this prayer: may
• your faith be so strengthened, that your con-
• stancy may continue! and then, I know
• heaven will receive you; whither grief and
• love

‘ love will in a short time (I hope) translate,

‘ My dear,

‘ Your sad, but constant wife even to

‘ love your ashes when dead,

‘ ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.’

‘ May the 3d, 1655, 11 o’clock at night.

‘ Your children beg your blessing, and present

‘ their duties to you.’

I do not know that I have ever read any thing
so affectionate as that line, ‘ those dear embraces
‘ which I yet feel.’

Mr. PENRUDDOCK’s answer has an equal tenderness, which I shall recite also, that the town may dispute whether the man or the woman expressed themselves the more kindly, and strive to imitate them in less circumstances of distress; for from all, no couple upon earth are exempt.

Mr. PENRUDDOCK’s last letter to his Lady.

‘ Dearest Best of Creatures,

‘ I HAD taken leave of the world when I
‘ received yours: it did at once recall my fondness for life, and enable me to resign it. As I
‘ am sure I shall leave none behind me like you,
‘ which weakens my resolution to part from
‘ you, so when I reflect I am going to a place
‘ where there are none but such as you, I recover my courage. But fondness breaks in
‘ upon me; and as I would not have my tears
‘ flow to-morrow, when your husband, and the
‘ father of our dear babes, is a public spectacle;
‘ do

' do not think meanly of me, that I give way
 ' to grief now in private, when I see my sand
 ' run so fast, and I within few hours am to
 ' leave you helpless, and exposed to the merci-
 ' less and insolent, that have wrongfully put me
 ' to a shameless death, and will object that
 ' shame to my poor children. I thank you for
 ' all your goodness to me, and will endeavour
 ' so to die, as to do nothing unworthy that
 ' virtue in which we have mutually supported
 ' each other, and for which I desire you not to
 ' repine that I am first to be rewarded: since
 ' you ever preferred me to yourself in all other
 ' things; afford me, with chearfulness, the pre-
 ' cedence in this.

' I desire your prayers in the article of death,
 ' for my own will then be offered for you and
 ' yours.

J. PENRUDDOCK.

N^o 9. Tuesday, March 16, 1713-14.

Quantâ laboras in Charibdi! Hor. i Od. xxvii. 19.

How wide I wander'd from the Truth.

DUNCOMBE.

UPON my opening the Lover's box this
 morning, I found nothing in it but the
 following letter, made up very nicely, and sealed
 with a little CUPID holding a flaming heart in
 each hand, and circumscribed, "Love unites
 " us."

“us.” I find by the contents of this letter, that my correspondent will soon change his device, and perhaps make the figure of HYMEN perform that part which at present he has assigned to CUPID.

‘SIR,

‘AS you are a man of experience in the world, I beg your advice in a matter of great importance to me. I have for some time, been engaged in close friendship with a *fine woman*. Your knowledge of mankind will easily inform you of the purport of that phrase. In short, I have lived with her as with a she-friend, in the utmost propriety of that term; but, at present, I am under a very great *embarrass*; for having run out most of my fortune in the course of my conversation with her, I find myself necessitated to go into a new way of life, and by that means to make myself whole again. A favourable opportunity presents itself: a rich widow (the common refuge of us idle fellows) has spoke kindly of me, and I have reason to believe will very shortly put me in possession of her person and jointure. Tell me dear Mr. MYRTLE, how I shall communicate this affair to the poor creature whom I am going to forsake. If I know her temper, she loves me so well that she would rather see me beggar’d and undone, than in a state of wealth and ease with another

‘ther woman. She will call my endeavours
‘to make myself happy, being false to her.
‘Nay, I do not know but she may be fool
‘enough to make away with herself; for the
‘last time I talked to her, and mentioned this
‘affair at a distance, she seemed to shew a cursed
‘hankering after purling streams. Let me con-
‘jure thee old MARMADUKE, if thou wilt not
‘give me some advice, to give some to this poor
‘woman; make her sensible that a man does
‘not take a mistress for better for worse, and
‘that there is some difference between a lover
‘and a husband: but you know, better than
‘I can tell you, what to say upon so nice a
‘subject. I am, your most humble servant,
‘W. T.’

There is nothing which I more abhor than
that kind of wit which betrays a hardness of
heart. Inhumanity is never so odious, as when
it is practised with mirth and wantonness. If
I may make so free with my correspondent, he
seems to be a man of this unlucky turn. I shall
not fall into the same fault which I condemn
in him; but that I may be serious on such an
occasion, will desire my readers to consider
thoroughly the evils which they are heaping up
to themselves, when they engage in a criminal
amour. If they die in it, they know very well
what must be the dreadful consequence. If
either of them break loose from the other, the
melancholy and vexation that are produced on
such occasions are too dear a payment for those
pleasures

pleasures which preceded, and are past as though they had never been.

The woman is generally the greatest sufferer in cases of this nature; for, by the long observations I have made on both sexes, I have established this as a maxim, that "Women
" dissemble their passions better than men, but
" that men subdue their passions better than
" women."

I have heard a story to my present purpose, which has very much affected me. The gentleman from whom I heard it, was an eye-witness of several parts of it.

About ten years ago there lived at Vienna a German Count who had long entertained a secret amour with a young lady of a considerable family. After a correspondence of gallantries which had lasted two or three years, the father of the young Count whose family was reduced to a low condition, found out a very advantageous match for him, and made his son sensible that he ought in common prudence, to close with it. The Count upon the first opportunity, acquainted his mistress very fairly with what had passed, and laid the whole matter before her with such freedom and openness of heart, that she seemingly consented to it. She only desired of him, that they might have one meeting more before they parted for ever. The place appointed for this their meeting, was a grove which stands at a little distance from the town. They conversed together in this place for some
time,

time, when on a sudden the lady pulled out a pocket-pistol and shot her lover into the heart, so that he immediately fell down dead at her feet. She then returned to her father's house, telling every one she met what she had done. Her friends upon hearing her story, would have found out means for her to make her escape; but she told them she had killed her dear Count because she could not live without him; and that for the same reason she was resolved to follow him by whatever way justice should determine. She was no sooner seized, but she avowed her guilt, rejected all excuses that were made in her favour, and only begged that her execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her head cut off, and was apprehensive of nothing but that the interest of her friends should obtain a pardon for her. When the confessor approached her, she asked him, where he thought was the soul of the dead Count? He replied that his case was very dangerous, considering the circumstances in which he died. Upon this so desperate was her frenzy, that she bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same place where the Count was. The priest was forced to give her better hopes of the deceased, from considerations that he was upon the point of breaking off so criminal a commerce, and leading a new life, before he could bring her mind to a temper fit for one who was so near her end. Upon the day of her execution she dressed herself in all her
her

her ornaments, and walked towards the scaffold more like an expecting bride, than a condemned criminal. My friend tells me, that he saw her placed in the chair, according to the custom of that place, where after having stretched out her neck with an air of joy, she called upon the name of the Count, which was the appointed signal for the executioner, who with a single blow of his sword, severed her head from her body.

My reader may draw without my assistance, a suitable moral out of so tragical a story.

N^o 10. - Thursday, March 18, 1713-14*.

--*Magis illa placent quæ pluris emuntur.* Juv. Sat. xi. 16.

—— “ If very dear the cost,
“ It has a flavour then which pleases most.” DRYDEN.

I HAVE lately been very much teased with the thought of Mrs. ANNE PAGE, and the memory of those many cruelties which I suffered from that obdurate fair one. Mrs. ANNE was in a particular manner very fond of China-ware, against which I had unfortunately declared my aversion. I do not know but this was the first

* ADDISON was the author of this paper. See TAT. with *Notes*, vol. I. N^o 23, p. 254, and *Note*; and Additional *Notes*, *ibidem*, p. 430.

occasion of her coldness towards me, which makes me sick at the very sight of a China-dish ever since. This is the best introduction I can make for my present discourse, which may serve to fill up a gap till I am more at leisure to resume the thread of my amours.

There are no inclinations in women which more surprize me than their passions for Chalk and China. The first of these maladies wears out in a little time; but when a woman is visited with the second, it geuerally takes possession of her for life. China vessels are playthings for women of all ages. An old lady of fourscore shall be as busy in cleaning an Indian Mandarin, as her great-grand-daughter is in dressing her baby.

The common way of purchasing such trifles, if I may believe my female informers, is by exchanging old suits of cloaths for this brittle ware. The potters of China have, it seems, their factors at this distance, who retail out their several manufactures for cast cloaths and superannuated garments. I have known an old petticoat metamorphosed into a punch-bowl, and a pair of breeches into a tea-pot. For this reason my friend TRADEWELL in the city calls his great room that is nobly furnished out with China, his wife's wardrobe. In yonder corner, says he, are above twenty suits of cloaths, and on that scrutore above one hundred yards of furbelow'd silk. You cannot imagine how many night-gowns, stays, and manteaus, went
to

to the raising of that pyramid. The worst of it is, says he, a suit of cloaths is not suffered to last half its time, that it may be the more vendible; so that in reality this is but a more dextrous way of picking the husband's pocket; who is often purchasing a great vase of China, when he fancies that he is buying a fine head, or a silk gown for his wife. There is likewise another inconvenience in this female passion for China, namely, that it administers to them great matter for wrath and sorrow. How much anger and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear country-women, by the breach of this frail furniture! Some of them pay half their servants wages in China fragments, which their carelessness has produced. "If thou hast a piece of earthen-ware, consider," says Epictetus, "that it is a piece of earthen-ware, and by consequence very easy and obnoxious to be broken: be not therefore so void of reason as to be angry or grieved when this comes to pass." In order, therefore, to exempt my fair readers from such additional and super-numerary calamities of life, I would advise them to forbear dealing in these perishable commodities, till such time as they are philosophers enough to keep their tempers at the fall of a tea-pot or a China-cup. I shall further recommend to their serious consideration these three particulars: first, that all China-ware is of a weak and transitory nature. Secondly, that the fashion of it is changeable: and, thirdly, that

it is of no use. And first of the first, The fragility of China is such as a reasonable being ought by no means to set its heart upon, though at the same time I am afraid I may complain with SENECA on the like occasion, that this very consideration recommends them to our choice; our luxury being grown so wanton, that this kind of treasure becomes the more valuable the more easily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a price from its brittleness. There is a kind of ostentation in wealth, which sets the possessors of it upon distinguishing themselves in those things where it is hard for the poor to follow them. For this reason I have often wondered that our ladies have not taken pleasure in Egg-shells, especially in those which are curiously stained and streaked, and which are so very tender, that they require the nicest hand to hold without breaking them. But as if the brittleness of this ware were not sufficient to make it costly, the very fashion of it is changeable; which brings me to my second particular.

It may chance that a piece of China may survive all those accidents to which it is by nature liable, and last for some years, if rightly situated and taken care of. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it is so ordered, that the shape of it shall grow unfashionable, which makes new supplies always necessary, and furnishes employment for life to women of great and generous souls, who cannot live out of the mode. I myself

self remember when there were few China vessels to be seen that held more than a dish of coffee; but their size is so gradually enlarged, that there are many at present, which are capable of holding half a hogthead. The fashion of the tea-cup is also greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of colour, shape, and size.

But in the last place, China-ware is of no use. Who would not laugh to see a smith's shop furnished with anvils and hammers of China? The furniture of a lady's favourite room is altogether as absurd: you see jars of a prodigious capacity that are to hold nothing. I have seen horses and herds of cattle in this fine porcelain, not to mention the several Chinese ladies, who perhaps are naturally enough represented in these frail materials.

Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthen platters, brown jugs, and the like useful products of our British potteries, there would be some sense in it. They might be ranged in as fine figures, and disposed of in as beautiful pieces of architecture; but there is an objection to these which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of some use, and might be taken down on all occasions to be employed in services of the family; besides that they are intolerably cheap, and most shamefully durable and lasting.

N^o 11. Saturday, March 20, 1713-14.

Mæcnas atavis edite regibus. HOR. 1 Od. i. 2.

“ Mæcnas! from an ancient race

“ Of Kings deriv’d!” DUNCOMBE.

THE following epistle is written to me from the parish of Gotham in Herefordshire, from one who had credentials from me to be received as an humble servant to a young lady of the family which he mentions. Because it may be an instruction to all who court great alliances, I shall insert it word for word, as it came to my hands.

‘ Sweet Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ ACCORDING to your persuasion I came
 ‘ down here into the country, with a design to
 ‘ ingraft myself into the family to which you
 ‘ recommended me; but I wish you had thought
 ‘ a little more of it, before you gave me that
 ‘ advice; for a man is not always made happy
 ‘ by having settled himself in a powerful house;
 ‘ for riches and honour are ornamental to the
 ‘ possessors of them, only when those possessors
 ‘ have such arts or endowments which would
 ‘ render them conspicuous without them; but
 ‘ these creatures to whom you advised me to be
 ‘ allied.

allied are such, whose interest it is to court
privacy, and are made up of so many defects,
that they could not better recommend them-
selves to the world, or consult their own in-
terest, than by hiding; but they are so little
inclined to such a prudent behaviour, that
they seem to think that their appearance upon
all occasions cannot chuse but be advantageous
to them; and yet such is the force of nature
in biasing all its instruments to the uses for
which she has made them most fit, that they
are ever undertaking what would make the
most beautiful of human race appear as ugly
as themselves. Thus they take upon them to
manage all things in this country; and if any
man is to be accused, arrested, or disgraced,
one of these hideous creatures has certainly a
hand in it. By these methods and arts they
govern those who contemn them, and are per-
petually followed by crowds who hate them:
at the same time there is I know not what ex-
cessively comic and diverting, to behold these
very odd fellows in their magnificences.

You must know they set up extremely for
genealogies, old codes, and mystic writings,
and knowing abundance of what was never
worth knowing in the several ages in which it
was acted; but there is constantly in all they
pretend to, some circumstance which secretly
tends to raise the honour and antiquity of
their family. Thus they are not contented,
as all we the rest of the world are, to become

' more antient every day than other as time
 ' passes on, but they grow old backwards, and
 ' every now and then they make some new pur-
 ' chase of musty rolls and papers, which they
 ' tell you, acquaints them with some new matter
 ' concerning their further antiquity. I met
 ' here, to my great surprise, ABEDNEGO the
 ' Jew, who used to transfer stock for me at
 ' Change-alley. I was going to salute him, but
 ' he tipped me the wink, and taking me apart
 ' at a proper opportunity, desired me not to
 ' discover him: for, says he laughing, I am
 ' come down here as a cheat! He explained
 ' himself further, that his way was, to get some
 ' paper that was mouldy, dusty, or moth-eaten,
 ' and write upon it Hebrew characters, which
 ' he sold to Sir ANTHONY CRABTREE's library*,

* This character of Sir A. CRABTREE was originally
 designed for the Earl of OXFORD; and PETER BRICKDUST
 was meant to represent Mr FOLEY. These are the gasches
 and wounds which never close, which the hand of *true*
 GENIUS only can inflict. They were given by STEELE,
 to the great merriment of the town, and with the general
 approbation of the nation, in revenge for the parts they
 played in the expulsion of STEELE from the House of
 Commons; and the ingenious severity of this inimitably
 humorous paper is well illustrated, and amply justified, by
 the behaviour of the Earl, his brother TOM, and FOLEY,
 his ridiculous puppets on that occasion. They underwent
 farther chastisement, and were again exhibited to mockery,
 with their wounds still bleeding, by the publication of
 N^o 14, the sequel of this spirited paper. ANDISON, we
 may easily believe, would not baulk his friend's merriment;
 and in both numbers there are, probably, some of his *obl que*
Arkes given with hearty good-will. See STEELE's "Apo-
 ' logy for himself and his Writings," *post.m.*

' You

‘ You must know, there is nothing so monstrous
‘ but they can make pass upon the people; so
‘ terrible are the CRABTREES in this county.
‘ The last piece of antiquity which they pro-
‘ duced, was a letter written in Noah’s own
‘ hand, to their ancestor, and found upon a
‘ mountain in Wales (which by the way, is
‘ said by them to be the oldest and highest moun-
‘ tain in the world) directed to their ancestor
‘ Sir ROBERT CRAB-TREE, an Antediluvian
‘ knight. This, Sir, passes very currently here,
‘ and is well received, because all allow there
‘ have been no faces like theirs in any other
‘ family since the flood.

‘ It would be endless to give you a distinct
‘ account of these Worthies in one letter, but I
‘ will go as far as I can in it. I was, when I
‘ declared my Love, appointed an hour in their
‘ great hall, where were assembled all their re-
‘ lations and tenants; but, instead of receiving
‘ me with civility, as one who desired to be of
‘ their family, as they know not how to shew
‘ power and greatness, but by doing things ter-
‘ rible and disagreeable, Mr. PETER BRICKDUST
‘ stands up before all the company, and enters
‘ into a downright invective against me, to shew
‘ that I was not fit to be entertained among
‘ them. They call him here at Gotham and in
‘ all these parts the *Accuser*, because it is his na-
‘ tural propensity to think the worst of every
‘ man. Though the implement has a very great
‘ estate, the poverty of his soul is such, that he

‘ will do any thing for a further penny. He
‘ condescends to audit part of the rents of Sir
‘ ANTHONY’s estate, and though born to a
‘ better fortune than the Knight himself, is his
‘ utter slave. His business about him is to find
‘ out somebody or other for him, from time to
‘ time, on whom to exercise his great power and
‘ interest. PETER has the very look of a wicked
‘ one of low practice. PETER is made for a lur-
‘ cher; and as being a creature of prey, he rises
‘ to the object he aims at, as if he were going to
‘ spring at some game; but he flinks, as you may
‘ have seen a cur at once exert and check his little
‘ anger when he sees a strange mastiff. Natu-
‘ ralists say all men have something in their as-
‘ pect of other animals, which resemble them
‘ in constitution. PETER’s countenance dis-
‘ covers him a creature of small prey; it is a
‘ mixture of the face of a Cat, and that of an
‘ Owl. He has the spiteful eagerness of the
‘ former, blended with the stupid gravity of the
‘ latter. He stood behind a post all the while
‘ he was talking, and groped it as if he were
‘ feeling for hobnails. All that he said was so
‘ extravagant, wild, and groundless, and urged
‘ with a mien so suitable to the falshood and
‘ folly of it, that I was rather diverted than
‘ offended at BRICKDUST. When from another
‘ quarter of the hall, placed just under a gallery,
‘ there stood up the Knight’s brother. It is im-
‘ possible to express the particularity of this
‘ gentleman. His mien is like that of a broken
‘ trades-

‘ tradesman the first day he wears a sword; his
‘ aspect was sad, but rather the face of a man
‘ incapable of mirth, than under any sorrow;
‘ and yet he does not look dull neither, but
‘ attentive to both worlds at once, and has in
‘ his brow both the Usurer and the Saint. I ob-
‘ served great respect paid to him; but me-
‘ thought some leavings of conscience made
‘ him look somewhat abashed at the great civili-
‘ ties which were paid him. He roundly asserted
‘ I was not worth a groat, and indeed made it
‘ out in a moment; for, by some trick or other,
‘ he had got in his custody all the writings
‘ which make out the title to my estate.

‘ What made this whole matter the more ex-
‘ travagantly pleasant was, that there is an odd
‘ droning loudness in the Brother’s voice, which
‘ made a large Irish Greyhound open at every
‘ pause he made. That great surly creature,
‘ made so docile and servile, was to me matter
‘ of much entertainment and curiosity. The
‘ Knight’s Brother, I assure you, spoke with a
‘ good steady impudence, and having been long
‘ inured to talk what he does not mean, he looks
‘ as if he meant what he said.

‘ The pleasantry of this excellent farce is,
‘ that all these fellows were bred Presbyterians,
‘ and are now set up for High Churchmen.
‘ They carry it admirably well, and the partizans
‘ do not distinguish that there is a difference be-
‘ tween those who are of neither side, from
‘ generous principles, and those who are dis-
‘ interested

' interested only from having no principles at
 ' all. The Knight himself was not in the
 ' country, but is expected every day; they say
 ' he is a precious one. They make me expect
 ' he will treat me after another way. His man-
 ' ner is very droll; he is very affable, and yet
 ' keeps you at a distance; for he talks to every
 ' body, but will let nobody understand him.
 ' Here is a gentleman in the country, a good
 ' intelligent companion, that gives me a very
 ' pleasant idea of him. He says, he has seen
 ' him go through his great hall full of com-
 ' pany, and whisper every man as he passed
 ' along; when they have all had the whisper,
 ' they have held up their heads in a silly amaze-
 ' ment, like geese when they are drinking: but
 ' perhaps more of this another time. You would
 ' marry me into this goodly house!

' I thank you for nothing, dear SIR,

' and am your humble servant for that.

' P. S. Here is a story here, that Mr. WHAT-
 ' D'YE-CALL laughs at all they pretend to do
 ' against him, and is prepared for the worst that
 ' can happen. To inure himself to be a public
 ' spectacle, they say he *rid* au hour and a half,
 ' at noon-day, on Wednesday last, behind Charles
 ' the First at Charing-cross.'

* * * The famous powder for the hair, which infallibly
 changes red or grey hair into a fine jet black, or agreeable
 light or dark brown; and also an oil, which for its extra-
 ordinary qualities far exceeds every thing yet known of
 the kind. POST BOX, June 26, 1714.

Tuesday,

N^o 12. Tuesday, March 23, 1713-14.

"When Love's well tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love,
"The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
"Sink in the soft captivity together."

PORTIUS, in CATO.

THE following letter, written in the finest Italian female hand, as beautiful as a picture or a draught of a letter rather than the work of a pen, in the finest small gilt paper, when opened, diffused the most agreeable odours, which very suddenly seize the brains of those who have ever been sick in Love. There is no necessity on such an occasion as this, that the epistle should be filled with sprightly expressions. The fold of the letter, the care in sealing it, and the device on the seal, are the great points in favours of this kind from the fair; for when it is a condescension to do any thing at all, every thing that is not severe is gracious. As soon as I looked upon the hand, my poor fond head would need persuade itself that it came from Mrs. PAGE; but I read, and found it was the acknowledgment of an obligation, I have not merit enough ever to be capable of laying upon any; the letter is thus:

' Mr.

‘ Mr. MYRTLE, *March 19, 1713-14.*

‘ SINCE you have taken upon yourself the
 ‘ province of LOVE, all transactions relating to
 ‘ that passion most properly belong to your Pa-
 ‘ per. I beg the favour of you to insert this
 ‘ my epistle in your very next, in order to give
 ‘ the earliest notice possible of my having re-
 ‘ ceived very great favour and honour done to
 ‘ me, by some one to whom I am more obliged
 ‘ than it can ever be in my power to return. I
 ‘ beg therefore that you will insert the following
 ‘ Advertisement, and you will oblige (though
 ‘ unknown)

‘ Your servant, and great admirer, A. B.

“ A certain present, with a letter from an un-
 “ known hand, hath been very safely de-
 “ livered to the party to whom directed.”

It is the nicest part of commerce in the world,
 that of doing and receiving benefits. Benefits
 are ever to be considered rather by their quality
 than quantity; and there are so many thousand
 circumstances, with respect to time, person, and
 place, which heighten and allay the value, that
 even in ordinary life it is almost an impossibility
 to lay down rules on this subject; because it
 alters in every individual case that can happen,
 and there is something arises in it, which is so
 inexplicable, that none but the persons con-
 cerned can judge of them, and those, as well as
 all other persons, are incapable of giving judg-

ment in their own case. All these circumstances are still more intricate in that part of life which is naturally above the rules of any laws, and must flow from the very soul to be of any regard at all, and are more exquisitely valuable and considerable, as they proceed more or less from affection, without any manner of respect to the intrinsic worth of what is given, and it is indifferent whether it be a bit of a ribband or a jewel. The Lover in the comedy is not much thinks absurd, where he prates of his rules and observations on this subject.

“ You must entertain women high, and bribe all about them. They talk of OVID and his *Art of Loving*; be liberal, and you outdo his precepts — The *Art of Love*, Sir, is the art of giving. — Be free to women, they’ll be free to you. Not every open-handed fellow hits it neither. Some give up lap-fulls, and yet never oblige. The manner, you know, of doing a thing is more than the thing itself. — Some drop a jewel, which had been refused if bluntly offered.

“ Some lose at play what they design a present. The skill is to be generous, and seem not to know it of yourself, it is done with so much ease; but a liberal blockhead presents a mis-tress as he would give an alms.”

I intend all this upon the passion of Love within the strictest rules; but benefits and injuries cannot touch to the quick, till the passion is arrived to such a height as to be mutual.

Before

Before that, all presents and services are only the offerings of a slave to a tyrant; it is therefore necessary, to make them worthy to be received, to shew that they proceed from affection, and that all your talents are employed in subserviency to that affection. The skill and address which is used on these occasions in conveying presents, or doing any other obliging thing, is for this reason much more regarded than the presents or actions themselves. I knew a gentleman who affected making good company chearful, and diverting himself with a whimsical way he had of laying particular obligations upon several ladies by the same action, and making each believe it was done for her sake. Thus he would make a ball, and tell one he wished she would give him leave to name for whom it was principally intended: another, that he was overjoyed to see her there, for that he was sure, had she not, nobody else would have been there that evening. He would whisper a third who was brought thither by a relation, and without being named, "And did your cousin believe she introduced you hither? there is a gentleman yonder said, she came with you, and not you with her." By this wily way he was by all esteemed the most obliging fine gentleman; that was so genteely said, and the other thing so prettily contrived, that who but CHARLES MYRTLE with all the fair and delightful in his time! About his flourishing years the stage had a particular liveliness, owing to
this

this passion, but too often to this passion abused and misrepresented. OTWAY, who writ then, exposed, in his play of "Venice preserved," the bounty of a silly disagreeable old sinner, who at that time was a great pretender to Politicks, in which he was the most ungainly creature, and nothing could be more ridiculous than ANTONIO (for so he calls him) a *Politician*, except ANTONIO a *Lover*. This grim puzzled Letcher is thus treated by his AQUILINA, whom he keeps and visits: in one of those lovely moments she says to him, "I hate you, detest you, loath you, I am weary of you, I am sick of you—crazy in your head, and lazy in your body; you love to be meddling with everything, and if you had not money you are good for nothing." This imperious wench of this fribbling Politician was in the interests of those who were then attempting to destroy his country; she rates him in behalf of Pierre, who is her favourite, and is then plotting the destruction of Venice. "——Where's my lord, my happiness, my love, my god, my hero?" This contemptible image represents in a very lively manner, how offensive every endeavour to please is in the man who is in himself disagreeable; poor ANTONIO, to satisfy an amorous itch, must not only maintain his wench, but support every ruffian in her favour that is an enemy to his country; which will for ever be the fate of those who attempt to be what Nature never designed them, Wits, Politicians, and Lovers.

But

But I will break off this discourse, to oblige a neighbour, who writes me the following letter.

• Good Mr. MYRTLE,

• AS I am your neighbour, within two doors
• of the LOVER'S LODGE, and within the sound
• of your melodious bass-viol, I cannot better
• express my gratitude for that favour you do
• my ears, than by inviting you to divert your
• eyes in my large gallery, which is now gar-
• nished from top to bottom with the finest
• paintings Italy has ever produced: I dare
• promise myself you will find such variety, and
• such beautiful objects, of both history and
• landscape, profane and sacred, that it will not
• only be sufficient to please and recreate the
• sight, but also to yield satisfaction and pleasure
• to your mind, and instructive enough to inform
• and improve every body's else. When you
• have well viewed and considered the whole col-
• lection, then I am to leave it to you, whether
• you will not think it may be of use to the
• readers of your LOVER (which I understand
• is to come out to-morrow, very luckily for
• me the day before my sale begins) to recom-
• mend the viewing of my collection to them,
• as a very agreeable and instructive amuse-
• ment to all persons in love. But this, and
• every thing else that may concern me or my
• collection, I leave to Mr. MYRTLE's judg-
• ment,

‘ment, and known readiness to serve mankind
‘in their particular stations of life. I am, Sir,

‘Your most obedient,

‘and obliged humble servant.

* * *

‘JAMES GRAME.’

N^o 13. Thursday, March 25, 1714.

Multi de magnis, per somnum, rebu’ loquuntur.

LUCR. iv. 1012.

‘Some in their sleep talk of my slaves of state.’

GUERNIER.

THE strong propensity that, from my youth,
I have had to LOVE, hath betrayed me into
innumerable singularities, which the insensible
part of mankind are apt to turn into ridicule.
The astonishing accounts of sympathy, fasci-
nation, errantry, and enchantments, are thereby
become so familiar to me, that my conversation
upon those subjects hath made several good
people believe me to be no better than I should
be. My behaviour hath heretofore been suitable
to my opinions. I have lost great advantages
by waiting for lucky days; and have been looked

* * * Yesterday the Right Hon. the Countess of Bridg-
water, a daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, died of the
small-pox, near the 27th year of her age. Post-Boy,
March 20—23, 1713-14.

G

upon

upon severely by fair eyes, while I expected the benign aspect of my stars. Many a time have I missed a ball, for the pleasure of walking by a purling stream; and chose to wander in unfrequented solitudes, when I might have been a king at "questions and commands." It is well known what a prospect I had of rising by the Law, if I had not thought it more noble to fill my study with poems and romances, than with dull records, and mutable acts of parliament. I intend at some convenient season, to communicate to the publick a catalogue of my books; and shall every now and then oblige the world with extracts out of those manuscripts, which LOVE and leisure have drawn from my pen. I have a romance in seven neat folios, almost finished; besides novels, ditties, and madrigals innumerable. The following story is collected out of wilters in so learned a language, that I am almost ashamed to own it. I must say for my excuse, that it was compiled in my twentieth year, upon my leaving the university, and is adapted to the taste of those who are far gone in romance; not to mention the several morals that may be drawn from it. I have thought fit to call it,

The Dreams of ENDYMION.

THE night was far advanced, and sleep had sealed the eyes of the most watchful lovers, when on a sudden a confused sound of trumpets, cymbals,

cymbals, and clarions, made all the inhabitants of Heraclea start from their beds in terror and amazement. An eclipse of the moon was the occasion of this uproar; and a mixt multitude of all ages and conditions ran directly to the top of Mount Latmos, with their instruments of musick, to assist the fair planet, which they imagined either to have fainted away, or to have been forced from her sphere by the power of magical incantations. As soon as they had restored her to her former beauty, they returned home with joy and triumph, to take that benefit of repose which they thought their piety deserved. Only CLEANDER, the amorous CLEANDER gave himself up to his musings, and wandering through the trees that cloath Mount Latmos, insensibly reached the summit of the mountain. He was feeding his eye with the fine landkip that was spread before him, when he heard a languishing voice utter these words intermixed with sighs; "Cruel goddess, why wilt thou make me wretched by the remembrance of my happiness!" "Ye powers," said CLEANDER to himself, "is not that the voice of ENDYMION?" He had no sooner said this, than he crept along whither the voice directed him, and saw to his inexpressible astonishment the following spectacle. This strange object was a man stretched at length on a declivity of the mountain, with his arms across his breast, and his eyes levelled at the moon. "Thou fair regent of the moon," said he, "after the enjoy-

“ment of a goddess, why wilt thou degrade
“thy Lover, and throw him back to Mount
“Latmos and mortality? Ah, inconstant! thou
“thinkest no more of ENDYMION.” “It is
“he, it is he,” cried CLEANDER, “it is EN-
“DYMION, or the ghost of my friend. With
these words he ran to him, and caught him in
his arms with the warmest expressions of trans-
port. If CLEANDER was overjoyed, ENDYMION
was no less; and their endearments had lasted
a long time, if CLEANDER’s curiosity had not
spurred him to learn the cause of ENDY-
MION’s long absence from Heraclea, his adven-
tures, and the reason of his odd complaints.
After repeated entreaties, ENDYMION delivered
himself in the following manner :

“You may remember, that my frequent con-
templation of the heavens had gained me the
reputation of a great astronomer, amongst the
sages of Heraclea. But had there not been
more powerful motives, I had not, for thirst of
knowledge, abandoned the good-natured ladies
of our city, with so much youth and vigour
about me. You must know, that I had so often
dreamt that DIANA looked kindly on me, that
I went to her temple at Ephesus to learn the will
of the goddess. I was surprized to find her fa-
mous statue there entirely to resemble the lovely
image that had a thousand times smiled on me,
in my visions. The succeeding night I bribed
the priestess with a considerable sum, to let me
pass the time within the temple. After I had
said

said whatever a violent passion could inspire, I fell in a trance before the shrine that encompassed her statue, and to my inexpressible joy saw the goddess descend, and bid me ask her, with a smile, whatever I desired. ‘Bright goddess,’ said I, ‘were I to have my wish, I would beg that the pleasure I now enjoy, might be eternal. But, since that is too much, give me, I pray thee, a seat among the stars, that may place me ever in thy view, and nearest to thy chariot. Or if the number of the stars be compleat, and the destinies deny me this, grant me at least to be wholly thine upon earth, and disdain not the present that I make thee of myself.’ ‘Whether in heaven or in earth,’ answered the goddess, ‘I will lose no opportunity to gratify thee.’ Scarce had she uttered these words, but I lost the sight of her, and only heard the sound of her quiver, as she turned and glided away.

I related my vision the next morning to EVADNE the priestess, who expressed great joy at my success, and having sprinkled me with water from the sacred fountain, and spoken mysterious words, dismissed me with a viol of powerful juices, and instructions how to use it. According to her commands, I repaired to this mountain, where having drunk off the enchanted draught, I lay stretched upon the ground, and fixed my eyes with delight on the moon. Suddenly methought the heavens were cleft, and an ivory chariot, drawn by horses, or

dragons, took me up, and whirled me over cities, rivers, forests, and oceans, in a moment of time. I was at length set down in the middle of a wood, where the face of nature was more delicious than the imagination of poets or painters have yet described. I had not walked long before I heard the voices of women, and at my drawing near I perceived DIANA in the midst of her nymphs. The beautiful virgins were placed round her, under the shadow of trees: some of them lay stretched on the grass, others were viewing themselves in the streams: here was one sharpening the point of an arrow, there another was stroaking a hound; their horns were hung upon the boughs, and their bows and quivers were carelessly scattered upon the ground. The queen herself was less distinguished by her golden bow and silver crescent, than by that beauty which had long held me captive. I rustled a little too eagerly through the boughs where I had concealed myself, when a nymph that stood near her, casting a look towards me, cried out, "A man!" a man! At that word one of the oldest of the virgins bent her bow at me, and had shot me through the heart, if DIANA had not seasonably interposed. "Hold," cried the goddess, "if he must die, let him die by my hand. Give me," continued she, "the bundle of arrows that CUPID presented me with the other day, when we hunted in the Idalian grove." A pretty young nymph having put them in her hands, she threw arrow after arrow

at

at me, till I had received a hundred wounds, which conveyed such a subtle poison into my blood, that I lost my sight, staggered, and fell down dead. I had not lain long in that condition, when, to my great amazement, I found myself in the arms of DIANA, dress'd after the manner of her nymphs: and I saw the light and her eyes at the same time. I found after that, she had us'd that seeming cruelty to conceal our loves; and thenceforward I pass'd for one of her sex, and was look'd upon as the favourite nymph of her train. My days were spent in those sports which she takes pleasure in. How often have we ranged the desarts of Hyrcania! how agreeably have we wandered on the banks of Peneus or Eurotas! how many lions have we coursed in Getulia! how have we panted after the swiftest deer in Crete, and pursued the tigers of Armenia! but our nights—To what a pitch of glory and happiness was I rais'd! how much happier yet were my lot, if the mouth that tast'd were allowed to reveal my joys! But oh CLEANDER! what shall we think of the other sex, when I shall have assur'd thee, that goddesses themselves are inconstant? It is in the nature of females to be suddenly hurried from one extreme to another. Love or hate wholly possesses them; they have no third passion. What they will, they will absolutely, and demand unlimited obedience. They are ever prepared to shew how little they can value their Lovers, and sacrifice what was once held

dear to their ambition and thirst of dominion. When they cease to Love, they endeavour to persuade us, by coldness and slighting usage, that we never were beloved. But not being able to impose so far upon our understanding, and to give the lye to our senses, they endeavour to make us lose the memory, as they have lost the desire of possession. After so long a course of sighs, vows, fidelity, submission, and whatever Lovers talk of, I was hurried away from the happy regions I have described, in the same manner that I went ; and not many hours since, found my body extended on this mountain, where the goddess descended with a veil over her face ; but upon hearing a noise of trumpets and clarions, left me without speaking, and fled to the moon in an instant. The assurance that I was abandoned, made me vent those complaints, which were still the more just, because, after the favour of a goddess, I shall loath the faint beauties of Heraclea."

ENDYMION had no sooner spoke these words, than he and his friend were surprised with a loud laugh from behind a bush that grew near them. Instantly started up three young women, who had dogged CLEANDER in his solitary walk, one of which was his mistress. They ran so fast to Heraclea, that he could not overtake them ; and before ten that morning, all the women of the town had had a fling at ENDYMION. Though they secretly believed his amours to be real, they had the malice to ridicule

cule them, as the visions of a distempered imagination. Nay, these giggling gipsies had credit enough to get the poor gentleman jested into a proverb: insomuch that if a Lover blabs out the secret, the Heracleans call him a lunatick; they ask a pretty fellow that conceals his intrigues, if he hath "a mistress in the clouds?" and to boast of favours, is with them, to have the Dreams of Endymion.

I could Dream on much longer with great delight to myself at least, but that I am awakened by the following letter from a gentleman whom I have great reason to have an high respect for, having frequently been an eye-witness of his behaviour, both as to Love and honour. I have seen him as a Lover win by fair courtship at least fifty ladies; and as a soldier in open field obtain compleat victories always over superior numbers, and sometimes observed the whole owing to his single valour.

'SIR,

'I AM to have a benefit play on Monday
'next, and the distress of the story depending
'upon Love, I hope it will find room in your
'Paper. It is the Albion Queens, with the death
'of Mary Queen of Scotland; where that il-
'lustrious Lover, the Duke of Norfolk, rather
'than he will deny his flame, gives up his life.
'Whenever I see you, I shall do you honour*,
'and am, Sir, your most humble servant,

'GEORGE POWEL.'

* See STEELE's "Apology, &c." and "TATLER, with Notes," *ut supra*. Note on the expression of *doing honour*.

Saturday,

N^o 14. Saturday, March 27, 1714.

"Oderint dum metuant."

Motto on Sir ANTHONY CRABTREE'S Coach.

I AM to-day very busy, having a wedding suit for a gentleman, and the knots of the bride, offered to my consideration, and the wedding itself to be on Easter Tuesday; therefore the reader must be contented with this letter, all which I do not myself understand, for the entertainment of this day.

‘ Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ **READING** the letter in your Lover of the
 ‘ 20th from your friend concerning the family
 ‘ of the CRABTREES, I was pleas’d at the non-
 ‘ reception of your friend into that ridiculous
 ‘ generation; in which family as I am told,
 ‘ may be found an antique record in Hebrew,
 ‘ proving their original. Sir Anthony is cauti-
 ‘ ous of shewing the manuscript; but his secre-
 ‘ tary with whom I am well acquainted, and
 ‘ whose knowledge is great in crabbed charac-
 ‘ ters, does assure me, it is *writ* in the prophane
 ‘ ignorant style used by the Fanaticks before
 ‘ the Restoration, and seems to be formed out
 ‘ of the phrases of the Revelations, with many
 ‘ periods

‘ periods ending with the sight of the beast,
‘ and the image of the beast, and the like. I
‘ think your friend ought to be thankful for
‘ his deliverance: However, I cannot say Sir
‘ Anthony was always for destroying every
‘ thing, having once saved (not his country,
‘ but) his house. The story is thus related by a
‘ servant then living in the family. It seems, in
‘ the time of Sir RALPH, father to this precious
‘ Stick ANTHONY, there was in the family a
‘ man that had lived long, but wickedly, under
‘ the cloak of religion; but at length was dis-
‘ covered to have defiled the house with a maid
‘ servant who proved with child, which was an
‘ abomination to Sir RALPH, who turned both
‘ out of doors, without paying them their wages,
‘ being considerable, and ordered the bed where-
‘ in the crime had been committed, with the
‘ furniture of that room, to be burnt, which
‘ they were accordingly. The fellow thought,
‘ by marrying the woman, he might so far in-
‘ gratiate himself into his master’s favour, as to
‘ get their wages; but Sir RALPH was too re-
‘ ligious to allow that any thing could be due
‘ to the wicked. Upon which the fellow re-
‘ solved, since he was to be a loser, his master
‘ should be no gainer; therefore sent a mes-
‘ sage to Sir RALPH, to let him know, if he
‘ would pay him, he had something of moment
‘ to impart to him, which might be for the
‘ good of him and his family: to this the old
‘ gentleman gave ear, and being ever apprehen-
‘ five

‘ five of some plot or other against him (in which
‘ Sir ANTHONY takes much after him) resolved
‘ to pay the fellow, and have him examined;
‘ and when the great secret came out, it was,
‘ that he and the maid had lain together upon
‘ every bed in the house, and in every room;
‘ upon which the whole house and furniture was
‘ condemned to be burnt on a certain day; but,
‘ the night before the execution, Sir ANTHONY
‘ came down to his father’s, and with a high
‘ hand saved house and goods. This is the
‘ plain well-known matter of fact; and this is
‘ the first house that I ever heard of to have
‘ been so near burning by the *fire* of LOVE. I
‘ can assure you, the family is now grown much
‘ more polite; but having been bred in such
‘ strictness and formality, during the time of
‘ good Sir RALPH, both ANTHONY and his bro-
‘ ther ZACHARIAH come into a wench’s cham-
‘ ber with the same air they used to enter their
‘ congregations of saints. It is an hard thing
‘ to unlearn gestures of the body, and though
‘ ANTHONY has quite got over all the preju-
‘ dices of his education, not only as to super-
‘ stition, but as to religion also, he makes a very
‘ queer figure, and the persecuted Sneak is still
‘ in his face, though he now sets up for a per-
‘ secutor.

‘ If the sour behaviour and hypocrisy, which
‘ the enemies to Dissenters accuse them of, was
‘ utterly forgotten, and which by their freedom
‘ and more open communication with the rest
‘ of

‘ of the world, from the Toleration, is really at
‘ an end, I say, if all this were wholly out of
‘ the memory of man, all their rancour, spite,
‘ and obstinacy, might be revived among the
‘ CRABTREES. This particular however is to
‘ be more emphatically enlarged upon by those
‘ who shall write their history, which is, that
‘ they are impudent to a jest. They having as
‘ little respect for mankind, as mankind has for
‘ them, they do not care how gross the thing is
‘ they attempt, so they can carry it. Sir AN-
‘ THONY wanting a cause, the last circuit, to
‘ keep up the face of his grandeur, and to make
‘ himself popular, spoke to BRICKDUST to ac-
‘ cuse some body for disrespect to an illustrious
‘ family. They could not find such a one; but
‘ BRICKDUST* told him of a hawker who had
‘ books about him *writ* in favour of that house.
‘ Sir ANTHONY said, that would do as well,
‘ provided they could persuade people to pro-
‘ nounce the books were against that interest.
‘ Well, they got the poor hawker in amongst
‘ them at a county court, and in spite of all that
‘ the gentlemen of greatest honour, quality, and
‘ estate, could say, the cry went against the
‘ pedlar. There were indeed a great many
‘ people of sense and fashion, who are carried
‘ away by the CRABTREES, solicited to call out,
‘ that the hawker should be turned out of
‘ the place, when they saw, from the appear-
‘ ance for him, they could carry it no further.

* See N^o 11.

‘ But

‘ But they could procure nobody to do even
‘ this, but a natural fool, who had made sport
‘ at a Winchester wedding, and is every where
‘ as much known for an idiot, as if he had his
‘ Moorish dancer’s habit and bells on. Thus
‘ between jest and earnest they turned out the
‘ Pedlar, for the very contrary of what the fel-
‘ low had done. Sir ANTHONY says, this was
‘ right, and still professes he is a friend to that
‘ family; for, says that merry cunning fellow,
‘ if I can bring it to that pass, that nobody shall
‘ dare to speak for them without my leave, I
‘ shall easily manage that nobody dare to be
‘ against them. This is, Mr. MYRTLE, the
‘ logick of the CRABTREES. But I know not
‘ how to relate half the fine things I know of
‘ them; read SANCHO PANCHA’s government
‘ in Barataria, get Hudibras by heart, cast your
‘ eye upon books of dreams, incantations, and
‘ witchcrafts, and it will give you some faint
‘ pictures of the exotic and comic designs of
‘ this unaccountable race, who are (accord-
‘ ing to their own different accounts of their
‘ parts and births) occasionally Syrians, Egyp-
‘ tians, Saxons, Arabians, and every thing but
‘ Welch, British, Scotch, Irish, or any thing
‘ that is for the interest of these dominions.
‘ As you are the patron of LOVE, I desire to
‘ know of you, whether after this faithful re-
‘ presentation of things you ought to lament
‘ that your friend has been rejected by the
‘ CRABTREES. Your most humble servant,

‘ EPHRAIM CASTLESOAP.

Tuesday,

N^o 15. Tuesday, March 31, 1714.

*Crede mihi, quamvis contemnas murmura famæ,
Hic tibi pallori, Cynthia, versus erit.*

Propert. 2 El. v. 29.

Despise not, Cynthia, Fame's applauding voice:

'Tis well to be the object of her choice. ANON.

I Should be but a very ill guide to others, in the ways of this town, if I continually kept in my Lodge. I do sometimes make excursions and visit my neighbours, whose manners and characters cannot but be of great use to the youth of this kingdom, whom I propose to conduct in safety, if they will follow my advice. It is the business of a pilot to discover shoals, rocks, and quicksands, in order to land his passengers in safety. I shall take pains to hang out lights, but if those who sail after me will rather chuse to be stranded (where I have given them a signal of danger) than follow my course, their shipwreck is not to be imputed to me who lead them.

There are now in town, among the ladies who have given up all other considerations, to gratify themselves in one sort of delight, three eminent above the rest for their charms and vices. The first can only please novices; the second seeks only men of business, and such of them as are
7 between

between fools and knaves; the third runs through the whole race of men, and has arts enough about her to ensnare them all, as well as desire enough to entertain them all. These ladies are professed courtezans, and live upon it.

The first I shall give an account of is JENNY LIPSY. All creatures of prey have their particular game, and never dream of any other. JENNY never aims at any but novices; and she makes her advances with so much skill, that she is seldom without two or three in pursuit of her, who are in their first month of a town life. I sate by her, a week or two ago, at a play: there was seated just before her a pretty snug Academick, who I observed was destined for her entertainment that evening. There sate by her a coarse hoyden in a black scarff, who seemed a servant-maid stolen out with JENNY on this frolick to a play. JENNY, at every thing which passed in the play that had little sense in it, was so delighted as not to contain herself from loud laughs, but particularly checked herself, with a well-acted romp-like confusion, when she was observed by the pretty young gentleman; her maid professing, in a lower voice, she would never come abroad with her again. Many kind looks however passed between my young gentleman and one he conceived as unskilled in the town as himself. She begged his pardon two or three times, for pressing upon him negligently, and hoped there was no offence, in such a tone and voice, and such

such a natural impertinence, and want of judgement, as would have deceived any man in town but ROGER VETERANE, who suspects every thing. My young spark offered his service, at the end of the play, to see her out. JENNY said he was a stranger to her, though he looked like a civil body; but her maid interposed, and said, if the gentleman will get us out of the crowd, there can be no harm, since she would keep with her.

The second woman of consideration is that artful shy dame madam TWILIGHT. This lady has got a step or two in age, experience, and address, beyond Miss JENNY above-mentioned. She has been above these ten years known for what she is; but she has preserved such a decency in her manners, and has so little frolick in her temper, that every Lover takes it she is as much pleased with him, as he with her. TWILIGHT therefore has passed her ten years libertinism in short marriages, rather than different riots. The many gallants whose relict she is, treat her with civility and respect where-ever they meet her; and every man flatters himself it is the necessity of her affairs made her take such a loose, but she certainly loved nobody but him. TWILIGHT, as I said, is never outrageously joyful, but can comply with a whisper, and retire very willingly with great reluctance, seldom discovering desire enough to overcome the confusion to which her compliance obliges her. But I must leave her character half drawn,

H

and

and in the dress she often affects, a veil, to hasten to her who gives me most disquiet of any of her sex, when I am endeavouring to save the free and innocent from the slavery to which she affects to reduce all mortals, especially those of merit.

This lady, who is the heroine of to-day's Paper, as well acquainted with this town as the plains of Arcadia, dignified and distinguished among the loose wanderers of Love by the name of CLIDAMIRA DUSTGOWN, is mistress of the whole art of women; she can do what she pleases, with whom she pleases, and I have not yet known any one that could save himself from her but by flight. She can as occasion serves be termagant and haughty, if the follower is in his nature servile; then again so humble and resigning to those who love and admire none but themselves! She can lead the conversation among raw youths who are proud of being admitted into her company, and will lisp and grow so girlish, and prevail upon hardened and experienced rakes of the town, who are above hurting any thing but innocence. CLIDAMIRA is a female rake; the male ones, I just now observed, affect mostly to have to do with the innocent; and CLIDAMIRA's passion is to deceive and bubble the knowing. To indulge this humour in herself, she has all the learning of a spark of the town, is deep in miscellany poems, plays, novels, and romances; has all the winter copies of the verses, scandals, and whispers,

which are brought forth in London and Westminster; all the summer, those produced at Epsom, Tunbridge, and the Bath; her lewdness is as great, and her understanding greater than that of any of her admirers: by the force of the latter she is as much courted, even by those who *have had her* (as the phrase is) as the finest woman whose charms are yet untasted; her skill is such, that her practice in wickedness has not at all made her hypocrisy of innocence appear awkward or unlovely, but she can be any thing she ever was to those who like what she was better than what she is, the most accomplished, frolic, and dissolute of all wenches. What makes me have no patience with madam DUSTGOWN is, that she is now laying all her snares, and displaying all her charms, to withdraw my heart from Mrs. PAGE. But she shall die; I will sacrifice her, to gain a smile for that merit from my own incomparable fair-one.

CLIDAMIRA has at this time three different keepers; a rich citizen, whom she has orders, upon occasion, to write to in the style of a widow who wants his charity; a married man of quality, whom she is to address so as that his lady who is as jealous as a statesman, and admires her lord for the finest gentleman in the world, might read it; her third is a gentleman learned in the laws, whom she writes to as his client, when she has a mind to raise small sums to support her lavish gallant, who lives upon gratifying her real passion, and sharing the hire

of her prostitution. It was necessary last week her dear comrade should have a fine horse he had seen; she levied the price of him upon her slaves by the following method. She writes,

To her City Friend.

SIR,

‘ DID I not know what acts of charity your
 ‘ worship daily does, and that your good lady
 ‘ is as inclined to do good as yourself, I should
 ‘ not take this liberty to move your compassion
 ‘ to the widow and fatherless. If your worship’s
 ‘ business should divert you from taking notice
 ‘ of this according to direction here under-writ-
 ‘ ten, I shall presume to wait upon your lady
 ‘ myself. I am, &c.’

The latter circumstance, being a threat, immediately produced a largess above her ordinary salary.

The great skill is to write letters that may fall into any hands, even a wife’s, and discover nothing.

Her style to my Lord was thus:

MY LORD,

‘ IS it possible you can doat with so much con-
 ‘ stancy on the charms of a wife, to be blind
 ‘ to the thousand nameless things that I do and
 ‘ say before you, even in her presence, to reveal
 ‘ a passion too strong to be smothered?’

My

My lady pouts ten days after the intercepting such a billet, misinterprets every look and sentence of every friend she has, and keeps my Lord waking till he has dived into the matter, and fined for his quiet to CLIDAMIRA.

Her worthy Chamber-counsel is captivated at the prodigious wit of the creature, when she sends a bundle of old parchments from widow LACKITT, and has them lodged with his clerk with a couple of guineas, and underwrites she will give him his brief at her own lodgings. The busy creature, who is in joy when he is not actually taking pains, is so exquisitely exalted at the wit, cunning, and address, of deceiving that notable deep discernor his own clerk, that for fear of appearing too dull for an hint himself, cash is immediately conveyed to his client, as left with him from the person who is to lend the money upon the mortgage. Thus the fly thief shows, though he is a man of business, if he would give his mind to it, he could be as notable a gallant as the best. She is accommodated, and her counsel is cheated in raptures.

* * * We hear that her Majesty was pleased this day to touch upwards of 200 persons for the *Evil*, the Ld. Bishop of Exeter [Offspring Blackall] reading the office appointed for the purpose. DAWKES'S "News-letter," March 30, 1714.

* * * March 21. 1714. A woman was executed at Vienna, for striking a crucifix, her right hand being first cut off, and then her head. *Ibidem.*

H 3

Thursday,

N° 16. Thursday, April 1, 1714.

“ ———Some grains of sense
 “ Still mix’d with vollies of impertinence.”

ROCHESTER.

THE writer of the following letter being a person, if you will believe his own story, the most impertinently crossed in Love that ever any mortal was, and allowing his letter to fit only for one day in the year; I have let him have his will, and made it the business of this.

‘ MR. MYRTLE,

‘ SINCE I writ my last to you, wherein I
 ‘ gave you some account of the confounded
 ‘ usage which I met with from the mischievous
 ‘ and ridiculous race of the CRABTREES*, I have
 ‘ made it my business to enquire into and con-
 ‘ sider the arts and stratagems, by which a peo-
 ‘ ple so like in genius to the *Cercopithecæ* † should
 ‘ so long be suffered to impose upon many wise,
 ‘ brave and learned gentlemen in this county.

* See LOVER. N° 11, N° 14. and Notes.

† The inhabitants of the Island *Pitheculæ*, who were very
 fraudulent and mischievously deceitful: hence arose the poeti-
 cal fiction, that Jupiter turned them into apes.

‘ After

‘ After much deliberation with myself, I am
‘ come to this resolution, that all their successes
‘ are owing to a certain graceless impudence in
‘ themselves, and an unmanly modesty in others.
‘ There is nothing but they will attempt, from
‘ their want of deference to the rest of the
‘ world; and there is nothing but others seem
‘ ready to suffer, from a too great sensibility of
‘ what the world will think of them. Among
‘ other the extraordinary circumstances by which
‘ this race is signalized, I am most diverted with
‘ their superstition; they are, you must know,
‘ great observers of lucky and unlucky days;
‘ and Sir ANTHONY, whose great talent lies in
‘ making fools of mankind, chuses on the first
‘ of April to settle his schemes for the ensuing
‘ year; and yet with all the hurry which he
‘ eternally appears in, he is the laziest thief liv-
‘ ing. One of his propositions for management
‘ is, to affect bustle, and avoid business: this,
‘ with several other as wise maxims, is set down
‘ by his secretary to be entered upon the first of
‘ April next. The next to that, as I could
‘ gather it out of Mr. Secretary’s COPTIC cha-
‘ racters, is never to look beforehand, but do
‘ as well as you can in the present moment.

‘ Sir ANTHONY has had great success in fol-
‘ lowing this latter position; but his noddle is
‘ so full, by being always extricating himself
‘ from some present difficulty, that he has not
‘ time to reflect, that though men will bear

‘ some hardships into which they are surprized,
 ‘ they may be rouzed by repeated injuries.

‘ They tell me most incredible whimsies of
 ‘ him. Among the rest, that he shall take a
 ‘ book of humour and ridicule, and take upon
 ‘ him to draw out a scheme of politicks hid
 ‘ under those seeming pleasantries. A notable
 ‘ money-scrivener has informed me, that his
 ‘ Knighthood has conceived a mighty opinion
 ‘ of South Sea stock, not from the national and
 ‘ solid security that is given to support the in-
 ‘ terest thereof, but from the following memor-
 ‘ able passage in the 94th page of a book called
 ‘ *A Tale of a Tub*. Most people agree that
 ‘ piece was written for the advancement of Reli-
 ‘ gion only *; but Sir ANTHONY, who sees more
 ‘ and less than any other man living, will have
 ‘ it to be a collection of politicks; and the pa-
 ‘ ragraph, upon which he grounds his kind con-
 ‘ ception of the fund abovementioned, is as
 ‘ follows.

“ The first undertaking of Lord Peter was to
 “ purchase a large continent lately said to have
 “ been discovered in *Terra Australis incognita*.
 “ This tract of land he bought a very great
 “ pennyworth from the discoverers themselves
 “ (though some pretend to doubt whether they
 “ had ever been there), and then retailed it into
 “ several cantons to certain dealers, who carried

* “ If there be any truth in his “ *Tale of a Tub*,” Dr
 “ Swift derives the succession of his own Church from the
 “ Devil.” *Flying Post*, 1712.

“ over

“ over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the
 “ voyage. Upon which Lord Peter sold the
 “ said continent to other customers again, and
 “ again, and again, and again, with the same
 “ success.”

“ Mr. MYRTLE, if you publish this ribaldry
 “ I now send you, be sure you chuse the day
 “ auspicious to the CRABTREES, (to wit) the first
 “ of April, a day wherein time out of mind,
 “ people have thought fit to divert themselves
 “ with passing upon their neighbours nonsense
 “ and imposition for wit and art. But to go
 “ on ; in order to amass a vast sum of money,
 “ which he designs to place in the funds, the
 “ benefits of which are so mysteriously described
 “ in the abovementioned political discourse, Sir
 “ ANTHONY has resolved to part with the most
 “ valuable manuscripts in his library, which
 “ are actually sent to town, to be sold on the
 “ said first day of April, and catalogues given
 “ gratis to all the Fellows of the Royal So-
 “ ciety, The things which he expects most
 “ for are as follows, *Fobor Camolanthi's Rudi-*
 “ *ments of Letters* ; being the first scrawls
 “ made by the said Camolanthi with his own
 “ hand, before the invention of writing, where-
 “ in is to be seen the first *B* that ever was
 “ made. The second curiosity is the very
 “ white wax which *John-a-Gaunt* had in his
 “ hand, when he made the famous conveyance
 “ by an overt-act of biting, in the following
 “ words :

“ In

“ In witness that this is sooth,

“ I bite the white wax with my tooth.”

“ The third is an *Egyptian mummy*, very fresh, and fit to be kept as a predeceffor to any house which is so antient as to have lost the records of its ancestry.

“ The fourth is the first *hallowed slipper* which was kissed in honour of *St. Peter*, who is reported by hereticks to have worn none at all himself, but to have gone a-fishing bare-foot. It would be endless to tell you all circumstances of these prodigious fellows; but *ZACHARIAH* and *BRICKDUST* are gone post to London, to vouch for these antiquities. *ZACHARIAH*, *Sir ANTHONY* says, has a very good countenance to stand by the mummy at the sale, as well to vouch for the white wax in the conveyance: I don't know what they may do with you Londoners, but they have quite lost themselves at Gotham, and the twelve wise men are ashamed of them; upon which, the *CRABTREES* say, they will have twelve others, but this is supposed to be only a bounce; for the *Gothamites* begin to perceive, though too late, that the *CRABTREES* are not such cunning curs as they pretend, but are at the bottom fools, though they set up for the other character. I suppose you must have heard the story of the book-man; falling upon that inconsiderable fellow has explained them more than any thing that ever happened; and *Sir ANTHONY*, by all intelligent people, was reckoned

‘ reckoned a Cudden for meddling with him ;
‘ for say they, there were a thousand ways of
‘ getting rid of him, and it was not worth doing
‘ it, whatever chastisement they might put him
‘ to, at the rate of exposing themselves and their
‘ affairs to the examination which that impotent
‘ vengeance brought upon them.

‘ Thus the CRABTREES, who indeed never
‘ had sense, have now lost the appearance of
‘ it ; and Sir ANTHONY, for these ten days last
‘ past, could not get any body to whisper him,
‘ when he offers it ; the party attempted stands
‘ full before him ; and there you see poor Sir
‘ ANTHONY in a need to whisper, jerking and
‘ writhing his noddle, and begging an audience
‘ of a Starer who stands in the posture of a man
‘ stiff with amazement, that he had not found
‘ him out before. If you will turn to the next
‘ page to that I quoted above, to wit, the next
‘ to the 94th, (which phrase I own I steal from
‘ Juvenal’s *Volueris à prima quæ Proxima*), you
‘ will find that Sir ANTHONY stole the manner
‘ of his levy from Lord Peter’s invention of
‘ erecting a whispering-office, for the public
‘ good and ease—of all—Eves-droppers, Phy-
‘ sicians, Midwives, small Politicians, Friends
‘ fallen-out, repeating Poets, Lovers happy or
‘ in despair, Bawds, Privy Counsellors, Pages,
‘ Parasites, and Buffoons.—An ass’s head was
‘ placed so conveniently, that the party might
‘ easily with his mouth accost either of the
‘ animal’s ears. The other parts of that para-
‘ graph

graph are too coarse to be repeated. Sir AN-
 THONY is mightily afraid his dear relations
 will hardly get safe back again to him; and
 therefore, like the country fellow who said,
 "it was pity there was not an act of parliament
 against all foreigners that should pretend to
 invade this land," he has given them a pass,
 which he thinks will be of as much force
 all over England, as it would lately have
 been in this county where he is a justice.
 There is one particular pleasant clause in it,
 wherein he requires all people, notwithstanding
 their looks, to let them pass for honest
 men.

ZACHARIAH disputed carrying that clause,
 and said he was sure nobody could take him
 for any other; but Sir ANTHONY over-ruled
 him, and in his sneering way said, it could do
 him no harm to have it about him: which is
 all at present,

From the most unfortunate of Lovers,

RICARDETTO LANGUENTI.

*** This day is published, printed with an Elzevir
 letter, in a neat pocket volume, the third edition of the
 Life and Character of Jane Shore, collected from our best
 historians, chiefly from the writings of Sir Thomas More,
 who was her contemporary, and personally knew her.
 Humbly offered to the readers and spectators of her
 tragedy written by Mr. Rowe. Inscribed to Mrs. Oldfield.
 Price Six-pence. N. B. There is added to this edition a
 very curious frontispiece, representing her doing penance
 in St. Paul's cathedral. By this advertisement it appears
 that Mrs. Oldfield was an Encourager of Literature. Her
 Library was sold by auction in 1733.

Saturday,

N^o 17. Saturday, April 3, 1714.

“ Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
 “ Or with a voice endued the chattering pie?
 “ ’Twas witty Want fierce hunger to appease:
 “ Want taught their masters, and their masters these.”

DRYDEN’S *Perfius*.

MRS. ANNE PAGE was smiling very graciously upon me, in a dream between seven and eight yesterday morning, when three thundering knocks at my door drove the fair image from my fancy, as DIANA was hurried to the moon by the cymbals and trumpets of HERACLEA. My servant came up to me, while I was cursing the rude hand that had disturbed me; and delivered me a letter, which was given him, as he said, by a lusty fresh-coloured young man in an embroidered coat, who promised to call upon me, two days hence, at the same hour. The dread of such another noise made me break open the letter with some precipitation.

‘ Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ MY story in short is this. My father kept
 ‘ me under, after I came from school, and snub-
 ‘ bed me *consumedly*, till I was five and twenty;
 ‘ and

‘ and then he died, and left me three thousand
‘ *per annum*. I came to London this winter,
‘ where I am to be married to a fine young Lady,
‘ when I can get her in the mind. But, I do
‘ not know how, there is no pleasing of her.
‘ She hath made my heart ake so often, that I
‘ have resolved to follow somebody else; but
‘ she hath such a way with her eyes, that I can-
‘ not do without her. When I first came to
‘ town, I heard she should say, how that I was
‘ so rough! Upon which I shaved every day,
‘ and washed my hands once in half an hour,
‘ for a week together. Being informed, that
‘ she hoped I might be polished in time, I got
‘ a broad French beaver, and an embroidered
‘ coat, that cost me threescore pound. I can-
‘ not indeed blame her for complaining that
‘ I have no taste, for I have lost my stomach;
‘ and I entirely agree with her that I want air,
‘ for I am almost choaked in this smoaky town.
‘ But this is not all. She hath given out, that
‘ she wishes I would travel: and she told me
‘ no longer since than yesterday, that the man
‘ she married should make the tour of Italy.
‘ Now, Sir, I would be at any expence, in
‘ building to please her; but as for going into
‘ out-landish countries, I thank her for that. In
‘ short, she would have me out of the way.
‘ For you must know, there is a little snipper-
‘ snapper from Oxford that is mightily *in her*
‘ *books*. I don’t know how it comes to pass;
‘ but though he hath but a plain grey suit, he
‘ hath

‘ hath such a fawning way with him, that my
 ‘ mind misgives me plaguily. He hath words
 ‘ at his fingers ends, and I can say nothing but
 ‘ he has some answer or another that puts me
 ‘ out; and yet he talks so, that one cannot
 ‘ be angry neither. He always reads your
 ‘ LOVERS to her; and I hear her say often, that
 ‘ she should like such an ingenious man as Mr.
 ‘ MYRTLE. Now, what I desire is your advice:
 ‘ for, as I told you before, I cannot do without
 ‘ her. I am a hearty fellow; and believe me,
 ‘ if you do me any good, you shall have gloves,
 ‘ and dance at my wedding.

‘ Your humble servant to command,
 ‘ TIMOTHY GUBBIN.’

It falls out very luckily that I can recom-
 mend Mr. GUBBIN to a person for his purpose,
 without further risking my own repose. The
 following letter, which I received a week ago,
 shall serve for an answer to his. And I further
 declare, that I constitute the author thereof my
Esquire, according to the prayer of his petition.
 I have accordingly assigned him an apartment
 in the LOVER’S LODGE; and shall further en-
 courage him, as I find his merits answerable to
 his pretensions.

‘ LAUNCELOT BAYS to MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

‘ Courteous Knight,

‘ AS you are a professor and patron of Love,
 ‘ I throw myself at your feet, to beg a boon of
 ‘ you

‘ you. When I have told you my story, you
‘ will confess that I am the most amorous and
‘ chaste of swains. I am, Sir, by profession, an
‘ author, and the scene of my labours is a
‘ garret. My genius leads me to Love, and I
‘ have a gentle manner. When I have occa-
‘ sion for money, I fancy to myself a lady, and
‘ write such soft things, as you would bless
‘ yourself to hear. But living at present in the
‘ city, where such ware fetches but little, I
‘ shall, without your assistance, fall shortly into
‘ great poverty of imagination. Would you
‘ believe it, Sir? I have lived this month on a
‘ posie for a ring.

‘ My request is, that I may be transplanted
‘ from this barren soil into Covent garden. My
‘ greatest ambition is to be received in the
‘ quality of *Esquire* to so courteous a knight as
‘ you are; to carry your pen in this your gentle
‘ warfare, and do the squirely offices established
‘ in this order of chivalry. You may not
‘ perhaps find me unqualified to take some
‘ drudgeries off your hands, which you must
‘ otherwise undergo; and may possibly appoint
‘ me sub-tutor to the British savages, before
‘ they approach the fair. It is thought suffi-
‘ cient that the taylor and dancing-master have
‘ managed an aukward boy at his first coming to
‘ town: nay, upon the strength of a box of fine
‘ myrtle Barcelona, a young fellow now-a-days
‘ sets up for Love and Gallantry. The ill suc-
‘ cess of such unformed cavaliers makes a per-
‘ son

‘son of my talents necessary in a civilized
‘country. You know the ladies will be at-
‘tacked in form, before they listen to terms;
‘and though they do not absolutely insist upon
‘hanging or drowning, they think it but de-
‘cent that such attempts be made in rhyme
‘and sonnet. I believe you will agree with me,
‘that no woman of spirit thinks a man hath
‘any respect for her, until he hath played the
‘fool in her service; and the mean opinion that
‘sex hath of a poet, makes any thing in metre
‘from a Lover, an agreeable sacrifice to their
‘vanity.

‘Now, since there are few heads turned both
‘for dress and politeness, since witty sayings
‘seldom break out from two rows of fine teeth,
‘and true spelling is not often the work of a
‘pretty hand; I propose for the good of my
‘country, to set up a toy-shop of written
‘baubles, and poetical trinkets. The perfumes
‘of flattery, the cordials of vows, the salts of
‘wit, and the washes of panegyrick, are ranged
‘in due order, and placed in proper receptacles,
‘to be retailed out at reasonable prices. Here
‘the spark may be furnished with satyrical lashes,
‘when he has lost his clouded cane. Here he
‘may purchase points, conceits, and repartees,
‘as useful against an enemy as the nicest pushes
‘his fencing-master can teach him. The most
‘graceful bow he can learn, shall be still im-
‘proved by a compliment I can put in his
‘mouth; and, to say no more, his periwig shall,
I by

‘ by my means, be the least valuable thing
‘ upon his shoulders.

‘ No generous Lover will repine at my good
‘ fortune, when he hears that I get a warm coat
‘ by that which gains him the embraces of a
‘ bride. While he feasts all his senses, I shall
‘ content myself with the luxury of some meat,
‘ and much drink. Thus an equal distribution
‘ will be made of worldly pleasures. As they
‘ become undoubtedly happy, I shall grow un-
‘ doubtedly fat; hearts will be at rest, and duns
‘ be paid.

‘ The following list of my wares I desire you
‘ to advertise; which will not fail, I hope, to
‘ bring customers, and may lay a foundation
‘ for the Commerce of Love in this trading
‘ island.

‘ Love-letters and Sonnets by the quire, at
‘ five guineas the prose, and ten the verse; with
‘ allowance to those that buy quantities.

‘ A set of Rhymes ready-paired for any ordi-
‘ nary amour; never used but twice.

‘ The art of Pleasing; or Rules for Defama-
‘ tion; with a compleat index.

‘ An Apology for the Colour of a Lady’s Hair;
‘ with a word or two in defence of White Eye-
‘ lashes.

‘ A Treatise for, and another against, growing
‘ fat. Sharp sayings against faults which peo-
‘ ple cannot help; with answers to each.

‘ A Compliment for a Masque, and a Repar-
‘ tee for a Rival. Neither ever spoken be-
‘ fore. ‘ An

‘ An Invektive against embroidered Coats, for
‘ the use of younger brothers; to which is
‘ added an Appendix concerning Fringed
‘ Gloves.

‘ A List of the Heathen Goddeffes, with the
‘ colour of their hair and eyes; for the assist-
‘ ance of young gentlemen, that were never at
‘ the University.

‘ Double Entendres, and Feeling Language,
‘ collected from the works of the most cele-
‘ brated poetesses of the age.

‘ Vows for young Virgins, to be sold by
‘ number; and Flattery for old Maids by
‘ weight.

‘ Raptures, Transports, and Exclamations, at
‘ a crown a dozen.

‘ Turtles, Fountains, Grottoes, Forests, Roses,
‘ *Tigrelles*, Rocks, and Nightingales, at com-
‘ mon prices.’

* * This day is published, “ The Ladies Tales,” ex-
emplified in the Virtues and Vices of the Quality. Printed
for Fred. Burleigh in Amen-Corner, price bound 2s. 6d.

††† To all my honoured Masters and Ladies. This is
to give you timely notice, that on the last Wednesday in
April will be my Feast Day, and there will be very good
entertainment on that day, and all the year after. On that
day I give challenge to ride or leap a horse, run on foot, or
hallow with any woman in England, seven years younger, but
not a day older, because I won’t undervalue myself. From
my Lady Butterfield, living at Wansted in Essex, a mile
on the other side of the Green Man. Post-Boy, March
23—25, 1714.

* * Yesterday the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Bridgwater,
a daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, died of the small-
pox, near the 27th year of her age. *Ibidem*, March 20—23.

N^o 18.

Tuesday, April 6, 1714.

Parva leves capiunt animos.

OVID.

‘Light minds a small attention will engage.’

I WAS the other night in the box of the gallery at Sir COURTLY NICE, a Comedy I never miss for the sake of the Knight himself, HORHEAD, and TESTIMONY, all parts in themselves very diverting and excellently performed by the actors. Sir COURTLY's character exposes to an extravagance those shallow creatures, whose imaginations are wholly taken up with form and outside, and labour only at an excellence in indifferent things. To utter the words “Your humble servant,” and bow with a different air each time they are repeated, makes up his whole part in as pleasant a scene as any of the comedy. This puts me a-musing upon the force of being able to act fashionably in ordinary occasions, and filling up their part of the room with a tolerable good air, while there is nothing passing which engages the attention of the assembly or company to any one other point. It is monstrous to observe how few amongst us are able to do it, till half their life is passed away, and then at last they rather get over it as a thing they neglect, than behave

behave themselves in it as a thing they have ever regarded. This matter is no where so conspicuous as in an assembly of men of parts, when they are got together upon any great point, as at the College of Physicians, the Royal Society, or any other place where you have had an opportunity of seeing a good many English gentlemen together. I have been mightily at a loss whether this proceeds from a too great respect for themselves, or too great deference to others; but it seems to be partly one, partly the other. Whatever the cause is, I have often seen the effect to a very great degree of pleasantry. You shall in the instant a man is going to speak, see him stunt himself, and not rise within three inches of his natural height, but lean on one side, as if taken with a sudden *sciatica*; and it is ten to one whether he recovers, without danger of falling quite down with shifting legs; and I have known it, when a very ingenious gentleman has tried both his legs, almost to tripping himself up, and then caught at himself with his arms in the air, turned pale, and finding by this time all his speech stared out of his head by a set of ill-natured curs that rejoiced in his confusion, sat down in a silence not to be broken during his life. There is no man knows till he has tried, how prodigious tall he himself is: he cannot be let into this till he has attempted to speak in publick; when he first does it, in an instant, from sitting to standing up, the air is

as much too fine for him, as if he had been conveyed to the top of the Alps. You see him gasp, heave, and struggle, like an animal in an air-pump, till he falls down into his seat, but enjoys his health well enough ever after, provided he can hold his tongue. If the intended orator stand upon the floor, I have seen him miscarry by taking only too large a step forward, and then, in the air of a beggar, who is recommending himself with a lame leg, speak such bold truths, as have had an effect just equal to the assurance with which they were uttered. A too great regard for doing what you are about with a good grace destroys your capacity of doing it at all; but, if men would place their ambition first upon the virtue of the action, and attempt things only because it is their duty to attempt them, grace of action and becoming behaviour would naturally attend truth of heart and honesty of design; but, when their imaginations are bent only upon recommending themselves, or imposing upon others, there is no wonder, that they are seized with such awkward derelictions in the midst of their vanity or falsehood. I remember when I was a young fellow, there was a young man of quality that became an accomplished Orator in one day*.

The

* The young man of quality here alluded to was unquestionably the honourable DANIEL FINCH, eldest son to Daniel Earl of Nottingham, who was elected one of the knights of the shire for the county of Rutland in the ninth of Q. Anne,

The circumstance was this: a gentleman, who had chastised a ruffian for an insolence towards a kinswoman of his *, was attacked with outrageous language in that assembly; when his friend's name was ill treated from man to man, this ingenious youth discovered the utmost pain to those that sat near him, and having more than once said, 'I am sure I could fight for him, why can't I speak for him?' at last stood up. The eyes of the whole company were upon him, and though he appeared to have utterly forgot what he rose up to speak, yet the generous motive, which the whole company knew he acted upon, procured him such an acclamation of voices to hear him, that he ex-

Q Anne, and served for the same county in all parliaments whilst he continued a commoner. See STEELE's fine letter to him, prefixed to "The Roman Ecclesiastical History of late years;" printed with notes among STEELE's Letters, in 2 Vols. 1787. That letter is dated about a month after the publication of this Paper; and there, and in a note, the curious may see a circumstantial relation of the incident in the life of this nobleman here hinted at, and humorously disguised. It is sufficient to observe here, that it is a compliment paid by STEELE to Lord Finch, for speaking in his favour, when he was expelled the House of Commons for the publication of the "Crisis." This nobleman was unfortunately shut out at the close of the debate, and by this accident prevented from voting, which could however have been of no service to STEELE.

* The "ruffian," who had used the kinswoman of Lord FINCH with insolence, was the author of the "Examiner," who, in N^o 44, Vol. III. (April 24, 1713), has some gross reflections on Lady CHARLOTTE FINCH, daughter to Daniel Earl of Nottingham, afterwards Duchess of Somerset. See ADDISON's "Whig Examiner" and GUARD. N^o 51, and Note.

pressed himself with a magnanimity and clearness, proceeding from the integrity of his heart, that made his very adversaries receive him as a man they wished their friend. I mention this circumstance to shew, that the best way to do a thing as you ought, is to do it only because you ought. This thing happened soon after the Restoration; and I remember a sett of fellows, they called the *New CONVERTS*, were the chief speakers. It is true, they always spoke against their conscience; but having been longer used to do so in publick (as all are gifted at their meetings), they excelled all other prostitutes in firm countenances and stiff bodies*. They were indeed ridiculous, but they could bear to be ridiculous, and carried their points by having their consciences seared, while that of others lay bleeding; but I am got into chat upon circumstances of a higher nature than those of ordinary life, compliment, and ceremony. I was speaking of Sir Courtly's 'Your humble servant, madam.'

As for my part, I always approve rather those who make the most of a little understanding, and carry that as far as they can, than those who will not condescend to be perfect, if I may so speak, in the under parts of their character.

* This alludes to STEELE's expulsion from the House of Commons; and the spirited and severe censures in this and other Papers, was a rigorous but not an unmerited chastisement of his opponents, for their conduct on that occasion. See STEELE's "Apology, &c."

Mrs.

Mrs. PAGE said very justly of me one day (for, you must know, I am as mute as a fish in her presence) "If Mr. MYRTLE cannot speak for Love, and his mistress cannot speak out of decency, their affair must end as it began, only in dumb show." I have a cousin at the University, who lately made me a visit; I know him to want no learning, wit, or sense, if he would please to dispense it to us by retail. He can make an oration, or write a poem, but won't let us have any thing of his in small parcels. He is come indeed to bear our rallying him upon it without being furly. I asked him, if he should talk with a man who had a whole language except the conjunctions copulative, how would he be able to understand him? Small matters it is absolutely necessary to capacitate ourselves for: great occasions do not occur every moment. The Jew said very prettily, in defence of his frequent superstitious washings, and the like outward services, "I do these because I have not always opportunities to manifest my devotion in acts of virtue." I had abundance to do to make my cousin open his mouth at all. He and I one evening, had sate together three hours without uttering a syllable. I was resolved to say nothing till he began the discourse, but, finding the silence endless, I desired him to go down with me from my Lodge, and walk with me in the Piazza. We took two or three turns there in the dark in utter silence; at last said I to him, "Cousin Tom, this taciturnity

“turnity of thine, considering the sense I know
“thou hast in thee, is a vexation I can no longer
“endure with patience ; we are now in the dark,
“and I cannot see how you do it : but here give
“me your hand, let me, while I hold you here,
“entreat you to exercise the use of your lips and
“tongue, and oblige me so far as to utter, with
“as much vehemence as you can, the word
“*Coach*.” My youth took my friendship as I intended it, and as well as he could in a laughing voice, he cried “*C-o-a-c-h*.”—“Very well, “cousin,” says I; “try if you can speak it at “once.” With which he began to cry “*Coach*, “*coach* ;” pulling himself out of my hand. “No,” says I, “cousin, you shall not go till “you are perfect.” With that he called loudly and distinctly, insomuch that we had in an instant all the coaches from WILL’S and TOM’S about the Portico or Little Piazza. The fellows began to call names, as thinking themselves abused, since no one came to take coach : upon which one cried out, “What rascals are those in the “Piazza ?”—“You scoundrels,” said I, “what “are you good for but to keep your horses and “selves in exercise ? would you stare and stand “idle at coffee-house doors all night ?”

I went on with great fluency, in the language those charioteers usually meet with ; upon which they came down armed with whips, and my cousin complaining his sword was borrowed of another college, would not draw, and wondered I would bring myself and him into such a scrape.

He

He had not done speaking before a whip-lash took him on the cheek; upon which my young gentleman snatched my cane out of my hand, and found every limb about him as well as his tongue. I stood by him with all my might, and would fain have brought it to that, that my cousin might be carried before a justice, by way of exercise in different circumstances, rather than go on the insipid, dull, useless thing which an unmanly bashfulness had made him: but he improved daily after this adventure of the coachmen, and can be rough and civil as properly and with as good an air as any gentleman in town. In a word, his actions are genteel, manly, and voluntary, which he owes to the confidence into which I at first betrayed him, by the silly adventure I have now related.

* * * Next week will be published, "Memoirs of the Lives, Intrigues, Amours, and Adventures, of the most famous Gamesters and Sharpers in the reigns of K. Charles II. K. James II. William III. and Q. Anne. Wherein is contained the Secret History of Gaming, and all the most sharpening tricks and cheats used at Piquet, Gleek, Lantaloo, Bankafalet Basset, Primero, Cribbage, Hazard, Tricktrack, and all other English, French, Spanish, Dutch, or Italian games, played with Cards, Dice, or Tables. The whole calculated for the meridian of London, Bath, Tunbridge, and the Groom Porters, and may serve for all other places, without any error at all. By Theophilus Lucas, Esq; Printed and sold for Fred. Burleigh, in Amen Corner, 12mo. This publication, though it ill answers the expectations raised by its catchpenny title-page, illustrates in many respects the useful Papers against Sharpers in The TATLER. See TAT. with Notes, Vol. I. and II. *passim*. Edition of 1786, crown 8vo. 6 Volumes, with copper-plates.

Thursday,

N° 19. Thursday, April 8, 1714.

—*quid deceat, non videt ullus Amans.*

OVID. Ep. iv. 154.

* What's decent no true LOVER cares or fees."

OTWAY.

I SHALL be mightily in arrear with my correspondents, if I do not, for some time, appoint one day in the week to take into consideration their epistles.

The first that falls into my hands, out of a bundle before me, is from an unhappy man who is fallen in Love, but knows not with whom. Take his case from his own epistle.

* Mr. MYRTLE, April 3, 1714.

* I AM a young gentleman of a moderate
 * fortune, have spent the greatest part of my
 * time for these two or three years last past in
 * what they call *seeing the town*, but am now
 * resolved to marry, and forsake that unsettled
 * kind of life. My thoughts are at present divided
 * between two sisters; and as they are
 * both amiable, I cannot as yet determine which
 * to make my addressee to, but must beg your
 * advice in this critical posture of affairs. LUCINDA
 * has sense enough, is very handsome,
 * and

‘ and excellently well shaped ; her eyes com-
‘ mand respect from all who behold them ; it
‘ is impossible to see and not adore her ; she
‘ dances to the greatest perfection imaginable,
‘ and is in short every way so well accom-
‘ plished, that her charms would be irresistible,
‘ had she not too great a mixture of pride, and
‘ did not self-admiration in some measure ob-
‘ scure the lustre of her beauty. CELIA is not
‘ so handsome as her sister, yet is very pretty :
‘ when she talks she captivates her hearers, yet
‘ seems wholly ignorant at the same time of her
‘ own charms ; and when the eyes of the whole
‘ company are fixt on her, she with all the in-
‘ nocence in the world, seems to wonder at
‘ their attention, and rather apprehends that
‘ some defect in her person or conversation,
‘ than any perfection in either, is the cause of
‘ their earnest observance. When I am with
‘ CELIA, her agreeable easy conversation and
‘ good-humour ravish my soul, and it is then I
‘ resolve with myself to fix my thoughts on her
‘ alone ; but, when LUCINDA approaches, all
‘ my resolutions vanish, and I am CELIA’s no
‘ longer. I have endeavoured to search into
‘ my own thoughts as nicely as possible, and
‘ have at last discovered that it is LUCINDA I
‘ admire, but CELIA I love. I would therefore
‘ beg your advice which I ought to chuse, her,
‘ that by the delicacy of her face and shape,
‘ and stateliness of her mien and air, enforces
‘ my adoration ; or her that by the agreeableness
‘ of

‘ of her good-humour and conversation engages
 ‘ my love? An answer to this will be very ac-
 ‘ ceptable to your humble servant,

‘ CHARLES DOUBT.’

The circumstance of this gentleman puts me in mind of a paper of verses in Sir JOHN SUCKLING, upon two sisters, whose beauties were so equal and so like, that they distracted the choice and approbation of their beholders. While the eyes of their admirers were taken up in comparing their several beauties, their hearts were safe by being unresolved on whom of the two to fix. That witty author on this occasion concludes,

“ He sure is happiest that has hopes of either,
 “ Next him is he that sees them both together.”

My correspondent has not told me, that he has not easy access to both his young ladies; while he enjoys that, I cannot but propose the expedient of seeing them both together, as an effectual method towards coming to determination in this case, though it had the contrary effect in the case of the sisters reported by SUCKLING. If my correspondent has stated the matter right, CELIA will gain ground of LUCINDA; for beauty palls by intimate conversation; but good humour and affability gain new strength the more frequently they discover themselves. I expect this correspondent, provided he goes
 into

into my method, should give me an account how he finds himself, that I may note it in my book of receipts.

The next gentleman, I find, is extremely high in his fever, for he starts from one thing to another in the present hurry of his spirits, and makes it impossible for me to give any regular judgement of his condition. I find he is but lately fallen into it, and I must observe his future letters very attentively, before I can be able to prescribe any thing for his recovery. It is the nature of his disease, in the first place, that the patients think every man delighted with their ravings. The style of the letter seems to me to be that which the learned in Love distinguish by the sublime unintelligible; but take it from himself.

‘ Oh! Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ Had you seen her for whom my breast pants
 ‘ this moment, your ANNE PAGE had been as
 ‘ utterly no more, as CLEOPATRA who ruined
 ‘ ANTONY, or STATIRA who captivated ALEX-
 ‘ ANDER! Heedless man that I was—but what
 ‘ could wisdom have availed me after seeing
 ‘ her! As she is fair, she is also inexorable.
 ‘ Alas! that what moves passion should also be
 ‘ a check to our desires; and how miserable is
 ‘ his fate, who conceives despair from the merit
 ‘ of what inspires his admiration? Oh, dear sir!
 ‘ send me your advice; but I am sure I cannot
 ‘ follow

‘ follow it; and I shall not have time to shew
‘ you how much I am your humble servant,
‘ though I know I shall be yours till death,

‘ CINTHIO LANGUISSANTE.’

I shall end to-day’s work with this notable
piece of complaint from poor TIM. GUBBIN,
whose lamentation you must take in his own
words.

‘ Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ SINCE I writ to you last, I have visited
‘ this gentlewoman that I told you of, and
‘ whom I cannot be without every day in the
‘ week, except Sundays. You cannot imagine
‘ how very proud she is, and scornful, though
‘ at the same time she knows I am better born
‘ than herself; but she loves none but dis-
‘ semblers. The young spark, who I complained
‘ to you, was so much in her favour, told her
‘ such a parcel of lies the other day, that I told
‘ him to his face I wondered he was not ashamed
‘ on it. You must know I believe most of what
‘ he says is out of a book. I am loath to be
‘ quarrelsome; but if he talks, and makes a jest
‘ of me any longer, as I find he does, I’ll make
‘ him understand that I am as good a scholar at
‘ a rapier as himself. I only speak it to you
‘ as a case of conscience, and ask you the ques-
‘ tion, whether if a man has more wit than I,
‘ and uses it against me, I may not use what I
‘ think

‘ think I have more than he, against him? There-
 ‘ fore, if I may have your leave, I would try my
 ‘ young spark about the business of courage. I
 ‘ have told my mistress as much, but I don’t
 ‘ know what she means; but I think she has as
 ‘ mad a way of talking as he, and says the way
 ‘ to win her is to die for her myself, and if I
 ‘ won’t do that, not to interrupt people who are
 ‘ better bred than myself, who are willing to die
 ‘ for her. Prythee Mr. MYRTLE, tell me what
 ‘ all this means, for though I have a very good
 ‘ estate, I am as unhappy as if I were not worth
 ‘ a groat, and all for this proud minx. I am, Sir,

‘ Your most humble servant,

‘ TIMOTHY GUBBIN.’

* * * This day is published, “The Romish Ecclesiastical History of late years.” LOVER in folio, N^o 19.—A publication of STEELE, to expose the pageantry of the Romish Church, and impress serious minds with an abhorrence of its idolatry. It contains an account of the ceremonies of the last inauguration of Saints, at that time, by the Pope, with an addition of sundry collateral and contemporary circumstances, and secret passages; to which is superadded an Appendix of four numbers, for the contents of which the curious are referred to the book itself.

* * * In a few days will be published, “The Shepherd’s Week, in Six Pastorals,” adorned with cuts, designed and engraved by the best hands. Written by Mr. John Gay.

K

Saturday,

N^o 20. Saturday, April 10, 1714.

“ She dropt a tear; and sighing, seem’d to say,
 “ Young maidens marry; marry while you may.”
 FLATMAN.

I AM apt to believe the circumstances of the following letter are unfeigned, and therefore shall not labour to make them more entertaining by fabulous ornaments. I shall have, I dare say, enough to do in the progress of the matter, to shew my skill in LOVE; therefore let the following letter lie before the town, as a plain narrative of what I fear will have more incidents in it than it should have, were I myself either the son or the father in the narration. I appeal to the Tea-Tables on the matter.

‘ Dear Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ I HAVE long had a secret (and I hope no
 ‘ criminal) ambition to appear in your writings,
 ‘ and an equal desire to be under your direction.
 ‘ If therefore you have kindness enough to gra-
 ‘ tify the vanity of an enamoured female (who
 ‘ has a mind to be admired in coffee-houses,
 ‘ and is willing to believe, that by a little of
 ‘ your management she may make a tolerable
 ‘ figure among your LOVERS) and to convince
 ‘ the world that you are resolved to be as good
 ‘ as your word, by your readiness to give
 ‘ your

‘ your sage advice to those who need it, and
‘ humbly sue for it; I earnestly entreat you to
‘ print me off to-morrow, and at the same time
‘ to publish your opinion of the following case:
‘ for the gentleman, who next myself is most
‘ concerned in it, has perused the letter I now
‘ presume to send you, and has positively de-
‘ clared he will stand to your determination.

‘ Mr. CARELESS is a gentleman of the Middle-
‘ Temple: he was sent thither very young to
‘ study the law. He has a vivacity in all his
‘ words and actions, which has acquired him
‘ the esteem and good graces of a great many
‘ of our sex. This kind of happiness made him
‘ entirely neglect the chief design which brought
‘ him up to London. Coke upon Littleton
‘ grew mouldy and dusty in his solitary study;
‘ while he shined among the ladies in his coat
‘ turned up with velvet, and negligently graced
‘ with oil and powder. He better knew how
‘ to write a *billet-doux* than to engross a bill,
‘ and he was much more expert in repeating
‘ scraps of plays, than in wording a petition.
‘ A certain art he has, of saying the most com-
‘ mon things after an extraordinary manner,
‘ was of very great use to him in effectually re-
‘ commending him to those ladies, who are fond
‘ of that kind of innocent mirth which keeps
‘ virtue always in danger, and consequently
‘ alarmed, and not in a stupid security which
‘ tends neither to virtue or vice.—But, alas!
‘ where am I going?—I ask ten thousand par-
‘ dons,

‘dons, dear Mr. MYRTLE, for this long pre-
‘amble. What I am going to consult you in
‘is this. I am a young woman who have been
‘but fourteen these three years past (though to
‘you I may venture to own, that I was six and
‘twenty the first day of May last). My father
‘was an officer in the army, and though pretty
‘well stricken in years, yet no man was a greater
‘encourager of mirth and diversion than him-
‘self: this turn of humour in the good old
‘man made him extremely pleased with Mr.
‘CARELESS; and unless the business of his
‘family required his more serious attention, he
‘thought his hours passed slowly on, if young
‘CARLESS happened to be absent from our
‘house. This gentleman’s close intimacy with
‘my father gave him frequent opportunities
‘of being in my company; and he has often
‘in gaiety of heart called me his MARIA, his
‘Mistress, his Charmer, and has told me a
‘thousand times over he was in LOVE with me,
‘in a way which goes for no more than ‘Ma-
‘dam I like your company.’ However, Mr.
‘MYRTLE, you who seem no stranger to the
‘weaknesses incident to our sex, cannot but
‘imagine that a single woman, and no professed
‘enemy to matrimony, was not displeased at
‘such-like declarations from a pretty fellow,
‘that was young, lively, brisk, and did not
‘want wit. Though he was thus agreeable,
‘and I neither insensible of his perfections, nor
‘displeased at his addresses to me, yet my
‘modesty

‘ modesty laid too great a restriction on me, to
‘ permit me to discover to him at first the secret
‘ satisfaction I took in hearing him praise me,
‘ and how I was delighted when I listened to
‘ the declaration of his passion. What he
‘ prattled at last began to dwell upon me; I
‘ grew afraid that all his professions of this na-
‘ ture were mere amusements to him, till one
‘ evening, when we were all very merry in the
‘ parlour dancing country dances, and playing
‘ plays, he said somewhat to me in secret, which
‘ I fear I shall all my life wish I had never
‘ heard.

‘ I remember we were engaged at a play
‘ called *Servants and Mistresses*, when among
‘ the variety of gentlemen which were given
‘ me to chuse out of, I pitched upon Mr
‘ CARELESS as a gentleman the most agreeable
‘ to my fancy of any in the company. Upon
‘ which he rose up, made me a very modest
‘ and respectful bow; and when, according to
‘ the custom of the play, he had given a very
‘ graceful, and methought somewhat awful
‘ salute, he whispered me, and wished with a
‘ sigh, “that he might be so happy as to be
‘ my choice in earnest.” I hear the words still
‘ tingle in my ear. I stole my eye towards
‘ Mr. CARELESS the whole night after; and
‘ if he happened to compliment any of the
‘ ladies, I took particular notice of her coun-
‘ tenance, I could not help thinking her very
‘ ugly, and that she did not at all deserve to

‘ have any thing said in her praise : if he smiled
‘ at my cousin, who was tolerably handsome, I
‘ was ready to cry ; and when, in a fondling
‘ manner, he took my sister SALLY on his
‘ knee, methought my poor heart grew as heavy
‘ as lead. Well ! certainly my inquietudes all
‘ that night are not, and to Mr. MYRTLE need
‘ not, to be described.—But Mr. MYRTLE, to
‘ make short of my story, by mutual endear-
‘ ments and a reciprocal desire to please, Mr.
‘ CARELESS and I, from that time forward, be-
‘ came lovely and agreeable in each other’s eyes,
‘ I thought myself happy in his company, and
‘ a sight of him never failed to fill me with the
‘ most ravishing delight. He would often dis-
‘ course to me of Marriage, and long till he
‘ was of age that he might have me all his own,
‘ I conversed with him as with the man who
‘ was to have been my companion for life. I
‘ seldom dressed but on the day I expected a
‘ visit from him. Thus we lived and loved,
‘ for some months, till the malicious world
‘ talked of our behaviour, and made Mr.
‘ CARELESS’s father acquainted with our whole
‘ proceedings. He sends for his son. Oh Mr.
‘ MYRTLE ! how shall I describe my concern for
‘ his departure ! I dreaded his father’s power
‘ over him, and trembled when I considered
‘ that his father, who was able to leave him a
‘ good fortune, might possibly awe him into a
‘ neglect of me. Mr. CARELESS leaves me and
‘ London, in obedience to his father’s command.

‘ As

‘ As soon as he got home, he sent me word, his
‘ father severely menaced him, and swore so-
‘ lemnly he would not leave him a groat if he
‘ continued to love me, or entertained the least
‘ thought of making me his wife.

‘ In Mr. CARELESS’s absence my father and
‘ mother both die; and I survived them, an
‘ orphan of a very slender fortune. Mr. CARE-
‘ LESS writes a second letter, wherein he lets
‘ me know, that his father persists in his reso-
‘ lution; however, he assures me, that if I
‘ pleased, he would post to London unknown
‘ to the old man, and there marry me. I now
‘ had a difficult card to play. I reasoned thus:
‘ that if I took Mr. CARELESS at his word, I
‘ should thereby prove the unhappy instrument
‘ of making him guilty of disobedience, and
‘ by incurring his father’s displeasure, put his
‘ fortune in danger. I thought it would be no
‘ argument of my affection to involve the young
‘ man I pretended to love, in these dangers.
‘ After some struggle, my passion gave way to
‘ prudence; and I resolved to lose my LOVER,
‘ rather than take him at the expence of his
‘ fame or discretion. After I had wept heartily,
‘ I writ him a letter in the style of one who had
‘ never loved. I told him, I believed it most
‘ adviseable to lay aside the thoughts of a match
‘ which was attended with many difficulties,
‘ and could not but prove a very disadvantageous
‘ one to him, and if his father remained irre-
‘ concileable, to me too. Mr. CARELESS fol-

‘lowed my advice; he commended my freedom, ceased to be my LOVER, but continued to be my friend ever since.

‘Mr. CARELESS is now at age, unmarried, has attained to a plentiful fortune without the assistance of his father: I am still unprovided for, and confess Mr. CARELESS is this moment as much master of my heart as ever. Dear Mr. MYRTLE, be speedy in your determination, and say what you think should be Mr. CARELESS’s sentiments towards me. I wait with impatience for to-morrow’s Paper, which is seriously to determine the fate of your constant reader,
PRUDENCE LOVESICK.’

It is a very hazardous point to determine a matter attended with such nice circumstances; but supposing the facts are honestly stated, if the father of CARELESS has any taste of merit, he ought to give his consent to a lady to whom he owes so generous a refusal of his son, rather than be his daughter, when it was incommodious to the circumstances of his family; if an accession of wealth is thrown in, which ought to be accounted as a portion sent by Providence to take off all prudential objections that stood between the young lady and her happiness, I won’t say what the son should do; but if the father does his duty, it will have the same good effect on the LOVERS. Till that is refused, I shall not play the casuist in a case wherein no one can err, but with a guilt which cannot but be obvious to any man who has the least sense of humanity.

Tuesday,

N^o 21. Tuesday, April 13, 1714.

Natio Comæda est—— Juv. Sat. iii. 100.

“ All Greece is one Comedian.” DRYDEN.

I hope that people will trouble me no more with accounts of the CRABTREES*, I have admitted the following letter, though I am sick of a people so eminently made the objects of the contrary passion to that of Love.

‘ SIR,

‘ I READ in your Paper the other day, the letter of RICHARDETTO LANGUENTI, concerning the ridiculous and mischievous race of the CRABTREES. I must confess, I never thought words better put together or applied, than *mischievous* and *ridiculous*, for that unaccountable, lamentable, detestable, and every other word ending in *able*, under *tolerable*. You may see, Sir, by the hand in which I write, that I am a woman; and by the style and passion, that I am an angry woman; at the same time I don’t know whether I may write myself woman, only because I am of the

* See LOVER, N^o 12. N^o 14. &c.

‘ age of twenty-nine, since I am still a maid;
‘ but I am sure I should have been a woman
‘ before now, if it had not been for this dis-
‘ agreeable, I would say execrable race of the
‘ CRABTREES. As fast and as well as my pas-
‘ sion will let me, I will give you an account
‘ of my sufferings.

‘ I am the daughter of a gentleman of 400/.
‘ a year, who has several other children. Sir
‘ ANTHONY, always giving himself out for a
‘ great friend to the landed interest, as he calls
‘ it, has ever been in great credit with my fa-
‘ ther. To find portions, maintenance, and edu-
‘ cation, for a numerous family, my father has
‘ practised that natural improvement of a country
‘ gentleman’s estate, grazing cattle, and driving
‘ them to the market of London. He dealt for
‘ the whole with one eminent butcher in St.
‘ James’s Market, with whom he accompts
‘ once a year, and takes the payments which
‘ are made to the said butcher in balance of
‘ their accompts. You must know, there is a
‘ great lady in that neighbourhood, eminent for
‘ her justice and charity, who uses Sir ANTHONY
‘ as her Steward; the Knight has got a great
‘ estate by oppressing her tenants, and terrifying
‘ all people in her service with his great power
‘ in her. The lady above-mentioned owed
‘ my father’s correspondent, the butcher, a sum
‘ of money, which was to have been my fortune
‘ in marriage with an agreeable young man, the
‘ son

‘ son of a neighbouring gentleman. My father
‘ had so great a respect for this lady, that he
‘ engaged himself to take any demands upon
‘ her in payment without the least scruple. By
‘ Sir ANTHONY’s management, a third part of
‘ the lady’s debt to the butcher is paid in a
‘ coin I never heard of before, called *tin tallies*.
‘ My father has written to Sir ANTHONY, and
‘ offered them to ZACHARIAH his brother, they
‘ being out of my father’s way to know what
‘ to do with; but ZACHARIAH has told the
‘ poor butcher, who carried my father’s letter,
‘ and written to my father, that he cannot med-
‘ dle with them; but has gravely advised him
‘ to stick to the landed interest, and not mind
‘ projects, for so the half-witted impudent wretch
‘ calls receiving money for the product of his
‘ land. Thus, Sir, I have lost a good husband
‘ by this trick of Sir ANTHONY, and the whole
‘ race of them wonder why our family curses
‘ them; but, Sir, it is the nature of the CRAB-
‘ TREES to be blind to the evils they themselves
‘ commit, and do not think themselves guilty
‘ of mischiefs, wherein they are the original
‘ causes, except they are the immediate instru-
‘ ments. These gross abuses the graceless crew,
‘ by bragging of their power, have committed
‘ against all the world without being found out
‘ and thoroughly explained, till the devil who
‘ owed them a shame, prompted them to med-
‘ dle with those that could draw their pictures.
‘ I owed to you in the beginning of this
‘ letter

letter that I was an angry woman, and I think
I have made it out that I have reason for it.
I have nothing now left to divert my poor
aching heart from reflection upon its disap-
pointment, but gratifying my resentment
against the infamous cause of it. When I
reflect upon this race, especially the Knight
himself, I confess my anger is immediately
turned into mirth; for how is it possible that
an ungainly creature, who has what he is
writ in his face, should impose upon any
body? He looks so like a cheat, that he passes
upon people who do not know him from no
other advantage in the world, but that they
are ashamed to be governed by so silly an art
as physiognomy. With this mischievous
aspect there is something so awkward, so little,
and briskly comic in Sir ANTHONY's mien and
air, that one would think the contempt of his
figure might save people from the iniquity of
his designs; but Sir ANTHONY has the hap-
piness next to a good reputation, which is to
be insensible of shame, and therefore is as
smug as he is ugly. Forgive me personal re-
flections, but *ugly* is a woman's word for
knaveish. I observe, Sir, you affect putting the
sentence of some poet English or Latin, at
the top of your Paper; and as I desire you
would let my letter be as remarkable as pos-
sible, I beg you to put these words out of Sir
JOHN SUCKLING's play of "The Sad One,"
at the head of this my writing, except you
would

' would put in all my letter, which I had much
 ' rather you would: the place in Sir JOHN
 ' SUCKLING will agree well enough with the
 ' Knight; for though his name is ANTHONY,
 ' and SUCKLING has used the word ROBIN,
 ' every one of this country will think him meant
 ' when you do but say "The Sad One," for
 ' such indeed he is. The passage is thus. A
 ' poet and an actor are introduced discoursing
 ' about characters in a play. The actor is tell-
 ' ing the author, that he wonders why he will
 ' represent what cannot be in nature, an honest
 ' lawyer: "Why," says MULITICARNI (that
 ' is the name of the poet), "dost think it
 ' impossible for a Lawyer to be honest?" The
 ' actor answers,

"As 'tis for a Lord-Treasurer to be poor,

"Or for a King not to be cozened:

"There's little ROBIN, in debt within these three
 "years,

"Grown fat and full —"

' As for using the word *Treasurer* instead of
 ' *steward*, there is nothing in that, for Sir AN-
 ' THONY in a sneering way calls himself so, and
 ' pretends he deserves that word more than any
 ' one else who ever served her, though it is well
 ' known he has disparaged her more than any
 ' one that ever served any body; and my father
 ' says, since he has got me and the *tin tallies*
 ' lying upon his hands, that he will send you
 ' an account wherein he will prove, that if
 ' she

‘ she had given him a year’s income of all the
‘ has in the world to have nothing to say to
‘ him, she had saved above a year’s revenue
‘ by it. But there is no dealing with him;
‘ he has got all the country to call the honest
‘ man who managed her business before him *
‘ all the names that malice could invent; so
‘ that whenever he is dismissed, he knows he
‘ cannot be worse used than the best men have
‘ been before him. Thus Sir ANTHONY thinks
‘ himself secure against defamation; first, be-
‘ cause he deserves all the ill that can be said
‘ of him; and secondly, because the same thing
‘ has been said of those who deserve all the
‘ praise which language can bestow. I have a
‘ great deal more to say of the ugly creature,
‘ but I had like to have forgot BRICKDUST and
‘ ZACHARIAH. You must know they have dif-
‘ ferent apartments about Sir ANTHONY’s house,
‘ to examine every one who comes for money,
‘ or admit their accompts. These animals, if
‘ possible, are more hideous than Sir ANTHONY
‘ himself; they are both in town, and they are
‘ as much desired in the country as their arrival
‘ in it formerly was feared and dreaded. The
‘ Presbyterian MINISTERS in these parts have a
‘ very pleasant tale of ZACHARIAH, who it
‘ seems was made a trustee in a donation for
‘ ministers dissenting from the Church of Eng-
‘ land; the description of ministers dissenting

* Lord Godolphin, the preceding Lord Treasurer.

‘ from

‘ from the Church of England, suits as well
‘ with Nonjurors as Dissenters; and ZACHARIAH
‘ being a new convert forsooth to the church,
‘ has a pious compassion rather for those who
‘ were of our church, and are gone higher, than
‘ to those who will not come up to it, and there-
‘ fore, out of scruple of conscience, cheats the
‘ Dissenters. I desire you would be sure to print
‘ this, because it would be well that the truth
‘ were known; for some do not fail to say, that
‘ under the notion of its being a gift to pious
‘ uses, ZACHARIAH has reserved it for that good
‘ Christian himself. When ZACHARIAH went
‘ through the town of Worcester—but that is a
‘ long story—I had like to have forgot BRICK-
‘ DUST; but what signifies talking of him?—I
‘ remember a whimsical saying of one speaking
‘ of a silly creature with a manly aspect; he
‘ called him a Cole-black silly fellow, so I say
‘ BRICKDUST is a soft ugly cur, he has a phiz
‘ fit only for accusation and abuse; if he de-
‘ signed to commend, it would have that effect;
‘ and it is nonsense for you to set up for a LOVER,
‘ when you let these creatures go about to
‘ frighten women with child, and bear false
‘ witness against honest men. I fear I have said
‘ more than will come within your Paper, but
‘ pray do not leave any of it out, for my LOVER
‘ was a very pretty fellow, and was forced to
‘ leave me because of these cursed *tallies*.

‘ I am, dear Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ Very much your servant,

‘ SUSAN MATCHLESS.’

‘ Mr.

‘ Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ I BEG the favour of you to acquaint the
 ‘ town, that in the most necessary earthen-ware,
 ‘ I have, with great pains and curiosity, wrought
 ‘ round the exterior *superficies* of them, the
 ‘ true *effigies* of Sir ANTHONY CRABTREE, Mr.
 ‘ ZACHARIAH CRABTREE, and Mr. PETER
 ‘ BRICKDUST. They will be sold at all Potters’
 ‘ shops within London and Westminster on the
 ‘ 19th instant, and country customers may have
 ‘ them at a cheaper rate.

‘ RUBENS CLAYWRIGHT.’

N° 22. Thursday, April 22, 1714.

Secretum iter—

HOR. I Ep. xviii. 103.

“ A sequester’d state,”

SHARD.

“ Sacred from the world, retired, unknown.”

SPENCE.

THE business of Love alters in every family
 in England; and I must confess I did not
 sufficiently weigh the great perplexity that I
 should fall into, from the vast variety of cases,
 when I undertook my present province. The
 author of the following letters is in very whim-
 sical circumstances, which will be best represented
 by his epistles.

‘ SIR,

‘SIR,

‘AS I am about thirty, and of such a *round**
 ‘untroubled countenance as may make me ap-
 ‘pear not so much; I must complain to you of
 ‘a general calamity that obstructs or suspends
 ‘the advancement of the younger men in the
 ‘pursuit of their fortune. I now make Love
 ‘to the daughter of a man of business, who is
 ‘so fantastical as to threaten to marry the young
 ‘lady to a contemporary of his own, I mean
 ‘one of his own years. He says no young man
 ‘can be good for any thing but filling an house
 ‘full of children, without being wise enough
 ‘to know how to provide for them. Now, as
 ‘I am to succeed in Love as I can argue my
 ‘father-in-law into an opinion of my ability for
 ‘business, give me leave to think it not foreign
 ‘to your design, to print my thoughts concern-
 ‘ing the prejudices which men in one stage of
 ‘life have to those in another. The utmost in-
 ‘conveniences are owing to the difficulty we
 ‘meet with in being admitted into the society
 ‘of men in years, and adding thereby the early
 ‘knowledge of men and business to that of
 ‘books, for the reciprocal improvement of each
 ‘other. One of fifty as naturally imagines the
 ‘same insufficiency in one of thirty, as he of
 ‘thirty does in one of fifteen; and each age is
 ‘thus left to instruct itself by the natural course
 ‘of its own reflection and experience. I am
 ‘apt to think that before thirty a man’s natural

*“ — in seipso totus serēs atque rotundus.”

Hor. 2 Sat. vii. 86.

L

‘and

and acquired parts are at that strength, as, with a little experience, to enable him (if ever he can be enabled) to acquit himself well in any business or conversation he shall be admitted into. As to the objection, that those that have not been used to business are consequently unfit for it, it might have been made one time or other against all men that ever were born; and is so general a one, that it is none at all. Besides, he that knew men the best that ever any one did says, that “Wisdom cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise;” and my Lord Bacon observes, that those Governments have been always the most happy which have been administered by such as have spent part of their life in books and leisure, and instances in the government of *Pius Quintus* and *Sixtus Quintus* about his own time; who, though they were esteemed but pedantical friars, proceeded upon truer principles of state, than those who had had their education in affairs of state, and courts of princes. If this rule holds in the dispatch of the most perplexed matters, as of public politics, it must of necessity in that of the common divisions of business, which every body knows are directed by form, and require rather diligence and honesty, than great ability in the execution.

A good judgement will not only supply, but go beyond experience; for the latter is only a knowledge that directs us in the dispatch of
I matters

‘ matters future, from the consideration of matters past of the same nature; but the former is
‘ a perpetual and equal direction in every thing
‘ that can happen, and does not follow, but
‘ makes the precedent that guides the other.

‘ This everlasting prejudice of the old against
‘ the young heightens the natural disposition of
‘ youth to pleasure, when they find themselves
‘ adjudged incapable of business. Those among
‘ them therefore whose circumstances and way
‘ of thinking will allow them such freedom,
‘ plunge themselves in all sensual gratifications.
‘ Others of them, of a more regulated turn of
‘ thought, seek the entertainment of books and
‘ contemplation, and are buried in these pleasures.
‘ These pursuits, during our middle age,
‘ strengthen the love of retirement in the sober
‘ man, and make it necessary to the libertine.
‘ They gain Philosophy enough by this time to
‘ be convinced it is their interest to have as little
‘ ambition as may be; and considering rather
‘ how much less they need to live happily, than
‘ how much more, cannot conceive why they
‘ should trouble themselves about the raising a
‘ fortune, which in the pursuit must lessen their
‘ present enjoyment, and in the purchase cannot
‘ enlarge it.

‘ I confess, the impious and impertinent way
‘ of life and conversation of youth in general
‘ exposes them to the just disesteem of their
‘ elders; but where the contrary is found among
‘ any of them, it should be the more particular

‘ recommendation to their patronage. There
‘ are some observations, I have by chance met
‘ with, so much in favour of young men, that
‘ I cannot suppress them. As sincerity is the
‘ chief recommendation both in public and pri-
‘ vate matters, it is observed, that the young
‘ are more sincere in the dispatch of business
‘ and professions of friendship, than those that
‘ are more advanced in years: for they either
‘ prefer public reputation to private advantage,
‘ or believe it the only way to it. They are
‘ generally well-natured, as having not been
‘ acquainted with much malice, or soured with
‘ disappointment; the less disposed to pride or
‘ avarice, as they have neither wanted nor
‘ abounded. They are unpractised in the ways
‘ of flattery and dissimulation, and think others
‘ practise it as little as themselves. This arises
‘ from their boldness, as having not been yet
‘ humbled by the chances of life, and their
‘ credulity, as having not yet been often de-
‘ ceived.

‘ I shall conclude by saying, it is very hard
‘ upon us young fellows, that we are not to
‘ be trusted in business and conversation with
‘ those in years, till due age, together with its
‘ consequences, ill health and ill-humour, have
‘ marked us with a faded cheek, a hollow eye,
‘ a busy ruminating forehead, and in short
‘ rendered us less capable of serving and pleas-
‘ ing them, than we were when we were thought
‘ unable to do either. I beg your pardon for
‘ so

‘ so many serious reflections, and your leave to
‘ add to them a Love-letter to the father, in-
‘ closed in one to the daughter, and addressed to
‘ her for his perusal. I am, Sir,

‘ Your most humble servant.’

‘ MADAM,

‘ MY life is wrapped up in you. I dis-
‘ relish every conversation wherein there is not
‘ some mention made of you; whenever you
‘ are named, I hear you commended; and that
‘ gives ease to the torment I am in, while I am
‘ forced to smother the warmth of my affection
‘ towards you. You know your father is not
‘ displeased that I love you; but I am, I know
‘ not how, to prefer your interests to yourself.
‘ But all the business of the world is imperti-
‘ nence, and all its riches vexation, in compa-
‘ rison of the joy there is in being understood,

‘ Madam,

‘ Your most faithful,

‘ most devoted, humble servant.

‘ P. S. When your father asks whether I have
‘ writ, hide this, and show him the inclosed.
‘ Look displeased, and he will plead for me.

MADAM,

‘I have a great respect for you, but must beg
 ‘you would not take it amiss, if I can reckon
 ‘no woman a beauty whose father’s favour does
 ‘not add to her other qualifications. He is, as
 ‘I am, a man of business; and I doubt not but
 ‘he will acquaint you, that business is to be
 ‘minded. Your declaration, joined with his in
 ‘my favour, will make me more frequent at
 ‘your house; but till I know what I have to
 ‘trust to, I do not think it is proper for me to
 ‘intrude upon your time, and lose my own,
 ‘I am, Madam,

‘Your most humble servant.’

* * Her Majesty Q. Anne, having made a grant to Michael Maittaire, Gent. or to his Assigns, for printing and publishing all the Greek and Latin Authors in *twelves*, with compleat *indexes*; there are now published, by J. Tonson and John Watts, assigns of the said Michael Maittaire, very curious and correct editions in *twelves*, with copious and useful *indexes* to the works of the following Authors, *Terentius*, *Lucretius*, *Phædrus*, *Sallustius*, *V. Paternulus*, and *Justinus*, from *T. Pompeius*; there are several other authors in the press, and near finished; and this collection will be made compleat with all convenient speed. LOVER, in folio, —See the particular reason for reprinting this advertisement here, and a more particular account of MAITTAIRE, and this undertaking, in *The LOVER*, N^o 27, Let. to Mr. SEVERN.

Saturday,

N^o 23.

Saturday, April 17, 1714.

Quod latet arcana, non enarrabile, fibra.

PERS. Sect. V. 29.

With this intent I urg'd this bold request,
 To tell how deep you're rooted in my heart,
 To paint in words what words can scarce declare,
 The full and friendly feelings latent there. NEVILLE.

‘ MR. MYRTLE,

‘ **W**HEN you first erected your Lodge,
 ‘ you then took upon you to be a pa-
 ‘ tron of LOVERS, and at the same time promised
 ‘ your assistance to all those who should address
 ‘ themselves to you for advice, the better to con-
 ‘ duct them through all those paths of LOVE,
 ‘ which it is to be presumed, you have often
 ‘ trod before them.

‘ It is this consideration which emboldens me-
 ‘ to give you the trouble of this, without offer-
 ‘ ing at any formal apology for it. It is a
 ‘ mighty pleasure and a solid satisfaction to a
 ‘ man, to reflect that he has it in his power to
 ‘ be serviceable to others; and since I am con-
 ‘ fident of your ability, if you deny me the
 ‘ benefit of it, I shall grudge you the possession
 ‘ of such an advantage, and value you no more,
 ‘ though a master in the art of Love, than I
 ‘ would a miser for his wealth, when he poorly
 ‘ reserves it to himself, and cannot find in his
 ‘ soul to bestow the least part of it on the most
 ‘ needy and indigent.

L 4

‘ That

• That you may be the better able to pre-
• scribe, I shall beg leave to lay my real con-
• dition before you without art or dissimulation.
• I am, in plain terms, what you call a *Rover*,
• or a general LOVER. I am of the most per-
• verse, untoward, amorous constitution imagin-
• able; I have scarcely ever seen that female
• who had not some charm or other to catch
• my heart with; and I dare say I have been a
• slave to more mistresses than swell the account
• of COWLEY's ballad called "The Chronicle."
• I have frequently been lost in transports at the
• sight of a CHLOE or a SACHARISA, and have
• admired many an ugly CORRINNA for wit or
• humour. MYRA has charmed me ten thousand
• times with her singing; and my heart has
• leaped for joy when Miss AIERY has been
• dancing a jig, or ISABELLA has moved a
• minuet. It has burnt and crackled like char-
• coal at the flirt of a fan, and I have some-
• times fallen a sacrifice to an hooped petticoat.
• In short, there is scarce a woman I ever laid
• my eyes on, that I have not liked and loved,
• admired and wished for, the pretty, the wise,
• the witty, the gay, the proud, and the coquette,
• all, all from the fine lady down to the dex-
• trous MOLLY who waits with the kettle at my
• sister's tea-table, have made scars or wounds
• in my heart. And yet after all this—which
• is somewhat strange—my heart is as whole
• as ever—What I mean is this; that notwith-
• standing the multiplicity of darts which have
• been

‘ been shot at me, yet they never made any
‘ lasting impression on me, or have been able to
‘ throw me into an humour serious enough
‘ to think of Marriage. Though I confess,
‘ the temper I am now complaining of, has
‘ been exceeding troublesome to me, yet I could
‘ not help thinking Matrimony a cure worse
‘ than the disease. Beside, how shall I be cer-
‘ tain I shall not be the same latitudinarian in
‘ Love after I have swallowed the bitter dose?
‘ It is for this reason that I have long used my
‘ endeavours to find out some other remedy
‘ for my distemper; and to that end I have
‘ had recourse to all those famous physicians
‘ who have pretended to write for the good of
‘ those persons who have been in my whimsical
‘ circumstances.—But, alas! after a long and
‘ tedious consultation, among these mighty pro-
‘ fessors, I could not perceive myself one jot the
‘ better. I am convinced they are all a parcel
‘ of pretenders, and that I had no more reason
‘ to expect any benefit from them, than one
‘ afflicted with the gout has to hope for an in-
‘ fallible cure from your boasting sham doctors,
‘ who disperse their bills and advertisements
‘ through every street in London.

‘ The first I addressed myself to was that
‘ *Galen* in *Love*, OVID. The fellow had a
‘ smooth tongue, and really talked very prettily.
‘ He shewed me a great many soft letters of his
‘ own composing, told me some odd surprizing
‘ stories, made me sigh at his mournful elegies,
‘ and

‘and promised me, that if I would carefully
 ‘observe his rules, and follow those directions
 ‘laid down in his “Philo-Dispensatory, or *De*
 ‘*Arte Amandi*,” I need not doubt but my busi-
 ‘ness was done. He delivered this with so seri-
 ‘ous an air, that silly I began to believe him, and
 ‘gather hopes of a perfect recovery; till one
 ‘day, when I was giving great attention to
 ‘him, I heard him break off in the midst of
 ‘his harangue, and immediately cry out in the
 ‘exclamatory style,

‘*Hæc mihi! quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!*

‘“Nothing, alas! can cure the wounds of Love.*”

‘From that very moment I thought him an ig-
 ‘norant coxcomb, and never meddled with him
 ‘since.

‘The next I ventured upon was good ABRA-
 ‘HAM COWLEY: he was looked upon as a pro-
 ‘ficient in his way, and was very much in vogue
 ‘among the ladies, for gently handling their
 ‘hearts, and easily getting at their passions.
 ‘His greatest business lay among such as had
 ‘but newly received their wounds, and some
 ‘expected great refreshment from his balmy
 ‘compositions; but it has been said by others,
 ‘that he was the worst in the world at a green
 ‘wound, and that whoever took him in hand
 ‘when they were first hurt, they rather grew
 ‘worse than better. However, I was resolved
 ‘to undergo one course with him; I was intro-
 ‘duced into his company by a young cousin of

* OVID's Epistles, Oenone to Paris, translated by Cooper.

‘mine,

mine, who was at that time either in Love, or the Green Sickness, and in a little time I was intimately acquainted with his mistress. I was, I remember, mightily pleased to hear him tax the ladies, and justify his own fickleness, by asking them, could they call the shore inconstant which kindly embraced every wave?—Ah, thinks I! this is a doctor after my own heart—his case is exactly mine.—But alas! I had not kept him company long, before I discovered, that for all his skill in numbers, he was but an ignorant physician, since he could not cure himself. The third I went to was Mrs. BEHN. She indeed I thought understood the practic part of Love better than the speculative; but she was a dangerous quack, for a sight of her always made my distemper return upon me. I like some parts of her *LOVER's Watch*, and would have bought it from her; she told me she would hire the use out to me for a little time, but that she would not sell it outright.

The last I advised with was the most renowned ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq. He was a person of great note and fashion; had very good practice in this city for some years: he had acquired a large stock of fame and reputation for his experience in the world, his acquaintance with all the little weaknesses and infirmities incident to human kind, and was more particularly had in esteem for his knowledge and proficiency in the occult sciences.

From

‘ From a gentleman thus qualified, what might
‘ I not have hoped for? But, Sir, I soon un-
‘ derstood that all his predictions and prophecies
‘ were but dreams and fables to amuse and di-
‘ vert us, and that he understood himself very
‘ well when he called himself TATLER.

‘ And now, Sir, after all these fruitless and
‘ repeated enquiries, my last and only refuge
‘ is in you. You are certainly acquainted with
‘ all the secret springs of Love, and know the
‘ hidden causes which make my heart rise up
‘ to every she I meet. You cannot be ignorant
‘ how it comes to pass that my temper is so
‘ various, and my inclination so floating and
‘ changeable, that one object cannot confine
‘ them, but like a wandering bee they fly at
‘ every flower. I assure you, Mr. MYRTLE, my
‘ present disposition is what gives me great con-
‘ cern and uneasiness. Tell me how I may re-
‘ claim this volatile heart of mine, this desul-
‘ tory imagination, and keep it within bounds:
‘ shew me the way to fix it to one, or not love
‘ at all. I am not uneasy for your answer, for I
‘ must own to you I feel but very little pain;
‘ but in some distempers they say that it is an
‘ ill sign. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

‘ CHARLES LASIE.’

My correspondent is come already to the con-
dition he desires; for what is not confined to one,
is not Love at all; and my friend CHARLES
needs not further information in his case, but to
be told, that he does not labour under the passion
of LOVE, but the vice of *Wantonness*.

Tuesday,

N^o 24.

Tuesday, April 20, 1714.

“ There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too.”

WALLER.

TRUE Virtue distinguishes itself by nothing more conspicuously than charity towards those who are so unhappy as to have taken a contrary course; it is in the very nature of Virtue to rejoice in all new converts towards its interests, and bewail the loss of the most inconsiderable votaries. It would perhaps be thought a severity to make conclusions of the innate goodness of ladies at a visit by this rule. Beauty, Wit, and Virtue, in those conversations, generally receive all the diminution imaginable; and little faults, imperfections, and misfortunes, are aggravated not without bitterness.

DICTYNNA, though she is commended for singular prudence and œconomy, appears in conversation never to have known what it is to be careful.

DECIA, who has no virtue, or any thing like it but the forbearance of vice, cannot endure the applause of DICTYNNA. Ladies who are impatient of what is said to the advantage of others, do not consider that they lay themselves open to all people of discernment, who know that

that it is the want of good qualities in themselves which makes people impatient of the acknowledgment of them in others.

Among the many advantages which one sex has over the other, there is none so conspicuous as that the fame of men grows rather more just and certain by examination; that of woman is almost irreparably lost by so much as a disadvantageous rumour. This case is so tender, that in order to the redress of it, it is more safe to try to dissuade the aspersers from their iniquity, than exhort the innocent to such a fortitude as to neglect their calumny.

It should methinks be a rule to suspect every one who insinuates any thing against the reputation of another, of the vice with which they charge their neighbour; for it is very unlikely it should flow from the love of Virtue: the resentment of the virtuous towards those who are fallen, is that of *pity*, and that is best exerted in silence on the occasion. What then can be said to the numerous tales that pass to and fro in this town, to the disparagement of those who have never offended their accusers? As for my part, I always wait with patience, and never doubt of hearing in a little time for a truth, the same guilt of any woman which I find she reports of another. It is as I said unnatural it should be otherwise; the calumny usually flows from an impatience of living under severity; and they report the sallies of others against the time of their own escape. How many women would
be

be speechless, if their acquaintance were without faults. There is a great Beauty in town very far gone in this vice. I have taken the liberty to write her the following epistle by the penny-post.

MADAM,

I HAVE frequently had the honour of being in your company, and should have had a great deal of delight in it, had you not pleased to embitter that happiness by the unmerciful treatment you gave all the rest of your sex. Several of those I have heard you use unkindly, were my particular friends and acquaintance. I can assure you, all the advantage you had above those you lessened on these occasions was, that you were not absent, for the company longed for the same opportunity of speaking as freely of you. Believe me, your own dress sits never the better on you, for tearing other people's cloaths. While you are rifling every one that falls in your way, you cannot imagine how much that fury discomposes your own figure. You believe you carried all before you the last time I had the happiness to be where you were. As soon as your cousin (who you are too inadvertent to observe does not want sense) had mentioned an agreeable young lady whom she met at a visit in Soho Square: you immediately contradicted her, and told her you had seen the
lady,

‘ lady, and were so unhappy that you could
‘ not observe those charms in her. Her name,
‘ says your cousin, is Mrs. DULCETT: the same,
‘ said you. Your cousin replied, she is tall and
‘ graceful. You again with a scornful smile,
‘ she is long and confident. But says your kins-
‘ woman, I cannot but think her eye has a fine
‘ languor. I do not know but she might, said
‘ you, if one could see her awake; but that
‘ sleepiness and insensibility in them added to
‘ her ungainliness, makes me doubt whether I
‘ ever saw her, but as walking in her sleep.
‘ Well, but her understanding has something in
‘ it very lively and diverting. Ay, says you,
‘ they that will talk all, or have memories,
‘ cannot but utter something now and then that
‘ is passable. Your cousin seemed at a loss what
‘ to say in support of one she had pronounced
‘ so agreeable, and therefore she retired to the
‘ lady’s circumstances (since you had disallowed
‘ every thing in her person) and said her for-
‘ tune would make up for all, for she had now
‘ ten thousand pounds, and would, if her bro-
‘ ther died, have almost two thousand a year.
‘ This too you knew the contrary of, and gave
‘ us to understand the utmost of her fortune
‘ was four thousand, and the brother’s estate
‘ had a very heavy mortgage, and when cleared
‘ would not be a neat thousand a year. Your
‘ cousin, when you took so much pains to con-
‘ tradict her misrepresentations, grew grave with
‘ you, and told you, since you were so positive,
‘ you

‘ you were the only one in town who did not
‘ think Mrs. DULCETT, besides her being a
‘ considerable fortune, a woman of wit, that
‘ danced gracefully, sang charmingly, has the
‘ best mien, the prettiest manner in every thing
‘ she did, that she had the least affectation, the
‘ most merit, was——Upon which you, with
‘ the utmost impatience, after ruffling your fan,
‘ and riggling in your seat, as if you had heard
‘ your mother abused, rose up, and declaring
‘ you did not expect to be allowed one word
‘ more in the conversation, since your cousin
‘ had once got the discourse, left the room.
‘ Your cousin held the lady of the house from
‘ following you out, and instead of the anger
‘ we thought her in when you were in the
‘ room, fell into the most violent laughter.
‘ When she came to herself, she prevented what
‘ we were going to say on the occasion, by tell-
‘ ing us, there was no such creature in nature
‘ as Mrs. DULCETT, that she had laid this plot
‘ against you for some days, and was resolved
‘ to expose you for that scandalous humour of
‘ yours, of allowing nobody to have any toler-
‘ able good qualities but yourself: you see,
‘ said she, how suddenly she made objections,
‘ from the sort of character I gave the woman,
‘ assigning the proper imperfection to the
‘ quality in her according to my commendation.
‘ I think we said all together, “What, no such
‘ woman in the world!” “What, said the lady of
‘ the house, she to be so particular in the estate
M ‘ mort-

‘ mortgaged, and all those dislikes to one she
 ‘ never saw, to one not in being, to one you
 ‘ had invented !” — You may easily imagine what
 ‘ raillery passed on the occasion, and how you
 ‘ were used after such a demonstration of your
 ‘ censoriousness.

‘ I desire whenever hereafter you have the
 ‘ evil spirit upon you to lessen any body you
 ‘ hear commended, to think of Mrs. DULCETT :
 ‘ if you do not, you may assure yourself, you
 ‘ will be told of her ; among your acquaint-
 ‘ ance, whenever any one is spoken ill of, Mrs.
 ‘ DULCETT is the word, and no one minds what
 ‘ you say after you have been thus detected. I
 ‘ advise you to go out of town this season, go
 ‘ into a milk-diet, and when you return with
 ‘ country innocence in your blood, I will do
 ‘ justice to your good humour, and am, Madam,
 ‘ Your most obedient, humble servant,

‘ MARMADUKE MYRTLE.’

The painful manner women usually receive favourable accounts of one another, shows that the ill-nature in which this young woman was detected is not an uncommon infirmity. But let every woman know, she cannot add to herself what she takes from another ; but all that she bestows upon another will, by the discerning world, be restored ten-fold ; and there can be no better rule or description of a right disposition than this,

“ There dwelt the scorn of vice and pity too.”

The scorn of it, in virtuous persons, is in respect to themselves, the pity in regard to others.

N^o 25. Thursday, April 22, 1714.

—*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis*—

VIRG. ÆN. iii. 56.

“To what extremity dost thou not drive the
“human heart!”

‘To Mr. MYRTLE.

‘SIR,

‘I Suppose that you begin to repent you published my last letter to you, since your late indulgence to me occasions this frequent trouble. I don’t know Sir, what it may be to you, but I am sure it is real pleasure to me, to embrace all opportunities of shewing myself your humble servant; therefore give me leave to talk before so great a master of LOVE, and to use the trite simile of making a declaration of war before Hannibal.

‘AMONG all those passions to which the frailty and weakness of man subject him, there is not any that extends such a boundless and despotic empire over the whole species, as that of LOVE. The meek, the mild, and the humble, are strangers to envy, anger, and ambition; but neither the malicious, the cho-

M 2

‘leric,

‘leric, or the proud, can say their hearts have
‘been always free from the power of LOVE.
‘This has subdued the exalted minds of the
‘most aspiring tyrants, and has melted the most
‘sanguine complexion into an effeminate soft-
‘ness. An undaunted hero has been known to
‘tremble when he approached the fair; and
‘the mighty Hercules let fall his club at a
‘woman’s feet. The scholar, the statesman,
‘and the soldier, have all been Lovers; and the
‘most ignorant swain has neglected both his
‘flocks and pipe, to wooe DAPHNE or SYLVIA.

‘But though LOVE be a passion which is thus
‘common to all, yet how widely do its votaries
‘differ in their manner of address! The pleasing
‘enjoyment of the admired object is what they
‘all pursue; and yet few agree in the same
‘methods of obtaining their ends, or accom-
‘plishing their desires. Every LOVER has his
‘particular whim, and each resolves to follow
‘his own way. Some fancy money has a so-
‘vereign charm in it, and that no rhetorick is
‘so irresistibly prevailing as a golden shower.
‘Others think to take their mistresses as they do
‘towns, by bombarding or undermining them;
‘if they cannot beat them down by force of
‘arms, they will try to blow them up with false
‘musick. Some attempt to frighten their mis-
‘tresses into a compliance, and threaten to
‘hang or drown themselves, if they refuse to
‘pity them. Others turn tragedians, and ex-
‘pect to move compassion by a falling tear, or
‘a rising

‘ a rising sigh. Some depend upon dress, and
 ‘ conclude that, if they can catch the eye, they
 ‘ will soon seize the heart. One man affects
 ‘ gravity, and another levity, because some wo-
 ‘ men prefer the solemnity of a Spaniard to the
 ‘ gaiety of a Frenchman. An handsome leg
 ‘ has found the way to a widow’s bed; and a
 ‘ coquette has been won by a song or a caper.
 ‘ A prude may be caught by a precise look and
 ‘ a demure behaviour; and a platonic lady
 ‘ has lain with her humble servant out of a re-
 ‘ fined friendship, when she would not listen to
 ‘ a declaration of Love. Some will be attacked
 ‘ in mood and figure; and others will have it,
 ‘ that a great scholar will never make a kind
 ‘ husband. The witty CLARA is delighted with
 ‘ impertinence; and a celebrated toast has lan-
 ‘ guished for the beautiful outside of a painted
 ‘ butterfly. Some women are allured by the re-
 ‘ semblance of their own follies; and I have
 ‘ seen a rake, by the help of a whining accent,
 ‘ triumph over a sanctified Quaker.

‘ But of all the arts which have been prac-
 ‘ tised by the men on the other sex, I have not
 ‘ observed any kind of address which has been
 ‘ so generally successful as flattery. Whether
 ‘ it be, that by making a woman in Love with
 ‘ herself, you thereby engage her to love the
 ‘ person who makes her so (as who would not
 ‘ be apt to be fond of the cause which
 ‘ duces so agreeable an effect?) or whether pro-
 ‘ partiality and self-love, which most w the

abound in, does the more readily induce them
to believe that all the praise which is given
them is really due to their merit, and there-
fore they admire you for your justice; or
whatever other reason may possibly be assigned
for this weakness; I shall not now go about to
enquire; but so it is, that the shortest and
surest way to a woman's heart is through the
road of skilful flattery. This, like a subtle
poison, insinuates itself almost into every fe-
male, and a dose of it rightly prepared sel-
dom fails to produce an extraordinary opera-
tion. Like a delicious cordial, it meets with
an universal acceptance and approbation; while
sincerity and plain dealing are looked upon as
nauseous and disgustful physick. In opposi-
tion to what I here advance, it may perhaps
be said, we may love the treason, and yet hate
the traitor. How true this maxim may be in
politicks (treachery being a moral evil, which,
though of use to us for our safety, is yet suffi-
cient to beget an aversion in us towards the
wretch who is guilty of it), I shall not dispute;
but I am sure in Love affairs it will scarcely
hold. For she must be a woman of uncom-
mon virtues and qualifications, who can so
nicely distinguish between the gift and the
giver, as to refuse the one, and yet receive
the other. They do not think flattery a vice,
and therefore cannot be persuaded to dislike a
 Lover for being a courtier; nay, though they
are conscious of some of their own imperfec-
tions,

‘ tions, yet if their admirers are not quick-
‘ sighted enough to discern them, they are will-
‘ ing to impute their blindness to their love;
‘ nay though some defects are grossly visible
‘ even to the Lover, yet if he will compliment
‘ his mistress with what she really wants, I dare
‘ appeal to the whole sex, whether either such
‘ incense or the offerer of it be one jot nearer
‘ the losing their favour, and whether they are
‘ not ever delighted with both the delusion and
‘ the deceiver. But if they really believe them-
‘ selves as amiable as the flatterer tells them
‘ they are, then in point of gratitude they
‘ conclude themselves obliged to think kindly
‘ of their benefactor; that he is one none can
‘ deny, since the greatest kindness you can con-
‘ fer on a mistress are praise and commendation.
‘ These are those melting sounds, that soft mu-
‘ sic which never sounds harshly in a woman’s
‘ ear. Before I conclude this Paper, I shall re-
‘ late a story which I know to be fact.

‘ Miss WITWOU’D was a young gentlewo-
‘ man of good extraction and an handsome for-
‘ tune. She was exactly shaped, and very
‘ pretty: she dressed and danced genteelly, and
‘ sung sweetly: but notwithstanding these ad-
‘ vantages (which one would imagine were suf-
‘ ficient to make any one woman satisfied) she
‘ had an insufferable itch after the reputation
‘ of a wit. She fancied she had as much wit
‘ as she wanted (though indeed she wanted more
‘ than ever she will have); and this conceit made

her fond of scribbling and shewing her follies
that way, as taking great delight in ap-
plause.

My friend MEANWELL is a gentleman of
good sense and a sound judgement: he is a
professed enemy to flattery, and is of opinion
that to commend without just grounds, is to
rob the meritorious of that which only of right
belongs to them. He says a compliment is a
modish lye, and declares he would not be
guilty of so much baseness as to cry up a
beautiful fool for a wit, not even in her own
hearing, though he were sure to have his
falshood rewarded by the enjoyment of his
mistress. Undeserved applause is to him an
argument of either want of judgement or of
insincerity. and he resolves he will never go
about to establish another's reputation at the
expence of his own. With these honest use-
less qualities he has made long but fruitless
courtship to young Miss WITWOU'D. NED
COURTLY is a new but violent pretender to
the same lady. NED is a shallow well-dressed
coxcomb: he was bred at court, and is of a
graceful and confident behaviour, tempered
with civility. The shallow thing can wait at
a distance, and look at her, and with a smile
approach her, and say, "Your Ladyship is
divinely pretty!" He is wonderful happy also
in particular discoveries; and whenever he re-
news a visit to his mistress, she is sure of being
presented with some additional charm, which
would

‘ would have for ever lain concealed, had not
‘ NED most luckily found it out. NED quickly
‘ perceived Miss WITWOOD’s weak side, and
‘ carefully watched all opportunities of making
‘ his advantage of it. Miss grows enamoured
‘ of NED’s company, and begins to despise
‘ MEANWELL as an unpolished clown. She
‘ likes NED as she does her glass, and for the
‘ same reason, that it always shows her her
‘ beauties; and she takes as much pleasure in
‘ hearing him, injudiciously as he does it, give
‘ her also the beauties of her mind, as she does
‘ to see the glass reflect those of her body.
‘ One evening last week MEANWELL had the
‘ honour to sup with her; the cloth being taken
‘ away, she delivered him a copy of verses,
‘ which, she said, had been the product of her
‘ leisure hours, and desired the opinion of so
‘ good a judge. My friend had the patience
‘ to read them twice over, finds nothing extra-
‘ ordinary in them, so smilingly returns them
‘ with a silent bow. He was just going to
‘ speak his mind impartially, when in came
‘ NED COURTLY. He perused and hummed
‘ them over in a seeming rapture, looked at the
‘ lady and then at the paper for almost half an
‘ hour in full admiration—and then with a bet-
‘ ter air than ever critick spoke, he pronounced
‘ that the author of those verses had CON-
‘ GREVE’s wit, and WALLER’s softness, and
‘ that there was nothing so compleatly perfect
‘ in all their works.—The consequence of this
‘ was

‘ was—MEANWELL was discarded, because he
 ‘ would be rigidly honest in trifles; and NED
 ‘ made his mistress his wife, because in spite of
 ‘ nature he allowed her a poetess, or perhaps
 ‘ very justly, because he really thinks her so.

‘ I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

‘ VESUVIUS.’

N° 26. Saturday, April 24, 1714.

Durum; sed levius fit patientia
Quicquid corrigere est nefas. HOR. I Od. xxiv. 19,

“ Patience will teach me to resign,

“ When ’tis in vain to murmur and repine.”

HAMILTON.

‘ SIR,

‘ I FIND you are an author who are more
 ‘ inclined to give your advice in cases which
 ‘ raise mirth in your readers, than in those
 ‘ which are of a more serious and melancholy
 ‘ nature. But you know very well, that in vir-
 ‘ tuous Love there are many unhappy accidents
 ‘ which may lay a claim to your compassion,
 ‘ and consequently to your assistance. I myself
 ‘ am one of those distressed persons, who may
 ‘ come

‘ come in for my share of your concern. About
‘ eight years ago I married a young woman of
‘ great merit, who was every way qualified for
‘ a bosom friend, that is, for advancing the in-
‘ nocent pleasures of life, and alleviating its
‘ misfortunes. She had all the good sense I ever
‘ met with in any male acquaintance, with all
‘ that sweetness of temper which is peculiar to
‘ the most engaging of her sex. Life was too
‘ happy with such a companion in it; for I
‘ must tell you with tears, that she was snatched
‘ away from me by a fever about twelve
‘ months since. I was the more unable to bear
‘ this unspeakable loss, as having conversed with
‘ very few besides herself during the whole time
‘ of our marriage. We were the whole world
‘ to one another, and whilst we lived to-
‘ gether, though scarce either of us were ever
‘ in company, we were never alone. Being
‘ thus cut off from the society of others, and
‘ from the person who was most dear to me, I
‘ naturally betook myself to the reading of such
‘ books as might tend to my relief under this
‘ my great calamity; after many others which
‘ I have perused upon this occasion, I lately
‘ had the good fortune to meet with a little
‘ volume of sermons just published, intituled,
‘ “Of Contentment, Patience, and Resignation
‘ to the Will of God, in several Sermons, by
‘ ISAAC BARROW, D. D.”

‘ The duty of Contentment is so admirably
‘ explained, recommended, and enforced by ar-
‘ guments

“guments drawn from reason and religion, that
“it is impossible to read what he has said on
“this subject without being the better for it.
“I shall beg leave to transcribe two or three
“passages which more immediately affected me,
“as they came home to my own condition.

“The death of friends doth, it may be, oppress thee with sorrow. But canst thou lose thy best friend? Canst thou lose the presence, the conversation, the protection, the advice, the succour of God? Is he not immortal, is he not immutable, is he not inseparable from thee? canst thou be destitute of friends, whilst he stands by thee? Is it not an affront, an heinous indignity to him, to behave thyself as if thy happiness, thy welfare, thy comfort, had dependence on any other but him? Is it not a great fault to be unwilling to part with any thing, when he calleth for it? Neither is it a loss of thy friend, but a separation for a small time; he is only parted from thee, as taking a little journey, or going for a small time to repose; within a while we shall be sure to meet again, and joyfully to congratulate, if we are fit, in a better place, and more happy state; *præmissimus, non amissimus*; we have sent him thither before, not quite lost him from us.

“Thy friend, if he be a good man (and in such friendships only, we can have a true satisfaction) is himself in no bad condition, and doth not want thee; thou canst not
“therefore

“ therefore reasonably grieve for him ; and to
“ grieve only for thyself, is perverse selfishness
“ and fondness.”

‘ What follows runs on in the same vein of
‘ good sense, though it is a consolation which I
‘ myself cannot make use of.

“ But thou hast lost a great comfort of thy
“ life, and advantage to thy affairs here ? Is it
“ truly so ? is it indeed an irreparable loss, even
“ secluding the consideration of God, whose
“ friendship repaireth all possible loss ? what is
“ it, I pray, that was pleasant, convenient, or
“ useful to thee in thy friend, which may not
“ in good measure be supplied here ? Was it a
“ sense of hearty good-will, was it a sweet free-
“ dom of conversation, was it sound advice, or
“ kind assistance in thy affairs ? And mayst thou
“ not find those which are alike able, and will-
“ ing, to minister those benefits ? May not the
“ same means, which knit him to thee, con-
“ ciliate others also to be thy friends ? He did
“ not alone surely possess all the good-nature,
“ all the fidelity, all the wisdom in the world,
“ nor hath carried them all away with him ?
“ Other friends therefore thou mayst find to
“ supply his room ; all good men will be
“ ready, if thou art good, to be thy friends :
“ they will heartily love thee, they will be
“ ready to cheer thee with their sweet and
“ wholesome society, to yield thee their best
“ counsel, and help upon any occasion. ’ Is it
“ not therefore a fond and unaccountable affec-
“ tion

“tion to a kind of personality, rather than
“want of a real convenience, that disturbeth
“thee?

“In fine, the same reasons which in any other
“loss may comfort us, should do it also in this;
“neither a friend, nor any other good thing, we
“can enjoy under any security of not soon los-
“ing it: our welfare is not annexed to one
“man, no more than to any other inferior
“thing; this is the condition of all good things
“here, to be transient and separable from us,
“and accordingly we should be affected to-
“wards them.

“*Fragile fractum est, mortale mortuum est.*”

“Give me leave to cite also out of this great
“author a very agreeable story which is taken
“from JULIAN’S Epistles, and which perhaps
“pleases me the more, as it is applicable to my
“own case.

“When once a great king did excessively
“and obstinately grieve for the death of his
“wife, whom he tenderly loved, a Philosopher
“observing it, told him that he was ready to
“comfort him, by restoring her to life, sup-
“posing only that he would supply what was
“needful towards the performing it. The king
“said, he was ready to furnish him with any
“thing, The Philosopher answered that he was
“provided with all things necessary except one
“thing: what that was the king demanded;
“he

“ he replied, that if he would upon his wife’s
“ tomb inscribe the names of three persons who
“ never mourned, she presently would revive.
“ The king, after enquiry, told the Philoso-
“ pher that he could not find one such man.
“ Why then, O absurdest of all men (said the
“ Philosopher smiling), art thou not ashamed
“ to moan as if thou hadst alone fallen in-
“ to so grievous a case; when as thou
“ canst not find one person that ever was free
“ from such domestic affliction. So might
“ the naming one person, exempted from in-
“ conveniences like to those we undergo, be
“ safely proposed to us as a certain cure of
“ ours; but if we find the condition impossible,
“ then is the generality of the case a sufficient
“ ground of content to us; then may we, as
“ the wise poet adviseth, solace our own evils
“ by the evils of others.”

‘ I have observed, Sir, in your Writings many
‘ hints and observations upon the most com-
‘ mon subjects, which appeared new to me; I
‘ should therefore beg of you to turn your
‘ thoughts upon that melancholy accident which
‘ is the occasion of this letter. If you can give
‘ me any additional motives of comfort, I shall
‘ receive them as a very great piece of charity;
‘ and I believe you may oblige many others
‘ who are under the same kind of affliction, as
‘ well as, Sir, your most humble servant,

‘ R. B.’

This

This gentleman has too favourable an opinion of me, if he thinks me capable of adding any thing material to what has been handled by the excellent author whom he has mentioned in his letter. That learned man always exhausts his subjects, and leaves nothing for those who come after him. He was not only a great divine, but was perfectly well acquainted with all the ancient writers of morality, whose thoughts he has every where digested into his writings; and at the same time, had a most inexhaustible fund of observation and good sense in himself. He has scarce a sermon that might not be spun out into a hundred modish discourses from the pulpit; for which reason I am very glad to find, that we are likely to have a new edition of his works.

N° 27. Tuesday, April 27, 1714.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter Artes

Emollit mores——

OVID.

“Ingenuous arts the human soul refine.”

ANON.

AMONG the many letters of correspondents, I have of late received but very few which are not mixed with satire. I am a little tired with such ideas as the reading
those

those performances raise in the mind; so are those who imagine they are alluded to by what has passed through my hands, and I doubt not but my readers in general cease also to be delighted with that kind of reflection. When therefore it is irksome to us all, it is time to pass to more pleasing arguments. But as I told the town at my first setting out, that Mr. SEVERN was my favourite of all the characters which I have represented to compose our little CLUB mentioned in my first Paper, I shall declare myself further on this subject, by printing my letter I have writ to Mr. SEVERN, which he will receive to-morrow morning.

‘ To Mr. SEVERN.

‘ S I R,

‘ THIS comes with a sett of Latin authors
 ‘ just now published by TONSON *. You see
 ‘ they are in twelves, and fit to be carried
 ‘ on occasion in the pocket. He sent me two
 ‘ setts, one for myself, the other for the gentle-
 ‘ man whom I meant by Mr. SEVERN. You
 ‘ will please therefore to accept the present he
 ‘ makes you. You need not be enjoined to be
 ‘ partial to them as they are a gift; for, as you
 ‘ will observe, Mr. MAITTAIRE has had the
 ‘ care of the edition, you need not be further

* See LOVER, N^o 24; *Advertisement*.

N

‘ encouraged

‘ encouraged to recommend them to your
‘ friends and acquaintance. The learned world
‘ is very much obliged to that gentleman for
‘ his useful labours; and his elegant addressees
‘ (to those to whom he dedicates the book, as
‘ well as) to the readers in general, shew him a
‘ perfect master in what he undertakes, for he
‘ introduces his authors in a style as pure as
‘ their own. You know he had the good fortune
‘ to live in the favour, and, as it were,
‘ under the patronage of the famous Dr. Bus-
‘ BY, to whose great talents and knowledge in
‘ the genius of men we owe very great orna-
‘ ments of this age, and the supply of men of
‘ letters and capacity for many generations, or
‘ rather classes of remarkable men during his
‘ long and eminent life. I must confess (and
‘ I have often reflected upon it), that I am of
‘ opinion BUSBY’s genius for education had as
‘ great an effect upon the age he lived in, as
‘ that of any ancient Philosopher, without ex-
‘ cepting one, had upon his contemporaries.
‘ Though I do not perceive that admirable man
‘ is remembered by them, at least not recorded
‘ by them, with half the veneration he deserves;
‘ I have known great numbers of his scholars,
‘ and am confident, I could discover a stranger
‘ who had been such with a very little conver-
‘ sation: those of great parts, who have passed
‘ through his instruction, have such a peculiar
‘ readiness of fancy and delicacy of taste, as is
‘ seldom found in men educated elsewhere,
‘ though

' though of equal talents; and those who were
 ' of slower capacities have an arrogance (for
 ' learning without genius always produces that)
 ' which sets them much above greater merit that
 ' grew under any other gardener. He had a power
 ' of raising what the lad had in him to the ut-
 ' most height in what nature designed him;
 ' and it was not his fault, but the effect of
 ' nature, that there were no indifferent people
 ' came out of his hands; but his scholars were
 ' the finest gentlemen, or the greatest pedants,
 ' in the age. The soil which he manured al-
 ' ways grew fertile; but it is not in the planter
 ' to make flowers of weeds; but whatever it
 ' was, under BUSBY's eye, it was sure to get
 ' forward towards the use for which nature de-
 ' signed it.

' But I forgot what I sat down to write
 ' upon, which was to hand to you these pretty
 ' volumes of Terence, Sallust, Phædrus, Lu-
 ' cretius, Velleius Paterculus, and Justin; but,
 ' it will be said, how comes this matter to have
 ' at all a place in the LOVER? Why very pro-
 ' perly; for to you, whose chief art in recom-
 ' mending yourself is to act and speak like a
 ' man of virtue and sense, that which con-
 ' tributes to make you wiser and better is
 ' serviceable to you, as you are a Gentleman
 ' and a LOVER. Take my word for it, the
 ' oftener you take these books in your hand,
 ' you will find your mind the more prepared
 ' for doing the most ordinary things with a

‘ good grace and spirit ; that is, the agreeable
‘ thoughts of these writers frequently employ-
‘ ing your imagination will naturally and in-
‘ sensibly affect your words and actions. It
‘ will, in a greater degree, do what good com-
‘ pany does to all who frequent it, make you in
‘ your air and mien like those with whom you
‘ converse.

‘ Mr. MAITTAIRE has promised to go thro’
‘ the best remaining authors with the same dili-
‘ gence: the large indexes, which lead with so
‘ much ease to any beautiful passage one has a
‘ mind for, are of great use and pleasure. They
‘ are made with so much judgement and care,
‘ that they serve the purpose of an abbreviation
‘ of the book, and carry a secret instruction, in
‘ that they lay the sense of the author still closer
‘ in words of his own, or as good as his own.
‘ I am mighty well content with the province
‘ of being esteemed but a publisher, if I can
‘ be so happy as to quicken the passage of use-
‘ ful arts in the world ; and I wish this Paper’s
‘ coming, where otherwise works of this kind
‘ would not be spoken of, may be of any use
‘ to a man who deserves so well of all lovers
‘ of learning as Mr. MAITTAIRE. Perhaps a
‘ fond mother may, by my means, lighten her
‘ son’s satchel, and get him these little volumes
‘ instead of the heavy load the boy was before
‘ encumbered with; and her own eyes may
‘ judge, that this is a print which cannot hurt
‘ the child’s.

‘ But

‘ But I must leave these ancients, and give a
‘ cast of my office to a living writer, a sister of
‘ the quill.

‘ The sentiments and inclinations of my mind
‘ are so naturally turned to LOVE, that it is with
‘ a great deal of pleasure I frequent the play-
‘ house, where I have often an opportunity of
‘ seeing this passion represented in all its differ-
‘ ent shapes. I have for some years been
‘ so constant a customer to the theatre, that I
‘ have got most of our celebrated plays by
‘ heart; for which reason it is with more than
‘ ordinary pleasure that I hear the actors give
‘ out a new one. It is no small satisfaction to
‘ me, that I know we are to be entertained to-
‘ night with a comedy from the same hand that
‘ writ “The Gamester” and “The Busy Body.”
‘ The deserved success these plays met with
‘ is a certain demonstration that Wit alone is
‘ more than sufficient to supply all the rules
‘ of Art. The incidents in both those pieces
‘ are so dexterously managed, and the plots so
‘ ingeniously perplexed, as shew them at once
‘ to be the invention of a Wit and a Woman.
‘ The curious will observe the same happy con-
‘ duct in the entertainment of this night; and
‘ as we have but one British lady * who employs
‘ her genius for the *Drama*, it would be a shame-
‘ ful reflection on the polite of both sexes,

* This was Mrs. CENTLIVRE. The new Comedy here
alluded to is “The Wonder.”

‘ should she want any encouragement the town
 ‘ can give her, I desire your interest in her be-
 ‘ half; and am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
 ‘ MARMADUKE MYRTLE.’

N^o 28. Thursday, April 29, 1714.

— *Nihil invita tristis custodia prodest:*
Quam peccare pudet, Cynthia, tuta sat est.

PROPERT. 2 El. vi. 39.

‘ Th’ ingenuous Fair, whom modest shame defends,
 ‘ Is ever guarded by the best of friends.” ANON.

MY Correspondents shall do my business
 for me to-day.

‘ Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ I THROW this letter from two pair of
 ‘ stairs, with half a crown with it, in an old
 ‘ glove, in hopes he that takes it up (for I am
 ‘ watching till a porter, or some such body,
 ‘ passes by) will carry it to your LODGE. I
 ‘ have none to complain to but yourself. I am
 ‘ locked up, for fear of making my escape to a
 ‘ gentleman, whose addresses I received by my
 ‘ father’s approbation, though now his preten-
 ‘ sions are disallowed for the sake of a richer
 ‘ man. I have no help in this miserable con-
 ‘ dition,

' dition, nor means to relieve myself, but by
 ' desiring you to print the inclosed in your very
 ' next LOVER. The gentleman who is to marry
 ' me has visited me twice or thrice alone; and
 ' indeed I see such infallible marks of the most
 ' unfeigned and respectful passion towards me,
 ' that it is with great anguish I write to him in
 ' the sincerity of my heart, which I know will
 ' be a sincere affliction to him. It is no matter
 ' for a direction by his name: he reads your
 ' Paper, and will too soon gather that the cir-
 ' cumstances of my letter can concern only him-
 ' self.'

" SIR,

" IT is a very ill return which I make to the
 " respect you have for me, when I acknow-
 " ledge to you, that, though the day for our
 " marriage is appointed, I am incapable of lov-
 " ing you: you may have observed, in the
 " long conversations we have had at those times
 " that we were lately left together, that some
 " secret hung upon my mind: I was obliged to
 " an ambiguous behaviour, and durst not re-
 " veal myself further, because my mother,
 " from a closet near the place where we sat,
 " could both hear and see our conversation.
 " I have strict commands from both my parents
 " to receive you, and am undone for ever, ex-
 " cept you will be so kind and generous as to
 " refuse me. Consider, Sir, the misery of be-

N 4.

" stowing

“flowing yourself upon one who can have no
 “prospect of happiness but from your death.
 “This is a confession made perhaps with an
 “offensive sincerity; but that conduct is much
 “to be preferred to a covert dislike, which
 “could not but pall all the sweets of life, by
 “imposing on you a companion that doats and
 “languishes for another. I will not go so far
 “as to say, my passion for the gentleman, whose
 “wife I am by promise, would lead me to any
 “thing criminal against your honour; I know
 “it is dreadful enough to a man of your sense
 “to expect nothing but forced civilities in re-
 “turn for tender endearments, and cold esteem
 “for undeserved LOVE. If you will on this
 “occasion let reason take place of passion, I
 “doubt not but fate has in store for you some
 “worthier object of your affection, in recompence
 “of your goodness to the only woman that could
 “be insensible of your merit. I am, Sir,
 “Your most humble servant,
 “M. H.”

‘Mr. MYRTLE,

‘I AM a young woman perfectly at my own
 ‘liberty, two and twenty, in the height and
 ‘affluence, of good health, good fortune, and
 ‘good humour; but, I know not how, I must
 ‘acknowledge there is something solitary and
 ‘distrest in the very natural condition of our
 ‘sex, till we have wholly rejected all thoughts
 ‘of

' of Marriage, or made our choice. The man
 ' has not yet appeared to these eyes, whom I
 ' could like for a husband. I therefore apply
 ' myself to you, to let the town know there is,
 ' not many furlongs from your Lodge, one that
 ' lives with too much ease, and is undone for
 ' want of that acceptable kind of uneasiness, the
 ' importunity of LOVERS. If you can send me
 ' half a dozen, I promise to take him who ad-
 ' dresses me with most gallantry and wit, and
 ' to yield to one of them within six months
 ' after their first declaration that they are my
 ' servants; but at the same time I expect them
 ' to fight one another for me, and promise to
 ' be particularly civil to him who first has his
 ' arm in a scarf for my sake. I expect that
 ' they turn their fury and skill towards disarm-
 ' ing, or slightly wounding, not killing, one ano-
 ' ther; for I shall not take it for respect to
 ' me to lessen the number of my slaves: at the
 ' same time, the conquered is to beg, and the
 ' victor is to give life for my sake only. You
 ' must know Sir, I value more being envied
 ' by women, than loved by men; and there is
 ' nothing proclaims a Beauty so effectually, as
 ' an interview of her Lovers behind Montague-
 ' house. In hopes of a serenade soon after
 ' the publication of this letter, I rest in dull
 ' tranquillity,

' Your most affectionate humble servant,

' CLIDAMIRA'.

' Mr.

‘ Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ YOU must know I am one of those cox-combs who know myself to be abused, but have not resolution enough to resent it as I ought: to tell you plainly, I am a kind keeper, and know myself to be the most servile of cuckolds, for I am wronged by a woman whom I may part with when I please, but am afraid that *when I please* will never happen. As other people write verses and sonnets to deplore the cruelty of their mistress, I could think of nothing better this morning than diverting myself, and soothing my folly by the example of men of wit, who have formerly been in my condition. I was glad to meet an epigram of a gentleman I suppose your Worship is acquainted with, that hit my condition; and make you a present of it, as I have improved and translated it in the janty style “of a man of wit and pleasure about the town.” Pray allow me to call her *my dear* for the rhyme sake; for I never writ verses till she vexed me:

De infamiâ suæ puellæ.

Rumor ait crebro nostram peccare puellam;

Nunc ego me surdis auribus esse velim.

Crimina non hæc sunt nostro sine facta dolore:

Quid miserum torques, rumor acerbe? tace.

“ The town reports the falshood of my dear,
 “ To which I cry, Oh, that I could not hear!
 “ I love her still; peace then, thou babbler Fame,
 “ And let me rest contented in my shame!”

‘ Pray

‘ Pray give my humble service to Mrs. PAGE;
 ‘ you honourable LOVERS have a good conscience
 ‘ to support you in your vexations; but we
 ‘ alas—I am your humble servant,
 ‘ GILES LIMBERHAM.’

N^o 29. Saturday, May 1, 1714.

*Quis desilerto sit pudor aut modus
 Tam chari capitis?* HOR. I Od. xxiv. 1.

“ What shame, what bounds can sorrow know,
 “ While tears for such a friend so justly flow?”
 DUNCOMBE.

THE reader may remember that in my first Paper I described the circumstances of the persons, whose lives and conversations my future discourses should principally describe. Mr. OSWALD, who is a widower, and in the first year of that distressed condition, having absented himself from our meetings, I went to visit him this evening. My intimacy made the servant readily conduct me to him, though he had forbidden them to let any body come at him. I found him leaning at a table with a book before him, and saw methoughts a concern in him much deeper than that seriousness which arises from reading only, though the matter upon which a man has been employed has

has been never so weighty. He saw in me I believe, a friendly curiosity to know what put him into that temper, and began to tell me that he had been looking over a little collection of books of his wife; and said it was an inexpressible pleasure to him, that though he thought her a most excellent woman, he found, by perusing little papers and minutes among her books, new reasons for loving her. This, continued he, now in my hand, is "The Contemplations, Moral and Divine, of Sir Matthew Hale:" she has turned down, and written little remarks on the margin as she goes on. In order to give you a notion of her merit and good sense, pray give me leave to read three or four paragraphs which she has marked with this pencil. He here looked upon the pencil, till the memory of some little incident, of which it reminded him, filled his eyes with tears; which, to hide new reasons for loving her (but he only discovered his grief the more), he began in a broken voice to read Sir MATTHEW's second chapter, in his discourse of RELIGION.

"The truth and spirit of RELIGION comes in a narrow compass, though the effect and operation thereof are large and diffusive. Solomon comprehended it in a few words, "Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man:" the soul and life of religion is the fear of God, which is the principle of obedience; but obedience to his commands,

‘mands, which is an act or exercise of that
‘life, is various, according to the variety of
‘the commands of God. If I take a kernel of
‘an acorn, the principle of life lies in it: the
‘thing itself is but small, but the vegetable
‘principle that lies in it takes up a less room
‘than the kernel itself, little more than the
‘quantity of a small pin’s head, as is easy to be
‘observed by experiment: but the exercise of
‘that spark of life is large and comprehensive
‘in its operation; it produceth a great tree,
‘and in that tree the sap, the body, the bark,
‘the limbs, the leaves, the fruit: and so it is
‘with the principles of *True* RELIGION; the
‘principle itself lies in a narrow compass, but
‘the activity and energy of it is diffusive and
‘various.

‘This principle hath not only productions
‘that naturally flow from it, but where it is, it
‘ferments and assimilates, and gives a kind of
‘tincture even to other actions that do not in
‘their own nature follow from it, as the nature
‘and civil actions of our lives; under the
‘former was our Lord’s parable of a *Grain of*
‘*Mustard-seed*, under the latter of his com-
‘parison of LEAVEN, just as we see in other
‘things of nature. Take a little red wine, and
‘drop it into a vessel of water, it gives a new
‘tincture to the water; or take a grain of salt
‘and put it into fresh liquor, it doth com-
‘municate itself to the next adjacent part of
‘the liquor, and that again to the next, until
‘the

' the whole be fermented: so that small and
 ' little vital principle of the fear of God doth
 ' gradually, and yet suddenly, assimilate the
 ' actions of our life flowing from another prin-
 ' ciple. It rectifies and moderates our affections,
 ' and passions, and appetites; it gives truth to
 ' our speech, sobriety to our senses, humility to
 ' our parts, and the like.

' RELIGION is best in its simplicity and purity,
 ' but difficult to be retained so without super-
 ' stitions and accessions; and those do commonly
 ' in time stifle and choak the simplicity of Re-
 ' ligion, unless much care and circumspection be
 ' used: the contemperations are so many and so
 ' cumbersome, that Religion loseth its nature, or
 ' is strangled by them: just as a man that hath
 ' some excellent simple cordial spirit, and puts
 ' musk in it to make it smell sweet, and honey
 ' to make it taste pleasant; and, it may be, *Can-*
 ' *tharides* to make it look glorious. Indeed by
 ' the infusions he hath given it a very fine smell,
 ' and taste, and colour; but yet he hath so
 ' clogged it, and sophisticated it with superad-
 ' ditions, that it may be, he hath altered the
 ' nature, and destroyed the virtue of it.'

Here my friend could go on no further, but
 reaching to me the book itself, he leaned on
 the table, covering his eyes with his hands,
 while I read the following words on the margin,
 ' Grant that this superaddition, which I make,
 ' may be *Love* and *Constancy* to Mr. OSWALD!
 No one could be unaffected with this incident,

nor

nor could I forbear falling into a kind of consolatory discourse, drawn from the satisfaction it must needs be, to find new proofs of the virtue of a person he so tenderly loved; but observing his concern too quick and lively for conversation on that subject, I broke off with repeating only two distichs of Mr. COWLEY to my Lady VANDYKE, on the death of her husband :

“ Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be;
 “ Begin not now, blest pair, to disagree.”

I cannot but think it was a very right sentiment in this lady, to make that duty of life, in which she took pleasure, the superstructure upon the motive of Religion; for nothing can mend the heart better than an *Honourable Love*, except RELIGION. It sweetens disasters and moderates good fortune, from a benevolent spirit that is naturally in it, and extends itself to things the most remote. It cannot be conceived, by those who are involved in libertine pleasures, the sweet satisfactions that must arise from the union of two persons who have left all the world, in order to place their chief delight in each other; and to promote that delight by all the methods which reason, urged by RELIGION and duty, forwarded by passion, can intimate to the heart. Such a pair give charms to virtue, and make pleasant the ways of innocence: a deviation from the rules of such a commerce would

would be courting pain; for such a life is as much to be preferred to any thing that can be communicated by criminal satisfactions (to speak of it in the mildest terms), as sobriety and elegant conversation are to intemperance and rioting.

N° 30. Tuesday, May 4, 1714.

*Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ.*

LUCRET. Sat. ii. 9.

“Whence we may view, deep, wondrous deep below,
“How poor mistaken mortals wandering go,
“Seeking the path to happiness.” CREECH.

IT is a very great satisfaction to one who has put himself upon the Platonick foot, to look calmly on, while carnivorous Lovers run about howling for hunger, which the intellectual and more abstracted admirer is never gnawed with. The following letters give a lively representation of this matter.

‘Mr. MYRTLE,

‘IF ever any man had reason to dispatch
‘himself for LOVE, I am the person; I am lost
‘to all intents and purposes, though I was the
‘happiest man in the world, and have no one
‘to

' to accuse but myself of my present mis-
 ' fortunes, and yet I am not to be accused nei-
 ' ther. To open this riddle, you must know
 ' Mr. MYRTLE, that I am not now twenty years
 ' of age; I think that circumstance necessary to
 ' tell you, for they say the misfortune which
 ' befel me cannot happen but from the height
 ' of youth and blood. I live in the neighbour-
 ' hood of a young lady of wealth, wit, and beau-
 ' ty; I love her to death; and she loves me
 ' with no less ardour. We have had frequent
 ' meetings by stealth, which are now inter-
 ' rupted by a very uncommon accident. I have
 ' a father who can never be enough satisfied
 ' that his house is not to be burned before next
 ' morning; and for this reason, as well as per-
 ' haps other jealousies, insists upon the liberty
 ' of coming into my chamber when I am asleep,
 ' to see whether my candle is out. One night
 ' he stole softly in, as indeed he always does,
 ' for fear of disturbing me, when I fast asleep
 ' was talking of my mistress. As he has since
 ' told me, I named her, and then thought fit to
 ' go on as follows;

" The happiness we now enjoy is doubled by
 " the secrecy of it, I will come again to-mor-
 " row night, and have ordered the hackney
 " coachmen to be ready to let me get up to
 " your window at the hour appointed. Be
 " ready to throw up the sash when I tinkle with
 " a piece of money at the glass. Your letters I
 " keep always in a box under my bed, and my
 O " father

“ father can never come at them. Pray be
“ sure to write; for the day-time is mighty
“ sad, to be troubled with the impertinence
“ and bustle of the world, and we never to
“ meet or hear from each other but at mid-
“ night.”

‘ The old gentleman took my key out of my
‘ pocket, and by that means made himself
‘ master of my papers; and in an high point of
‘ honour, the next day told the parents of my
‘ mistress the danger their daughter was in of
‘ being carried off by his son, who had no pre-
‘ tensions to a woman of her fortune; though
‘ he can do very handsomely for me.

‘ This matter has been very indiscreetly
‘ managed by both our parents; the servants,
‘ and consequently the neighbourhood, have the
‘ story amongst them; and the innocentest wo-
‘ man in the world is at the mercy of busy
‘ tongues. Now Sir, I am not to judge of the
‘ actions of my father; but as he has a longer
‘ purse than he will own, I desire you would
‘ lay before him, that he did not come at my
‘ secret fairly, and that he ought, since he goes
‘ upon punctilios, to have made no use of what
‘ he arrived at by the infirmity of a troubled
‘ imagination. He says indeed for himself, that
‘ he had this thought in his head; and there-
‘ fore, had I owned the thing to him when he
‘ taxed me, without shewing my mistress’s let-
‘ ters, he should have been obliged, by the
‘ manner

' manner of getting the secret, to have kept it;
 ' but since I had not owned it, had I not been
 ' confronted by her letters, which he got by
 ' taking my key out of my pocket, I am under
 ' the same degree of favour as a man who com-
 ' mitted any other crime would have been, who
 ' had betrayed himself in the same manner.
 ' Mr. MYRTLE, you are a great casuist; and you
 ' see what a jumble of unhappy circumstances
 ' I am involved in, which I desire you to extri-
 ' cate me from by your best advice, which will
 ' come very seasonably to two families who are
 ' much your friends, among whom none so
 ' much as the lady concerned in the story; and
 ' where she approves, you have an admirer in,

' Sir,

' Your most humble servant,

' ULYSSES TRANSMARINUS.'

' I have notice given me, that I must cross the
 ' seas for this business; but I am resolved to stay
 ' at least in the same nation with my fair-one till
 ' I hear further.'

' Mr. MYRTLE,

Friday, April 30, 1714.

' YOU'LL oblige extremely your most
 ' humble servant in inserting this in your next
 ' LOVER.

" MADAM,

" DEATH would have been welcome than
 " your letter in Thursday's LOVER; for I must

‘ survive the misery that would have ended.
 ‘ Your sincerity is so far from being offensive,
 ‘ that my passion (were it now lawful to in-
 ‘ dulse it) is greater for you, and I cannot
 ‘ better prove the truth of mine than by re-
 ‘ fusing you, and making you as happy in your
 ‘ choice, as with you would have been the most
 ‘ unfortunate——”

‘ To Mr. MYRTLE.

‘ SIR,

‘ THERE is a young woman in our neigh-
 ‘ bourhood that makes it her business to disturb
 ‘ every body that passes by with her beauty.
 ‘ She runs to the window when she has a mind
 ‘ to do mischief; and then, when a body looks
 ‘ up at her, she runs back as though she had
 ‘ not a mind to be seen, though she came there
 ‘ on purpose. Her hands and arms, you must
 ‘ know, are very fine; for that reason she never
 ‘ lets them be unemployed, but is feeding a
 ‘ squirrel, and catching people that pass by all
 ‘ day long. She has a way of heaving out of
 ‘ the window to see something, so that one who
 ‘ stands in the street just over against her, is
 ‘ taken with her side face; one that is coming
 ‘ down fixes his eyes at the pole of her neck
 ‘ till he stumbles; and one coming up the street
 ‘ is fixed stock-still by her eyes: she won’t let
 ‘ any body go by in peace. I am confident, if
 ‘ you

‘ you went that way yourself, she would pretend to get you from Mrs. PAGE. As for my own part, I fear her not ; but there are several of our neighbours whose sons are taken in her chains, and several good women’s husbands are always talking of her, and there is no quiet. I beg of you Sir, to take some course with her, for she takes a delight in doing all this mischief. It would be right to lay down some rules against her ; or if you please to appoint a time to come and speak to her, it would be a great charity to our street, especially to Sir, your most humble servant,

‘ ANTHONY EYELID.’

‘ SIR,

‘ HERE is a young gentlewoman in our street, that I do not know at all, who looked full in my face, and then looked as if she was mistaken, but looked so pretty, that I cannot forget her ; she does something or other to every one that passes by. I thought I would tell you of her. Yours, CH. BUSY.’

‘ SIR,

‘ HERE is a young woman in our street, that looks often melancholy out of the window, as if she saw nobody, and nobody saw her, she is so intent. But she can give an account of every thing that passes, and does it to way-lay young men. Pray say something about her.

‘ Yours, unknown,

‘ TALL-BOY GAPESEED.’

‘SIR,

‘THERE is a young woman in our neighbourhood, that makes people with bundles on their back stand as if they had none, and those who have none stand as if they had too heavy ones. Pray take her to your end of the town, for she interrupts business. Yours,
‘RALPH DOODLE.’

N° 31. Thursday, May 6, 1714.

*Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa; rident
Simplices Nymphae, ferus & Cupido,
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruentâ.*

HOR. 2 Od. viii. 13.

“Venus herself beholds with smiles,
“And Cupid laughs at all her wiles;
“Still on his whetstone sharpening darts,
“Warm with the blood of wounded hearts.”

NEEDLER.

‘MR. MYRTLE.

London, May 4.

‘I Remember, some time ago, that I heard a gentleman, who often talked out of a book, speak of a king that was so fond of his wife, that his mind overflowed with the happiness he had in the possession of her beauties.
‘I re-

‘ I remember it was just so that talking fellow
 ‘ expressed himself; but all that I want of his
 ‘ story is, that he shewed his queen naked from
 ‘ a chink in the bed-chamber; and that the
 ‘ queen, finding this out, resented it so highly,
 ‘ that she after mature deliberation thought
 ‘ fit to plot against her husband, and married
 ‘ the man to whom he had exposed her person. I
 ‘ have but a puzzled way of telling a story; but
 ‘ this circumstance among such great people
 ‘ may give you some thoughts upon an accident
 ‘ of the like kind, which happened to me a man
 ‘ of middle rank.

‘ There is a very gay, pleasant young lady,
 ‘ whom I was well acquainted with, and had
 ‘ long known as being an intimate of my sister’s.
 ‘ We were the other day riding out; the wo-
 ‘ men and men on single horses; it happened
 ‘ that this young lady and I out-rid the com-
 ‘ pany, and in the avenue of the wood between
 ‘ Hampstead and Highgate her horse threw her
 ‘ full upon her head. She is a quick-witted
 ‘ girl, and finding chance had discovered more
 ‘ of her beauty than ever she designed to fa-
 ‘ vour me with, she in an instant lay on the
 ‘ turf in a decent manner as in a trance, before
 ‘ I could alight and come to her assistance. I
 ‘ fell in love with her when she was topsie-tur-
 ‘ vey, and from that instant professed myself
 ‘ her servant. She always laughed, and turned
 ‘ off the discourse, and said she thought it must
 ‘ be so: the whole family were mightily amazed

' how this declaration came all of a sudden, and
 ' why after two or three years intimacy, not
 ' a word, and yet now I so very eager. Well;
 ' the father had no exception to me, and the
 ' wedding day was named, when all of a sud-
 ' den the father has sent my mistress to a dis-
 ' tant relation in the country, and I am discard-
 ' ed. Now Sir, what I desired of you is to
 ' insert this, that her father may understand
 ' what she meant, when she said, " I shall be
 ' ashamed to be the wife of any other man ;"
 ' and what I meant when I said that, " I know
 ' more of her already than any other husband
 ' perhaps ever may." These expressions were
 ' let drop when the father shewed some signs
 ' of parting us; and I appeal to you whether,
 ' according to nice rules, she is not to prefer
 ' me to all others. This is a serious matter in
 ' its consequences, and I won't be choused;
 ' therefore pray insert it. The whole is humbly
 ' submitted by, Sir,

' Your most unfortunate, humble servant,
 ' TIM PIP.'

' To Mr. MARMADUKE MYRTLE,

' SIR,

' OBSERVING you play the Casuist, the
 ' Doctor, nay often descend even to the Letter-
 ' carrier, for the service of Lovers, I am apt to
 ' think my present condition brings me within
 ' your

‘ your cognizance, and countenances this ap-
‘ plication. Sir, I ever was a great admirer of
‘ a single state, and my chief study has been to
‘ collect encomiums in its favour, and instances
‘ of unhappy marriages to confirm me. I never
‘ could think myself the sad half of a man, or
‘ that my cares wanted doubling. The best
‘ exercise I ever performed at school was, a
‘ translation of Juvenal’s sixth satire. I re-
‘ member my master said smiling, “Sirrah, you
‘ will die a batchelor!” Since I came to man’s
‘ estate, I have every day talked over, with little
‘ variation, the common-place sayings against
‘ matrimony. I believe they have been more
‘ constant than my prayers. I must now Sir,
‘ acquaint you how I became disarmed of those
‘ principles in an instant, and how other
‘ thoughts took place, so that I beg leave hereby
‘ to recant, and protest against those damnable
‘ doctrines. And further, I humbly beseech all
‘ ladies with whom I converse, to bestow on me
‘ the encouragement which new and true con-
‘ verts generally meet with. I was riding in
‘ the country last spring; of all days in the
‘ week it was upon a Tuesday; when on a sud-
‘ den, I heard a voice which guided my sight
‘ to two young women unknown to me: they
‘ were negligently, I won’t say meanly drest,
‘ had large staves in their hands, and were fol-
‘ lowed by spaniels and grey-hounds. One
‘ (whom I now see with the LOVER’s telescope)
‘ wore a bonnet. On her I cast my eyes till
‘ the

‘ the brightness of hers made them fail me, that
‘ is, I have seen nothing in its true light since.
‘ I am a piece of a scholar, yet am not able
‘ Mr. MYRTLE, to affirm what I saw, and how
‘ this object struck the organs of my body,
‘ affected my soul and mind, and produced
‘ this lasting idea. The old Philosophers, you
‘ know, attributed a soul to the loadstone, when
‘ they could not find out the reason of its union
‘ to iron. Whence shall I deduce the cause of
‘ my condition? shall I speak of an impulse,
‘ pressure of insensible particles, secret power,
‘ destiny, the stars, magick? Or shall I say, in
‘ the lawyers term, that every feature had its
‘ copies? Or must I mention occult quality, or,
‘ as the genteel world translate it, *je ne scay*
‘ *quoy*? I should have told you I was hunting
‘ when I saw this object; that when it fled, my
‘ good-spirited gelding refused the gate that
‘ parted us, and ran away with me. This was
‘ as good as a second game, for I who before
‘ was the greatest sportsman in the country,
‘ have ever since haunted the woods to sigh, not
‘ halloo. In lonely shades by day, and moon-
‘ shine walks by night (she ever by my side), I
‘ have found my only pleasure. This condi-
‘ tion I have suffered for a long series of time;
‘ but wandering in the same wood I saw a
‘ country girl in the same bonnet in which I
‘ formerly beheld my great calamity. I fol-
‘ lowed her, and found the abode of her for
‘ whom I languish. *Ma charmante* is your
‘ constant

‘ constant reader, who hereby will have some
 ‘ notion of me and my name. I crave Sir, your
 ‘ assistance herein, and (to ease yourself of
 ‘ another troublesome letter) your advice, in case
 ‘ of a denial to wait upon her. I have abund-
 ‘ ance more to say, but desire you to say it to
 ‘ yourself in behalf of Sir,

‘ Your enamoured humble servant.’

N^o 32. Saturday, May 8, 1714.

Ἐν δικαιοσύνῃ συλλήβδην πᾶς ἀρετὴ ἔστιν. ARISTOT.

“ Justice comprehends every virtue.”

THE task which I have enjoined myself in these Papers, is to describe LOVE in all its shapes; to warn the unwary of those rocks, upon which so many in all ages have split formerly, do split still, and will split hereafter, as long as men and women shall be what they now are; and to delineate the true and unfeigned delight which virtuous minds feel in the enjoyment of their lawful and warranted passions. This task the farther I go, I find, grows the more upon my hands. The dreadful effects which have attended irregular pursuits in this way, have led some
 shallow

shallow Philosophers to arraign that as simply unlawful, or at least as unbecoming a wise man, which is certainly one of the first and fundamental laws of nature ; and they have seemed to look upon that as a curse, which, rightly managed, is the greatest blessing that our Creator has given us here below ; and which is, in truth,

“ That cordial drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
“ To make the nauseous draught of life go down.”

Yet on the other hand, when (comparatively speaking) so very many miscarry in this particular, more than in any other single circumstance belonging to human life, one is tempted to cry out, with my Lord BROOKE in his *Alaham*,

“ O wearisom condition of mortality !
“ Born to one law, and to another bound,
“ Vainly begotten, yet forbidden vanity ;
“ Created sick, commanded to be sound !
“ If nature sure did not delight in blood,
“ She would have found more easy ways to good.”

But since complaints under most preffures avail but little ; since in every species of actions there is a right and a wrong, which circumstances only can determine ; since our Maker (for greater reasons than those which our laws ascribe to our princes) cannot possibly do any wrong, or as the divines speak, cannot be the

the author of sin; since what was essential to human nature before the fall is in itself most certainly good, when rightly pursued; and since one may observe that mistakes and false steps in this matter meet with harsher censures, and are often more severely punished in this world, than many other crimes which seem to be of a higher nature; I have thought it worth while to enquire into this matter as exactly as I could, and to present the publick with my thoughts concerning the real differences between the several sorts of evil actions, as I shall find opportunity, and as my importunate correspondents, who are often in haste, and who must not be disoblighd, will give me leave.

One method, as I take it, to induce men to avoid any evil, is to know not only wherein it consists, but how great it is. The Stoics of old pretended that all sins were equal; that it was as great a crime to steal a pin, as to rob upon the road. When their wise man was once out of his way, he lost his pretensions to wisdom; and when those were gone, whatsoever he did or said afterwards in that state of aberration, it was all one. Sins were sins, and where the essence was the same, the degrees mattered little. This contradicts human nature, and common sense; and the laws of all nations distinguish, in the punishments which they inflict, between crimes, as they are more or less pernicious to the society in and against which they are committed. That God does
so

so too, we need not question : " The Judge of
" the whole earth must certainly do right." When we know wherein the true greatness of every sin consists, we shall be able to judge of our own faults, and sometimes of the faults of others ; we shall see why we ought to avoid them where there is room for compassion ; and where punishment is necessary, we may be sure then to be severe in the right place ; and, by knowing how and when to forgive, may sometimes raise those that are sinking, and often save those from utter destruction who if abandoned, would be irrecoverably lost. This is a large, and I think an useful theme, and it is what I have seen sufficiently enlarged upon in those books of morality which have come in my way. Now if in my enquiries I have an eye all along to the Christian institution, and take a view of the sins and irregularities of mankind in such a light as is consistent with the practice of our Saviour and his Apostles ; I hope the softer and politer part of my readers will not be upon that account disgusted.

The aggravation of all crimes is to be estimated either from the persons injured or offended, or from the intrinsic malice from whence those injuries and offences proceed. All offences are against either our Maker, our neighbour, or ourselves. Offences against our Maker have this particular aggravation, that they are committed against the person to whom we have the greatest obligations, and consequently do
more

more immediately contradict the light of our own conscience. The obligations of our original being, and of our constant preservation during the whole course of our lives, which takes in all the blessings that we daily receive from him, are so peculiarly due to God, that they are not communicable to any earthly being. For though we may and do hourly receive advantages from our fellow-creatures, yet those advantages are ultimately to be referred to God, by whose good providence those fellow-creatures are enabled to do us good. And besides, the good they do us is as much for their sakes as for ours, since the advantages they receive from us, and those we receive from them, are reciprocal. But though our Creator is always doing good to us, we can do none to him, and upon that score he has a title to our obedience, and that implicitly, when once we are satisfied it is he that commands. This makes idolatry to be so crying a sin, because it is a communication of that honour to the creature (whether inanimate or animate it matters not) to which it can have no possible title, and is due to the Creator only. Upon this account also irreligion and atheism are still worse, because they tear up all religion by the roots; and all service and worship is denied to Him to whom the utmost service and worship is justly due. This is so plain, that it needs neither enlargement nor proof.

The second degree of offences is of those which are committed against our Neighbours.

They

They are equally God's creatures as ourselves, and have an equal title to his protection; and we ought to think that they are equally dear to him. Offences against them may be comprehended under one common title of injustice. And what divines usually call sins against the second table are, if strictly examined, but so many sorts of injuries against our Neighbours. The pains, the care, the trouble, and, above all, the love of parents, demand honour from their children; and therefore, when they do not meet with it, they are injured: this shews the justice of the fifth commandment. To take away our neighbour's life is the greatest injury which can be done him, because it is absolutely irreparable. Next to that are injuries done to his bed, and for the same reason too. The goods we enjoy are the means of our subsistence here; and he that against our wills takes them from us does more or less, according to the greatness of our loss, deprive us of our subsistence. This shews the sixth, seventh, and eighth commandments. And since none of those things, to which by the original grant from our common Maker we have a just title, are secure, if calumny and false accusations are once allowed; therefore false-witnessing is also forbidden in the ninth commandment. And since a desire of possessing what is not our own, and what we see others enjoy, will if encouraged, naturally lead men to as many sorts of injustice, as there are sorts of desires; therefore coveting what is not

our own is fenced against by the *tenth* COMMANDMENT.

By this detail it plainly appears why I set offences against our Neighbours in the second place. When God gave the *Ten* COMMANDMENTS, he mentioned no offences but those against Himself and our Neighbours; and left the sins which are immediately against Ourselves (which are properly sins of Intemperance) to be forbidden by other laws.

But then, though sins against Ourselves ought, with respect to their guilt (which is what I here propose to consider) to be reckoned last; yet it does not follow from thence that they are not sins, and consequently do not deserve punishment. Whatsoever disables us in any measure from doing our duty to God, or our Neighbour, is so far an injustice towards them, and robs them of their due, and is so far a crime. I say an *Injustice* because, as I said before, all faults in my opinion are ultimately to be referred to that: even *Uncharitableness* is INJUSTICE, because our common Creator, who has made us all liable to want, and consequently under a necessity of desiring assistance, expects we should be helpful to one another, because HE is good to us. And when Aristotle says, in those words that are the motto of this paper, that "All virtues are contained in JUSTICE," he states the true notion of good and evil; and it is as applicable to virtues considered in a Christian light, as in a
P natural

natural one. This then is the first rule by which we are to weigh the different degrees of good and evil.

N° 33. Tuesday, May 11, 1714.

—*Animus picturâ pascit*— VIRG. *Æn.* i. 468.

“And with his Painting feasts the Mind.”

I Went the other day down the river, and dined with some *virtuoso* friends at Greenwich. The purpose of the gentleman, who invited us, was to entertain us with a sight of that famous cieling in the great hall at Greenwich Hospital, painted by our ingenious countryman Mr. THORNHILL, who has executed a great and noble design with a masterly hand, and uncommon genius. The regularity, symmetry, boldness, and prominence of the figures are not to be described; nor is it in the power of words to raise too great an idea of the work. As well as I could comprehend it from seeing it but twice, I shall give a plain account of it.

In the middle of the cieling (which is about 106 feet long, and 56 feet wide, and near 50 feet high) is a very large oval frame painted and carved in imitation of gold, with a great thickness rising in the inside to throw up the figures

figures to the greater height; the oval is fastened to a great *suffeat* adorned with roses in imitation of copper. The whole is supported by eight gigantick figures of slaves, four on each side, as though they were carved in stone; between the figures, thrown in heaps into a covering, are all manner of maritime trophies in *metzo-relievo*, as anchors, cables, rudders, masts, sails, blocks, capstals, sea-guns, sea-carriages, boats, pinnaces, oars, stretchers, colours, ensigns, pennants, drums, trumpets, bombs, mortars, small arms, granadoes, powder-barrels, fire-arrows, grappling-irons, cross-staves, quadrants, compasses, &c. all in stone colours, to give the greater beauty to the rest of the cieling, which is more significant.

About the oval in the inside are placed the twelve signs of the Zodiack: the six northern signs, as *Aries*, *Taurus*, *Gemini*, *Cancer*, *Leo*, *Virgo*, are placed on the north side of the oval; and the six southern signs, as *Libra*, *Scorpio*, *Sagittarius*, *Capricornus*, *Aquarius*, *Pisces*, are to the south, with three of them in a group which compose one quarter of the year; the signs have their attitudes *, and their draperies are

* *Aries* is of a turbulent aspect, with little winds and rains hovering about him, his drapery of a blueish green, shadowed with dark russet, to denote the changeableness of the weather. April, or *Taurus*, is more mild; May, or *Gemini*, in blue; June a calm red; July more reddish, and, as he leans upon his lion, vails a little from the sun; *Virgo* almost naked, and flying from the heat of the sun;

are varied and adapted to the seasons they possess, as the cool, the blue and the tender green to the Spring, the yellow to the Summer, and the red and flame-colour to the Dog-days and Autumnal season, the white and cold to the Winter; likewise the fruits and the flowers of every season as they succeed each other.

In the middle of the oval are represented *King WILLIAM* and *Queen MARY*, sitting on a throne under a great pavilion or purple canopy, attended by the four cardinal virtues, as *PRUDENCE*, *TEMPERANCE* *FORTITUDE*, and *JUSTICE*.

Over the *Queen's* head is *CONCORD* with the *Fasces*, at her feet two doves, denoting mutual concord and innocent agreement, with *Cupid* holding the *King's* scepter, while he is presenting *PEACE* with the lamb and olive branch, and *LIBERTY* expressed by the *Athenian* CAP, to Europe, who, laying her crowns at his feet, receives them with an air of respect and gratitude. The *King* tramples *TYRANNY* under his feet, which is exprest by a French personage, with his leaden crown falling off, his chains, yoke and iron sword broken to pieces, cardinal's

Libra in deep red; *Scorpio* vails himself from the scorching sun in a flame-coloured mantle; *Sagittarius* in red, less hot; December, or *Capricorn* blueish; *Aquarius* in a waterish green; *Pisces* in blue. Over *Aries*, *Taurus* *Gemini*, presides *FLORA*; over *Cancer*, *Leo*, *Virgo*, presides *CERES*; over *Libra*, *Scorpio*, *Sagittarius*, *BACCHUS*; and over *Capricorn*, *Aquarius*, *Pisces*, *HYEMS* hovering over a brazen pot of fire.

STEELE.

cap

cap, triple-crowned mitres, &c. tumbling down. Just beneath is TIME bringing TRUTH to light; near which is a figure of ARCHITECTURE, holding a large drawing of part of the hospital with the *cupola*, and pointing up to the royal founders, attended by the little *Genii* of her art. Beneath her is *Wisdom* and *Heroic VIRTUE*, represented by PALLAS and HERCULES destroying AMBITION, ENVY, COVETOUSNESS, DETRACTION, CALUMNY, with other vices, which seem to fall to the earth, the place of their more natural abode.

Over the royal pavilion is shewn, at a great heighth, APOLLO in his golden chariot, drawn by four white horses, attended by the HORÆ, and morning-dews falling before him, going his course through the twelve signs of the Zodiack, and from him the whole *plafond* or cieling is enlightened.

Each end of the cieling is raised in perspective, with a ballustrade and elliptic arches, supported by groupes of stone figures, which form a gallery of the whole breadth of the hall; in the middle of which gallery (as though on the stock) going into the upper hall, is seen in perspective the *tafferil* of the Blenheim man of war, with all her galleries, port-holes open, &c. to one side of which is a figure of VICTORY flying, with spoils taken from the enemy, and putting them aboard the English man of war. Before the ship is a figure representing the *City* of LONDON, with the arms, sword, and cap of maintenance, supported by

THAME and Isis, with other small rivers offering up their treasures to her; the river TINE pouring forth sacks of coals. In the gallery on each side the ship are the Arts and Sciences that relate to Navigation, with the great ARCHIMEDES, many old Philosophers consulting the compass, &c.

At the other end, as you return out of the hall, is a gallery in the same manner, in the middle of which is the stern of a beautiful galley filled with Spanish trophies. Under which is the HUMBER with his pigs of lead; the SEVERN, with the AVON falling into her, with other lesser rivers. In the north end of the gallery is the famous TYCHO BRAHE, that noble Danish knight, and great ornament of his profession and human nature; near him is COPERNICUS with his *Pythagorean* SYSTEM in his hand: next to him is an old Mathematician holding a large table, and on it are described two principal figures, of the incomparable *Sir Isaac* NEWTON, on which many extraordinary things in that art are built. On the other end of the gallery, to the south, is our learned Mr. FLAMSTEAD *Reg. Astron. Profess.* with his ingenious disciple Mr. THOMAS WESTON. In Mr. FLAMSTEAD's hand is a large scroll of paper, on which is drawn the great eclipse of the sun that will happen on April 1715: near him is an old man with a *pendulum* counting the seconds of time, as Mr. FLAMSTEAD makes his observations with his great mural
arc

arc and tube on the descent of the moon on the SEVERN, which at certain times form such a roll of the tides as the sailors corruptly call the *Higre*, instead of the *Eager*, and is very dangerous to all ships in its way. This is also expressed by rivers tumbling down by the moon's influence into the SEVERN. In this gallery are more Arts and Sciences relating to NAVIGATION.

All the great rivers, at each end of the hall, have their proper product of fish issuing out of their vases.

In the four great angles of the cieling, which are over the arches of the galleries, are the four ELEMENTS, as Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, represented by JUPITER, JUNO, CYBELE, and NEPTUNE; with their lesser deities accompanying, as *Vulcan*, *Iris*, the *Fauni*, *Amphitrite*, with all their proper attitudes, &c.

At one end of the great oval is a large figure of FAME descending, riding on the winds, and sounding forth the praises of the royal pair.

All the sides of the hall are adorned with fluted pilasters, trophies of shells, corals, pearls; the jambs of the windows ornamented with roses impaneled, or the *opus reticulatum* heightened with green gold.

The whole raises in the spectator the most lively images of glory and victory, and cannot be beheld without much passion and emotion.

N. B. Sir JAMES BATEMAN was the first proposer and the first benefactor to this cieling.

N° 34. Thursday, May 13, 1714.

“—Waking life appears a dream.” ROSAMOND.

REPROACH is of all things the most painful to Lovers, especially to us of the platonick kind; this makes it excessively grievous to me, that a paper, though a very dull one, called the MONITOR, accuses me of writing obscenely. He is a stupid fellow, and does not understand that the same object, according to the artist who represents it, may be decent, or unfit to be looked at. Naked figures, by a masterly hand, are so drawn sometimes, as to be incapable of exciting immodest thoughts. I have, in my paper of May the 6th, spoken of an amour that owes its beginning, and makes itself necessary to be lawfully consummated, from an accident of a lady's falling topsy-turvy: upon which this heavy rogue says, “Is this suffered in a Christian country?” Yes it is, and may very lawfully, but not when such awkward tools as he pretend to meddle with the same subject: none but persons extremely well-bred ought to touch ladies petticoats; but I aver, that I have said nothing to offend the most chaste and delicate, and all who read that
passage

passage may be very innocent, and the lady of the story may be a very good Christian, though she did not in her appearance differ from an Heathen, when she fell upon her head. We who follow Plato, or are engaged in the high passion, can see a lady's ankle with as much indifference as her wrist: we are so inwardly taken up, that the same ideas do not spring in our imaginations, as do with the common world; we are made gentle, soft, courteous, and harmless, from the force of the *belle passion*; of which coarse dunces, with an appetite for women like that they have for beef, have no conception.

As I gave an account the other day of my passing a day at Greenwich with much delight in beholding a piece of painting of Mr. THORNHILL's, which is an honour to our nation; I shall now give an account of my passing yesterday morning, an hour before dinner, in a place where people may go and be very well entertained, whether they have, or have not, a good taste. They will certainly be well pleased, for they will have unavoidable opportunities of seeing what they most like, in the most various and agreeable shapes and positions, I mean their own dear selves. The place I am going to mention is Mr. GUMLEY's GLASS-Gallery over the New Exchange. I little thought I should ever in the LOVER have occasion to talk of such a thing as Trade; but when a man walks in that illustrious room, and reflects what incredible improvement our artificers of England have

have made in manufacture of GLASS in *thirty* years time, and can suppose such an alteration of our affairs in other parts of commerce, it is demonstrable that the nations, who are possessed of *Mines of GOLD*, are but drudges to a people, whose arts and industry, with other advantages natural to us, may make itself the SHOP of the WORLD. We are arrived at such perfection in this ware of which I am speaking, that it is not in the power of any potentate in Europe to have so beautiful a mirror as he may purchase here for a trifle, by all the cost and charge that he can lay out in his dominions. It is a modest computation, that England gains fifty thousand pounds a year by exporting this commodity for the service of foreign nations; the whole owing to the inquisitive and mechanic as well as liberal genius of the late Duke of Buckingham*. This prodigious effect by the art of man, from parts of nature that are as unlikely to produce it, as one would suppose a man could burn common earth to a tulip, opens a field of contemplation which would lead me too far from my purpose, which is only to celebrate the agreeable economy of placing the several wares to sale, in the gallery of which I am talking. No imagination can work up a more pleasing assemblage of beautiful things, to set off each other, than are here actually laid together. In the midst of the walk are set in order a long

* See SPECT. N^o 509, vol. VII. *Note.*

row of rich tables, on many of which lie cabinets inlaid or wholly made of corals, conchs, ambers, or the like parts of matter which nature seems to have formed wholly to shew the beauty of her works, and to have thrown and distinguished from the mass of earth, as she does by great gifts and endowments those spirits and persons of men, and women, whom she designs to make instruments of great consideration in the crowd of her people. When I walked here, I could not but lament to my companion, that this method was not taken up when the *Indian* KINGS were lately in England *. The surprize such appearances as these would put them into would have been as great as a new sense added to one of us; to see the things about us so placed, as that three or four persons can to the eye, in an instant, become a large assembly! You cannot move or do any the least indifferent action, in any limb or part of your body, but you vary the scene around with additional pleasure: among other circumstances, I could not but be pleased to see a lap-dog at a loss for an instant, for his lady, and beginning to run to the image of her in a glass, until he was driven back by himself, whom he saw running towards him. The poor animal corrected his mistake, by tracing her footsteps by his sense less subject to mistake, and arrived at her feet, to the no small diversion of the company who saw it, and the

* See TAT. N^o 171; and SPECT. N^o 50. *Notes.*

envy of several fine gentlemen, whom the odd accident diverted from looking at themselves, to behold the beauteous BELLAMIRA.

It would be an arrogance to pretend to convey distinctly by the ear a pleasure that should come in at the eye; but my gentle reader will thank me for many pleasing thoughts he or she had not ever had before, in a place more new than he could arrive at by landing in a foreign nation. About forty years ago it was the fashion for all the gallants of the town, the wits and the bravoës, to walk in the New Exchange below, to shew themselves. What an happiness have those whose fortunes and humours are capable of receiving gratifications in this place, that such a scene was displayed in their lifetime! The learned have not more reason to rejoice, that they live in the same days with NEWTON, than the gay, the delicate, and the curious in luxury of dress and furniture have. that there has appeared in their time my honest friend, and polite director of Artificers, Mr. GUMLEY.

*** In the 7th Volume of the SPECTATOR N^o 509, the curious may see in a Note an accurate account of the rise and progress of the GLASS Manufactory in this Country, under the patronage of a Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

N^o 35.

Saturday, May 15, 1714.

“ ——— ’tis confest,
 “ The men who flatter highest, please us best.”

Helen to Paris, by MULGRAVE and DRYDEN,
 from OVID’s Epistles.

I Shall make the following letters the entertainment of this day, and recommend the contents of the first in a more particular manner to the serious consideration of all my *Female* READERS.

‘ Dear MARMADUKE,

‘ THOUGH you have treated the *Fair Sex*
 ‘ with an air of distinction suitable to the character you bear, I presume you will make no
 ‘ scruple to admonish them of any faults, by
 ‘ the amendment of which they may still become more amiable. What I complain to you
 ‘ of, is from my own experience. My case is
 ‘ this.

‘ MIRANDA is in the bloom of sixteen, and
 ‘ shines in all the beauties of her *Sex*. Her
 ‘ face, her shape, her mien, her wit, surprise,
 ‘ and engage all who have the happiness to
 ‘ know her. MIRANDA is the idol of my heart,
 ‘ the

‘ the object of all my hopes and fears. None
‘ of her actions are indifferent to me. Every
‘ look and motion gives me either pleasure or
‘ pain. I have omitted no reasonable methods
‘ to convince her of the greatness of my passion ;
‘ yet as she is one with whom I propose to pass
‘ the remainder of my life, I cannot forbear
‘ mixing the sincerity of the Friend with the
‘ tenderness of the Lover. In short Sir, I am
‘ one of those unfortunate men, who think
‘ young women ought to be treated like rational
‘ creatures. I forbear therefore to launch out
‘ into all the usual excesses of flattery and ro-
‘ mance ; to make her a goddess, and myself a
‘ madman ; to give up all my senses and reason
‘ to be moulded and informed as she thinks
‘ proper.

‘ From hence arise all our differences. MI-
‘ RANDA is one of those fashionable ladies, who,
‘ expecting an implicit faith from their admir-
‘ ers, are impatient and affronted at the least
‘ shew of contradiction.

‘ As she was lately reading the works of a
‘ celebrated author, who has thought fit to re-
‘ present himself in his writings under the cha-
‘ racter of an old man, she was pleased to ob-
‘ serve, that it was very uncommon to see a
‘ person at fourscore have so lively a fancy, and
‘ so brisk an imagination. I could not help in-
‘ forming her upon this occasion, that I had
‘ frequently had the honour to drink a glass
‘ with the gentleman, and that to my certain
‘ knowledge

‘ knowledge he was not yet turned of forty.
‘ Instead of thanking me for setting her right
‘ in this particular, she immediately took fire,
‘ and asked me with a frown, “ Whether that
‘ was my breeding, to contradict a lady ? ” You
‘ must know Sir, this question usually puts an
‘ end to all our disputes. A little while after,
‘ she desired my opinion of her lap-dog ; and
‘ I had no sooner unfortunately observed, that
‘ his ears were somewhat of the shortest, then
‘ she roundly asked me, “ Whether I designed
‘ that for a compliment ? ” I took the freedom
‘ from hence, in an honest plain way, to expose
‘ the weakness and folly of being delighted
‘ with flattery, to tell her that ladies ought not
‘ always to be complimented, to enumerate the
‘ inconveniencies it often leads them into, to
‘ make her sensible of the ill designs men
‘ generally aim-at by it, and the mean opinion
‘ they must entertain of those who are delighted
‘ with it. All this would not do ; I could not
‘ get one kind look from her that night.

‘ I have told you already, that I have used
‘ all reasonable methods to convince her of my
‘ passion, and I am sure I have the preference
‘ in her esteem to all other pretenders. She
‘ knows I love, and in spite of all her arts
‘ to hide it, I know I am beloved : yet, from
‘ these little differences, and a certain coquet
‘ humour which makes her delight to see her
‘ Lover uneasy, though at the same time she
‘ torments herself, I have often despaired of
‘ our

‘ our ever coming together. I thought how-
 ‘ ever the following verses, which I presented
 ‘ to her yesterday, made some impression on
 ‘ her; and if she sees you think them tolerable
 ‘ enough to allow them a place in your Paper,
 ‘ I am in hopes they may help to hasten the
 ‘ happy day.

I.

“ Tell me, MIRANDA, why should I
 “ Lament and languish, pine and die;
 “ While you, regardless of my pain,
 “ Seem pleas’d to hear your slave complain?

II.

“ Dame EVE, unskill’d in female arts
 “ And modern ways of tort’ring hearts,
 “ No sooner saw her spark than lov’d,
 “ Confess’d her flame, and his approv’d.

III.

“ Nature still breaks through all disguise,
 “ Glows in your cheeks, and rules your eyes:
 “ Love trembles in your hands and heart,
 “ Your panting breasts proclaim his dart.

IV.

“ No more, MIRANDA, then be coy,
 “ No longer keep us both from joy;
 “ No longer study to conceal
 “ What all your actions thus reveal.”

‘ I am, dear MARMADUKE,

‘ Your most obedient humble servant.’

Mr.

‘ Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ I SEND you the inclosed letter, which I
 ‘ have lately received from a young Templar;
 ‘ who is my humble servant. I desire you would
 ‘ inform me, whether what he asserts be *Law*,
 ‘ or *Equity*. His letter runs thus :

‘ MADAM,

“ HAPPENING lately to be in company
 “ with a venerable lady who has a very large
 “ fortune, I was so complaisant to ask her if
 “ she would allow me to do her the honour to
 “ make her a wife ? She was so kind to ask me
 “ again, whether I was in jest, or earnest ? Upon
 “ my repeating the question, she returned my
 “ civility, and told me, she thought I was mad.
 “ But upon my third application she consented,
 “ that is, she told me positively she would never
 “ have me. This I take for an absolute pro-
 “ mise, having been frequently informed that
 “ womens answers in such cases are to be inter-
 “ preted backwards.

“ I have consulted a Proctor in Doctors
 “ Commons, who seems to be of opinion, that
 “ it has the full force of a contract; and that
 “ (having witness of it) I might recover half
 “ her fortune, should she offer to marry any
 “ one else.

“ I mention this Madam, not only to let
 “ you see that I can have the same encourage-

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“ ment

“ment elfewhere which you give me, but to
 “admonifh you how much care you ought to
 “take of promifing any other man marriage, by
 “declaring pofitively that you will never have
 “him, except

“Your moft obedient humble fervant,

“TOM TRUELOVE.”

N^o 36. Tuesday, May 18, 1714.

Concubitu prohibere vago— HOR. Ars Poet. 398.

“It was, of old, the province of the Bard,
 “Public from private, facred from profane,
 “To feparate; quell vagrant Luft; and keep
 “The *Marriage-BED* immaculate.” DUNCOMBE.

I Have heard it objected, by feveral perfons,
 againft my Papers, that they are apt to
 kindle Love in young hearts, and inflame the
 fexes with a defire for one another: I am fo far
 from denying this charge, that I fhall make no
 fcruple to own it is the chief end of my writ-
 ing. Love is a paffion of the mind (perhaps
 the nobleft) which was planted in it by the
 fame hand that created it. We ought to be
 fo far therefore, from endeavouring to root it
 out, that we fhould rather make it our bufinefs
 to

to keep it up and cherish it. Our chief care must be to fix this, as well as our other passions, upon proper objects, and to direct it to a right end.

For this reason, as I have ever shewn myself a friend to honourable Love, I have constantly discountenanced all vicious passions. Though the several sorts of these are each of them highly criminal, yet that which leads us to defile another man's bed is by far of the blackest dye.

The excellent author of "The whole Duty of Man" has given us a very lively picture of this crime, with all those melancholy circumstances that must necessarily attend it. One must indeed wonder to see it punished so lightly among civilized nations, when even the most barbarous have regarded it with the utmost horror and detestation. I was lately entertained with a story to this purpose, which was told me by one of my friends who was himself upon the place when the thing happened.

In an out plantation, upon the borders of Potuxen, a river in Maryland, there lived a planter, who was master of a great number of negro slaves. The increase of these poor creatures is always an advantage to the planters, their children being born slaves; for which reason the owners are very well pleased, when any of them marry. Among these negroes there happened to be two, who had always lived together and contracted an intimate friendship, which went

on for several years in an uninterrupted course. Their joys and their griefs were mutual; their confidence in each other was entire; distrust and suspicion were passions they had no notion of. The one was a batchelor; the other married to a slave of his own complexion, by whom he had several children. It happened that the head of this small family rose early one morning, on a leisure day, to go far into the woods a hunting, in order to entertain his wife and children at night with some provisions better than ordinary. The batchelor slave, it seems, had for a long time entertained a passion for his friend's wife; which, from the sequel of the story, we may conclude, he had endeavoured to stifle, but in vain. The impatience of his desires prompted him to take this opportunity, of the husband's absence, to practise upon the weakness of the woman; which accordingly he did, and was so unfortunate as to succeed in his attempt. The hunter, who found his prey much nearer home than usual, returned some hours sooner than was expected, loaden with the spoils of the day, and full of the pleasing thoughts of feasting and rejoicing, with his family, over the fruits of his labour. Upon his entering his shed, the first objects that struck his eyes were his wife and his friend asleep in the embraces of each other. A man acquainted with the passions of human nature will easily conceive the astonishment, the rage, and the despair, that overpowered the poor Indian at once:

once: he burst out into lamentations and reproaches; and tore his hair like one distracted. His cries and broken accents awakened the guilty couple; whose shame and confusion were equal to the agonies of the injured. After a considerable pause of silence on both sides, he expostulated with his friend in terms like these: "My wrongs are greater than I am able to express, and far too great for me to bear. My wife—but I blame not her. After a long and lasting friendship, exercised under all the hardships and severities of a most irksome captivity; after mutual repeated instances of affection and fidelity; could I suspect my friend, my bosom friend, should prove a traitor? I thought myself happy, even in bondage, in the enjoyment of such a friend and such a wife; but cannot bear the thoughts of life with liberty, after having been so basely betrayed by both. You both are lost to me, and I to you. I soon shall be at rest; live and enjoy your crime. Adieu." Having said this, he turned away and went out, with a resolution to die immediately. The guilty negro followed him, touched with the quickest sense of remorse for his treachery. "It is I alone (said he) that am guilty; and I alone, who am not fit to live. Let me intreat you to forgive your wife, who was overcome by my importunities. I promise never to give either of you the least disquiet for the future: live, and be happy together, and think of me no more. Bear with me but for this night; and to-mor-

row you shall be satisfied." Here they both wept, and parted. When the husband went out in the morning to his work, the first thing he saw was his friend hanging upon the bough of a tree before the cabbin-door.

If the wretches of this nation, who set up for men of wit and gallantry, were capable of feeling the generous remorse of this poor slave, upon the like occasions, we should, I fear, have a much thinner appearance of equipage in town.

Methinks there should be a general confederacy amongst all honest men to exclude from society, and to brand with the blackest note of infamy, those miscreants, who make it the business of their lives to get into families, and to estrange the affections of the wife from the husband. There is something so very base and so inhuman in this modish wickedness, that one cannot help wishing the honest liberty of the "Ancient Comedy" were restored; and that offenders *in this kind* might be exposed by their names in our public theatres. Under such a discipline, we should see those, who now glory in the ruin of deluded women, reduced to withdraw themselves from the just resentments of their countrymen and fellow-citizens.

* * The right West Country October Beer is sold by John Ridler, at the Globe in Essex-street, near the Temple, and no where else in London; where any Gentleman may have victuals drest as well as in any Tavern, with suitable accommodations.

Thursday,

N^o 37. Thursday, May 20, 1714.

“What pains, what racking thoughts he proves,
“Who lives remov’d from her he loves!”

CONGREVE.

MY own unhappy passion for Mrs. PAGE has made me extremely sensible of all the distresses occasioned by LOVE. I have often reflected what could be the cause, that while we see the most worthless part of mankind every day succeeding in their attempts, while we see those wretches, whose hearts are utterly incapable of this noble passion, appear stupid and senseless amidst the caresses of the *Fair*; we cannot but observe, that the noblest and greatest flames which have been kindled in the breasts of men of sense and merit have seldom met with due return.

As the thoughts of those who have been thoroughly in Love are frequently wild and extravagant, I have been sometimes tempted to think that Providence, never designing we should fix our thoughts of happiness altogether here, will not allow us to taste so large a share of it as we must necessarily do in the enjoyment of an object on which all the passions of our Soul

Q 4

have

have been placed, and to which all the faculties of our Mind have been long aspiring.

It is certain, however, that, without having recourse to a superior Power, there are several accidents which naturally happen on these occasions, and from whence we may generally give a pretty good account why the greatest passions are usually unsuccessful. It has been long since observed, by a celebrated French writer*, that it is much easier for a man to succeed who only feigns a passion, than for one who is truly and desperately in Love. The first is still master of himself, and can watch all the turns and revolutions in the temper of her whom he would engage. The latter is too much taken up with his own passion, to attend any thing else; it is with difficulty he can even persuade himself to speak, when he finds every thing he can say so short of what he feels, and that his conceptions are too tender to be expressed by words. The *Fair* generally speaking, are not sufficiently sensible of the value they ought to put upon such a passion, nor consider how strong that Love must be which shall throw the most eloquent into the utmost confusion before them. FLAVIA is an unhappy instance of what I am observing; she was courted at once by TOM TRIFLE, and OCTAVIO; the first could

* M. Le Duc de la ROCHEFOUCAULT, "*Reflexions & Maximes Morales*," Avec des Commentaires, par M. MANZON, Edit. Amst. 1772, 8^{vo}, p. 68.

entertain

entertain her with his Love, with the same indifference he talked on any other occasion, and with great serenity of mind make a digression from what he was saying, either to play with her lap-dog, or give his opinion of a suit of knots. OCTAVIO, when Fortune favoured him with an opportunity of declaring himself, was often struck speechless in the midst of a sentence, and could for some time express himself no other way than by pressing her hand and dropping a tear. FLAVIA, having duly weighed the merit of both, married TRIFLE. His unkindness to her after marriage, his inability for any thing of business, and carelessness in relation to his fortune, soon plunged her into so many unhappy circumstances, that she had long since sunk under the weight of them, had she not been constantly supported by the interest and assistance of the generous OCTAVIO.

But, besides the reasons I have already assigned for the ill success of the most deserving passions, there is one which I must not omit. It is the unhappiness of too many women of fortune and merit (from a distrust of their own judgment) to submit themselves entirely to the direction of others, and rely too much on those friendships they have contracted with some of their own sex. These female acquaintance either immediately form some design of their own upon them, in order to accomplish which every other proposal is discouraged, or from a spice of envy, too incident to the sex, cannot endure to

to see them ardently beloved, or think of having them pass their days in the arms of a man who they are sensible would make it the business of his life to oblige them.

I have been led more particularly into the subject of my present Paper by the unhappy passion of poor PHILANDER. PHILANDER, though of an age which the greatest part of our youth think fit to waste in all the excesses of luxury and debauchery, has laid it out in furnishing his mind with the most noble and manly notions of wisdom and virtue. He has not at the same time forgot to make himself master of all those little accomplishments which the polite have agreed to think necessary for a well-bred man; and is equally qualified for the most important affairs, or the most gay conversation. A perfect knowledge of the world has made him for a long time look with the utmost contempt on that insipid part of the female sex, who are skilled in nothing but dress and vanity. His heart remained untouched amidst a thousand beauties, till a particular accident first brought him to the knowledge of the lovely, the virtuous EMILIA. EMILIA, with a fortune that might command the vanities of life, has shewn that she has a mind infinitely above them. Her beauty serves but as the varnish to her virtues; while, with a graceful innocence peculiar to her, she declares, that, if ever she becomes a wife, she has no ambition to be a gaudy slave, but shall prefer substantial happiness to empty shew. PHILANDER saw and loved her with a passion
equal

equal to so much desert: his birth and fortune must have entituled him at least to a favourable hearing, had not his love given the alarm to the designs of a s^{he} friend. There is something at all times highly barbarous in aspersing the absent, even where the case is doubtful; but the malicious creature, who takes it upon her to be EMILIA's directress, is foolish enough to charge PHILANDER with being deficient in those very things for which he is more remarkably conspicuous: as I am a constant patron to virtuous Love, I am in hopes however, that, should this Paper reach EMILIA, she will be so just to herself, to be her own judge in a cause of this consequence; since, as a celebrated author observes, it is very certain, that a generous and constant passion in an agreeable Lover, is the greatest blessing that can happen to the most deserving of her sex; and, if overlooked in one, may perhaps never after be found in another.

* * * One of the compleatest houses in England, of the bigness of it, with a noble large stair-case finely painted, and lofty cielings (in Kinsington-square, to which there is so fine a going over her Majesty's park), whose situation is true, lofty, and dry, and in such manner to be warmed, not scalded by the sun, and as those who are judicious and study their health would choose. From the lower story you have the prospect of good part of Kent and Surrey. The garden ornamented with noble figures; and it is accommodated with large stabling and coach-houses, with appurtenances thereunto. This house was some years ago inhabited by his Grace the Duke of Schomberg, and since by several persons of quality; and for about three years last past by the Right Hon. my Lord Pierrepont, and will be to lett at Midsummer next. Enquire of Mr. Taylor, who inhabits by the premises.

Saturday,

N° 38. Saturday, May 22, 1714.

— *Scribere jussit amor.*

OVID Ep. iv. 10.

“ Love made me write.”

OTWAY.

I Shall make this Paper consist of one or two letters. The first is from PHILANDER to EMILIA, but was probably intercepted by the good-natured directress whom I mentioned in my last. There is so much Love and Sincerity through the whole as must have affected the most stubborn temper.

PHILANDER to EMILIA.

‘ MADAM,

‘ IF you judge of my passion only by what
 ‘ I said when I had last the honour to see you,
 ‘ you very much injure a heart like mine, that
 ‘ is filled with sentiments too lively, too tender
 ‘ to be expressed. I hardly know indeed what
 ‘ I said. What I very well remember is, that
 ‘ I was all Love, and all confusion, that I found
 ‘ it more difficult to speak before the woman I
 ‘ was born to admire, than I have formerly done
 ‘ before the largest assemblies.

‘ At the same time I must confess, I was not
‘ a little amazed at being so often interrupted
‘ by a creature, whom the most common rules
‘ of civility ought to have kept at a much
‘ greater distance. I must own, Madam, I was
‘ perfectly at a loss how to behave myself on
‘ such an occasion; and whether I ought to
‘ stifle my resentments, or give way to them,
‘ while I was so near a person whom I had
‘ rather die than offend.

‘ As to the business of fortune between us, I
‘ have no other proposal to make, but that I
‘ may put my whole estate into the hands of
‘ your counsel, to be settled after any manner
‘ which you think will make you most easy.
‘ I hope I have long since resolved that my car-
‘ riage shall be such, if ever I have the honour
‘ to be called your husband, as shall unite our
‘ interests by the surest tie, I mean that of affec-
‘ tion. Give me leave to assure you, Madam,
‘ with a freedom which I think myself obliged
‘ to use on so serious an occasion, that even as
‘ beautiful as you are, I could never be con-
‘ tented with your person without your heart.
‘ All I desire is, that I may have leave to try if
‘ my utmost endeavours to please and deserve
‘ you can make any impression on it. I only
‘ beg I may be allowed to explain myself at
‘ large on this head, though at the same time,
‘ to confess the truth, Madam, I cannot help
‘ entertaining a vain hope, that Providence had
‘ a much more than ordinary influence in my
‘ first

' first seeing you, and that I shall act with so
 ' much truth and sincerity in my pretensions to
 ' you, as may possibly move you to think, that,
 ' though I can never fully deserve you, I am
 ' much too sincere to be slighted. Vouchsafe,
 ' Madam, to hear me; and either root out this
 ' foolish notion by a frank and generous denial,
 ' or bless me with an opportunity of dedicating
 ' my whole life to your service, and doing what-
 ' ever the heart of man can be inspired with,
 ' when it is filled at once with Gratitude and
 ' Love. I am, Madam, with infinite passion,

' Your most devoted,

' most obedient, humble servant, &c.'

The next letter was sent me last week by a
 lady whose case is truly deplorable, if it is
 really such as she here represents it. I shall in-
 sert it, as she desires, for the sake of the moral
 at the end of it.

' S I R,

' I AM perhaps the most unfortunate woman
 ' living. My story in short is this. CINTHIO—
 ' pardon those tears that will fall upon this Pa-
 ' per at the sight of his name—I would tell
 ' you that I was long and passionately beloved
 ' by him—but how can I describe the great-
 ' ness, the sincerity of his passion! what pains
 ' did he not take, what method did he omit, to
 ' shew

‘ shew how much he valued me ! I must have
‘ been the worst, the most foolish of my sex,
‘ to have been insensible to so much truth and
‘ merit. I loved the dear, the unhappy youth,
‘ with a passion not inferior to his own ; but,
‘ out of a foolish reserve, which our silly sex
‘ seldom know when they ought to keep up,
‘ and when lay aside, I rather chose to receive
‘ his messages, and send him his answers, by a
‘ female confidante, than to see him myself.
‘ DORIA (for so I shall call the wretch) had
‘ long been a common friend to us both ; she
‘ had a thousand times talked to me of CINTHIO
‘ with all those praises he so truly deserved ;
‘ when one day she came to me, and with a
‘ seeming anguish of mind told me, that CIN-
‘ THIO “ was the worst of men, and had basely
‘ betrayed me.” It would be too tedious to give
‘ you an account of the fact she charged him
‘ with. I shall only inform you, that there
‘ happened at that time to be so many unlucky
‘ circumstances, which made what she had told
‘ me look like truth, that I could not help be-
‘ lieving her. She found the way to work up
‘ my passion to such a height, that I made a
‘ vow never to see him or receive a message
‘ from him more ; and within a fortnight after,
‘ by her instigation, took a man for my husband
‘ whom I could neither love, nor hate. I was
‘ no sooner married, than I was fully convinced
‘ my CINTHIO had been abused. After I had
‘ for some days endured the sharpest pangs of
‘ Rage,

‘ Rage, Despair, Jealousy, and Love, I compos’d
 ‘ myself just enough to send him word that I
 ‘ was satisfied of his innocence; but conjur’d
 ‘ him, if he had ever loved, to avoid seeing
 ‘ me. I was this afternoon oblig’d to go to a
 ‘ near relation’s. The first person I fix’d my
 ‘ eyes on when I came into the room was CYN-
 ‘ THIO, who immediately burst into a flood of
 ‘ tears, made a low bow, and retir’d.

‘ I had much ado to forbear fainting, but
 ‘ am got home, and am this moment enduring
 ‘ such torments as no words can give a notion
 ‘ of. I am undone; but, before my senses are
 ‘ quite lost, I send you this, that it may for the
 ‘ future be observ’d as a constant rule by my
 ‘ unhappy sex, “Never to condemn a Lover,
 ‘ however guilty he may at first appear, till they
 ‘ have at least given him an opportunity of
 ‘ justifying himself.” I am, Sir,

‘ The most unhappy of women,

‘ J. C.’

‘ P. S. I had like to have omitted informing
 ‘ you, that when I sent a letter, in the anguish of
 ‘ my soul, to the wretch above described, to
 ‘ desire I might know why she had ruin’d me,
 ‘ I receiv’d the following answer :

“ Dear JENNY,

“ THE fellow you mention talk’d so per-
 “ petually about you, and took so little notice
 “ of

“ of any body else, that I could at last no
 “ longer endure him. I plainly foresaw, that,
 “ if you had ever come together, you would
 “ have been company for none but yourselves;
 “ for which reason, I took care to have you
 “ marry a man with whom, if I am not mis-
 “ taken, you may live as other women generally
 “ do with husbands.

“ I am yours, &c.”

N° 39. Tuesday, May 25, 1714.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus

Interpres——

HOR. Ars. Poet. 133.

“ Nor word for word too faithfully translate.”

DUNCOMBE.

SINCE I have given public notice of my
 abode, I have had many visits from unfor-
 tunate fellow-sufferers who have been crossed in
 Love as well as myself.

WILL WORMWOOD, who is related to me
 by my mother's side, is one of those who often
 repair to me for my advice. WILL is a fellow
 of good sense, but puts it to little other use
 than to torment himself. He is a man of so
 refined an understanding, that he can set a con-
 struction upon every thing to his own disad-

R

vantage,

vantage, and turn even a civility into an affront. He groans under imaginary injuries, finds himself abused by his friends, and fancies the whole world in a kind of combination against him. In short, poor WORMWOOD is devoured with the spleen: you may be sure a man of this humour makes a very whimsical Lover. Be that as it will, he is now over head and ears in that passion, and by a very curious interpretation of his mistress's behaviour, has in less than three months reduced himself to a perfect skeleton. As her fortune is inferior to his, she gives him all the encouragement another man could wish, but has the mortification to find that her Lover still sours upon her hands. WILL is dissatisfied with her, whether she smiles or frowns upon him; and always thinks her either too reserved, or too coming. A kind word that would make another Lover's heart dance for joy, pangs poor WILL, and makes him lie awake all night.—As I was going on with WILL WORMWOOD's amour, I received a present from my bookseller, which I found to be “The Characters of Theophrastus translated from the Greek into English by Mr. BUDGELL *.”

“* The Moral Character of Theophrastus. Translated from the Greek, by Eustace Budgell, Esq.” Second Edit. 12mo. 1714. Dr. Johnson says, “ADDISON has recommended this book, and was suspected to have revised, if he did not write it.” Dr. JOHNSON's “Lives of English Poets.” Vol. II. p. 375, Ed. 8vo. 1781. Probably ADDISON was the author of this Paper of the LOVER N° 39.

It

It was with me as, I believe, it will be with all who look into this translation: when I had begun to peruse it, I could not lay it by, till I had gone through the whole book; and was agreeably surprized to meet with a chapter in it, intituled, “A Discontented Temper,” which gives a livelier picture of my cousin WORMWOOD, than that which I was drawing for him myself. It is as follows:

‘ C H A P. XVII.

‘ *A Discontented Temper.*

‘ A discontented temper is, “A frame of
 ‘ mind which sets a man upon complaining
 ‘ without reason.” When one of his neighbours,
 ‘ who makes an entertainment, sends a servant
 ‘ to him with a plate of any thing that is nice,
 ‘ “What,” says he, “your master did not think
 ‘ me good enough to dine with him?” He com-
 ‘ plains of his mistress at the very time she is
 ‘ caressing him; and when she redoubles her
 ‘ kisses and endearments, “I wish,” says he,
 ‘ “all this came from your heart!” In a dry
 ‘ season he grumbles for want of rain; and,
 ‘ when a shower falls, mutters to himself,
 ‘ “Why could not this have come sooner?” if
 ‘ he happens to find a purse of money, “Had
 ‘ it been a pot of gold,” says he, “it would
 ‘ have been worth stooping for.” He takes a
 ‘ great deal of pains to beat down the price of a

' slave; and after he has paid his money for him,
 " I am sure," says he, " thou art good for no-
 ' thing, or I should not have had thee so cheap."
 ' When a messenger comes with great joy to
 ' acquaint him that his wife is brought to bed
 ' of a son, he answers. " That is as much as
 ' to say, friend, I am poorer by half to day
 ' than I was yesterday." Though he has gained
 ' a cause with costs and damages, he complains
 ' that his counsel did not insist upon the most
 ' material points. If, after any misfortune has
 ' befallen him, his friends raise a voluntary
 ' contribution for him, and desire him to be
 " merry, " How is that possible?" says he,
 " when I am to pay every one of you his
 ' money again, and be obliged to you into the
 ' bargain!"

The instances of a discontented temper which
 Theophrastus has here made use of, like those
 which he singles out to illustrate the rest of
 his characters, are chosen with the greatest
 nicety, and full of humour. His strokes are
 always fine and exquisite, and though they
 are not sometimes violent enough to affect the
 imagination of a coarse reader, they cannot but
 give the highest pleasure to every man of a
 refined taste, who has a thorough insight into
 human nature.

As for the Translation, I have never seen any
 of a prose author which has pleased me more.
 The gentleman, who has obliged the public with
 it, has followed the rule which Horace has laid
 down

down for Translators, by preserving every where the life and spirit of his author, without servilely copying after him word for word. This is what the French, who have most distinguished themselves by performances of this nature, so often inculcate when they advise a Translator to find out such particular elegancies in his own tongue, as bear some analogy to those he sees in the original, and to express himself by such phrases as his author would probably have made use of, had he written in the language into which he is translated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky word or a short circumstance, the meaning of Theophrastus is all along explained, and the humour very often carried to a greater height. A Translator who does not thus consider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with such parallel turns of thoughts and expression as correspond with one another in both of them, may value himself upon being a faithful interpreter; but in works of wit and humour will never do justice to his author or credit to himself.

As this is every where a judicious and a reasonable liberty, I see no chapter in Theophrastus where it has been so much indulged, and in which it was so absolutely necessary, as in the character of the Sloven. I find the Translator himself, though he has taken pains to qualify it, is still apprehensive that there may be something too gross in the description. The

reader will see with how much delicacy he has touched upon every particular, and cast into shades every thing that was shocking in so nauseous a figure.

C H A P. XIX.

‘ A S L O V E N.

‘ SLOVENLINESS is such a neglect of a
‘ man’s person, as makes him offensive to other
‘ people. The Sloven comes into company with
‘ a dirty pair of hands, and a set of long nails
‘ at the end of them, and tells you, for an excuse, that his father and grandfather used to
‘ do so before him. However, that he may
‘ out-go his fore-fathers, his fingers are covered
‘ with warts of his own raising. He is as hairy
‘ as a goat, and takes care to let you see it. His
‘ teeth and breath are perfectly well suited to
‘ one another. He lays about him at table
‘ after a very extraordinary manner, and takes
‘ in a meal at a mouthful; which he seldom
‘ disposes of without offending the company.
‘ In drinking he generally makes more haste
‘ than good speed. When he goes into the
‘ bath, you may easily find him out by the scent
‘ of his oil, and distinguish him when he is
‘ dressed by the spots in his coat. He does not
‘ stand upon decency in conversation, but will
‘ talk smut, though a priest and his mother be
‘ in the room. He commits a blunder in the
‘ most

‘ most solemn offices of devotion, and afterwards
 ‘ falls a-laughing at it. At a concert of music
 ‘ he breaks in upon the performance, hums
 ‘ over the tune to himself, or if he thinks it
 ‘ long, asks the musicians, “ Whether they will
 ‘ never have done ?” He always spits at random,
 ‘ and if he is at an entertainment, it is ten to
 ‘ one but it is upon the servant who stands be-
 ‘ hind him.’

The foregoing translation brings to my re-
 membrance that excellent observation of my
 Lord RosCOMMON’s *,

“ None yet have been with admiration read,
 “ But who (beside their learning) were well-bred.”

If after this the reader can endure the filthy
 representation of the same figure exposed in its
 worst light, he may see how it looks in the for-
 mer English version, which was published some
 years since, and is done from the French of
 Bruyere.

‘ *Naftiness or Slovenliness.*

‘ SLOVENLINESS is a lazy and beastly
 ‘ negligence of a man’s own person, whereby
 ‘ he becomes so fordid, as to be offensive to
 ‘ those about him. You will see him come in-
 ‘ to company when he is covered all over with a

* Essay on Translated Verse.

‘leprosy and scurf, and with very long nails,
‘and says, those distempers were hereditary,
‘that his father and grandfather had them be-
‘fore him. He has ulcers in his thighs, and
‘boils upon his hands, which he takes no care
‘to have cured, but lets them run on till they
‘are gone beyond remedy. His arm-pits are
‘all hairy, and most part of his body like a
‘wild beast. His teeth are black and rotten,
‘which makes his breath stink so that you can-
‘not endure him to come nigh you; he will
‘also snuff up his nose and spit it out as he
‘eats, and uses to speak with his mouth cram-
‘med full, and lets his victuals come out at
‘both corners. He belches in the cups as he
‘is drinking, and uses nasty stinking oil in the
‘bath. He will intrude into the best company
‘in sordid ragged cloaths. If he goes with his
‘mother to the sooth-sayers, he cannot then
‘refrain from wicked and prophane expressions.
‘When he is making his oblations at the
‘temple, he will let the dish drop out of his
‘hands, and fall a-laughing, as if he had done
‘some brave exploit. At the finest concert of
‘musick he cannot forbear clapping his hands,
‘and making a rude noise; will pretend to sing
‘along with them, and fall a-railing at them
‘to leave off. Sitting at table, he spits full
‘upon the servants who waited there.’

I cannot close this Paper without observing,
that if gentlemen of leisure and genius would
take the same pains upon some other Greek or
Roman

Roman author, that has been bestowed upon this, we should no longer be abused by our booksellers, who set their hackney-writers at work for so much a sheet. The world would soon be convinced, that there is a great deal of difference between putting an author into English and *translating* him *.

N^o 40. Thursday, May 27, 1714.

——— *Nec tarda senectus*

Debilitat vires ———

VIRG. *Æn.* ix. 610.

“ Nor flags our generous warmth by years
declin’d.”

PITT.

THE bosom into which LOVE enters inclines the person who is inspired with it with a goodness towards all with whom he converses, more extensive than even that which is instilled by Charity. I pretend to so much of this noble passion, as seldom to overlook the excellences of other men; and I forgive Mrs. PAGE all the pangs my passion has given me, since, though I am never to have her, all other persons are become more agreeable to me, from the large good-will, the beginning of which I owe to the admiration of her. There are no excellencies of mind or body, in any person that

* See the note on p. 242, *ad finem*.

comes

comes before me, which escape my observation, and I take great pleasure in divulging my sense of them.

I must confess, entertainments of the neighbouring Theatre frequently engage my evenings; I do not take it to be a condescension, that some of my Papers are but paraphrases upon play-bills. I have grown old in the observation of the feats of activity and genius for intelligent movements, which I have always loved in my old acquaintance JO. PRINCE, who is to entertain us on Monday next with several new inventions, wherein he has expressed the compass and variety of his excellent talent. One of those diversions he calls "The Rattle," from the harlequin, irregular, and comic movements with which it is performed; another, which he hath termed "The Looby," is performed by himself, bearing a prong, and Mrs. BICKNALL managing a rake with as much beauty (though a little higher dancing) as an Arcadian shepherdess. The next dance he will give us is very aptly called "The Innocent," to be performed by Mrs. YOUNGER, a genteel movement, consisting of a saraband and jig, to represent both the simplicity and gaiety of that character.

The fourth act will be followed by a motion contrived to represent the midnight mirth of linkboys: the dance is very humorous, and well imagined.

His play concludes with what they call a "Figure-dance," performed by an elegant assembly

assembly of gentlemen and ladies, and is as much different from any of the preceding movements, as the style of a Poem is above that of a Ballad.

But I must turn my thoughts from this performer to a person who has also diverted many different generations on the Theatre, but in a much higher sphere; to wit, in the character of a Poet. The person whom I am about to mention is the celebrated Mr. D'URFEY, who has had the fate of all great authors, to have met with much envy and opposition; but the sagacious part of mankind (as soon as they begin to grow conspicuous) ward themselves against the envious, by representing the nobility of their birth; and I do not know why I may not as well defend the Writings of my friend against the malice of criticks, by shewing how ancient a gentleman he is from whom they pretend to detract. I will undertake to show those who pretend to cavil at my friend's writings, that his ancestors made a greater figure in the world, nay in the learned world, than their own.

Monsieur PERRAULT, the famous French Academist, in his Memoirs of the Worthies of France, gives this testimony of the house of D'URFEY.

‘HONORIUS D'URFEY,’ says he, ‘*Cadet*
‘of the illustrious house of D'URFEY, in the
‘province

• province of Forrest, was chosen Knight of
 • Malta, and discharged the devoirs of his pro-
 • fession with all the bravery, and all the exact-
 • ness it could require.

• He had two brothers, the eldest of which
 • married the heiress of Chatteumorant; but
 • the marriage afterwards being declared null,
 • by reason of his insufficiency, he became re-
 • ligious, and died Prior of Mount-verdon, and
 • Dean of the Chapter of St. JOHN DE MOUNT-
 • BRISSON.

• The second brother was master of the horse
 • to the Duke of SAVOY, and lived to be above
 • one hundred years old.

• HONORIUS was very much admired for many
 • noble and witty performances; but what prin-
 • cipally obliges us to put him into the number
 • of our illustrious men, was the beauty and
 • fertility which appears with so much splendor
 • in *Astrea*, the Romance he has left us, in which
 • are lively pictures of all the conditions of hu-
 • man life, in so genuine a manner, that the
 • idea he gives of them has not only for above
 • fifty years past, charmed all France, but all
 • Europe.

• Whatever veneration we are obliged to have
 • for the admirable Poems of Homer, which
 • have been the delight of all ages; yet, I be-
 • lieve it may be said, that to consider them on
 • the score of invention, manners, passion, and
 • character, Monsieur D'URFEY'S *Astrea*, though
 • prose, deserves no less the name of a *Poem*,
 • and

‘ and is not in the least inferior to Homer’s: this
‘ is the judgement of very learned men, *viz.*
‘ Cardinal Richelieu, Mr. WALLER, COWLEY,
‘ &c, and those, who have been very much
‘ prepossest for the ancients against the mo-
‘ derns.

‘ Of this excellent Romance we mention, tho’
‘ finished by another (he dying before the last
‘ *tome* was written) yet he left enough from his
‘ own hand to establish his fame; nor was it
‘ found to be meerly Romance, but an enig-
‘ matical contexture of his own principal ad-
‘ ventures, before he set out for his noble sta-
‘ tion at Malta, where he remained several
‘ years.

‘ He had conceived a Love for Mademoiselle
‘ de Chatteumorant, sole heiress of her family,
‘ beautiful, rich, and haughty, but of that noble
‘ haughtiness which is commonly inspired by
‘ great virtues; in his absence, she was married
‘ to his eldest brother, more upon a political
‘ account than any united affection, as will thus
‘ appear.

‘ The houses of D’URFEY and CHATTEAU-
‘ MORANT, the two greatest of the whole pro-
‘ vince, were always at enmity with one another,
‘ and their interests had divided all the nobility
‘ of the country, so that the parents on both
‘ sides were willing by this alliance to dry up
‘ the source of the quarrels and misfortunes,
‘ which usually happened every moment.

‘ D’URFEY,

• D'URFEY, at his return from Malta, found
 • his mistress married to his brother, yet still he
 • could not cease to love her; and in all likeli-
 • hood was not ignorant of his secret defect,
 • who, after ten years marriage confessing at last
 • his impotence, was divorced; and then the
 • Chevalier (obtaining a dispensation of his vow)
 • after he had surmounted several difficulties,
 • espoused *Mademoiselle* CHATTEAUMORANT.

• These adventures gave occasion to those of
 • Celadon, Silvander, Astrea, and Diana, who
 • are the mystical images of them; divers affairs
 • of persons of the best quality at court, in his
 • time, having also furnished matter for the in-
 • genious construction of the work.'

So far PERRAULT.

• SEVERINUS D'URFEY, his near kinsman,
 • the before-mentioned Chevalier being his great
 • uncle, for the extravagancy of his youth, or
 • some other reason which has always been a
 • secret to those about him, was disinherited
 • some time before he came into England; where
 • being excellently well gifted in all gentleman-
 • like qualities, though undoing all by his im-
 • moderate vice of gaming, he married a gentle-
 • woman of Huntingdonshire, of the family of
 • the MARMIONS, from whom descended THO-
 • MAS D'URFEY, the ornament of this Paper.'

There

There seems to be no blot in this pedigree, but that of the insufficiency of the gentleman who married the heiress of Chatteumorant; but as he could by reason of that defect have no descendants, the heralds of Germany, Scotland, and Wales, all agree, that insufficiency in a collateral line cannot affect the heirs general; so that thus my friend and his writings are safe against the most malicious criticks in this particular.

Monsieur MENAGE reports, that the D'URFEYS descended from the Emperors of Constantinople on the father's side, and the Viceroy of Naples on the mother's. I shall put *MENAGE's* words by way of advertisement at the end of my to-day's work. This long account I have inserted, that the ignorant of Mr. D'URFEY's quality may know how to receive him, when on the seventh of next month he shall appear (as he designs), in honour of the ladies, to speak an oration by way of prologue to "The Richmond Heiress."

That gentleman has so long appeared in the cities of London and Westminster, attended only by one servant, and him all along *under age*, that the generality have too familiar a conception of him; but it is to be hoped, that the ladies, for whose sake only he appears in public, will smile upon him, as if he himself were a Knight of Malta, and receive him as if they beheld Honorius and Severinus in their professed servant THOMAS D'URFEY. It is recommended
to

to all the fine spirits, and beautiful ladies, to possess themselves of Mr. D'URFEY's tickets, lest a further account, which we shall shortly give of his family and merit, may make the generality purchase them, and exclude those whom he most desires for his audience.

Extract from MENAGE:

MESSIRE d'Ursey se nomment Lascuris en leur nom de family, et pretendent etre issus des Anciens Lascuris Empereurs de Constantinople, le dernier Marquis d'Ursey qui avoit epouse une dalegre, disoit a son fils qui etoit exempt des Gardes, Mon fils; vous avez de grands Exemples a suivre tant du Cote Paternel que Maternel: de mon Cote vos Ancêtres etoient Empereurs d'Orient; et du Cote de votre Mere, vous venes de Viceróis de Naples. Le fils repondit, Il faut, Monsieur, que ce soient de pauvres gens, de n'avoir pu faire qu'un miserable exempt de Gardes, d'ou vient qu'ils ne m'ont laissi ni l'Empire ni leur Viceroyante.*

* Mr. THOMAS D'URFEY had often the honour to be introduced into STEELE's writings, who made him not unfrequently the subject of his polite raillery, though he discovers on all occasions a friendship for him, and a sincere disposition to serve him, of which D'URFEY appears to have had the most grateful sensibility to the end of his life. See TAT. with Notes, *passim*, particularly N° 43; and GUARDIAN, N° 29, N° 67, N° 82, and Notes, relative to T. D'URFEY, who left his gold watch and diamond ring to STEELE. D'URFEY was buried by the direction and at the expence of Sir Richard, in Covent Garden Church-yard, in a very decent and elegant manner.

I N D E X

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T H E R E A D E R.

* The *READER* was published in opposition to "*The Examiner*." *The LOVER* and *The READER*, first published together as the *TATLER*, *SPECTATOR*, and *GUARDIAN*, in half sheets, were soon collected into one volume in 12mo. and a small number of them were printed in 8vo. upon royal and demy paper to compleat *sets* of the Author's Works. They are now re-published with care and illustrations, in the same forms, and with the same view. This step a consideration of the elegance and usefulness of STEELE's writings and publications prompted, and will abundantly justify. With a more particular design, STEELE assumed a very general title for his Paper that gave him a great latitude in the choice of his subjects, and left him at liberty, to treat with propriety on any topic the productions of the press might supply or suggest for entertainment, correction, or instruction, in whatever way he judged requisite, or instruction, in whatever way he judged requisite, or expedient. The chief scope and design of this work, will best be discovered by a general account of the paper above-mentioned, to which it was directly opposed. For this purpose it may be sufficient to quote some passages from a more full and particular account given in the Notes on the *TATLER*, to which the curious are referred for farther satisfaction, and especially to the notes on *The TATLER*, in 6 Vols. cr, 8vo. Edit. of 1786, N^o 210, and N^o 220.

"The Paper, intituled *The Examiner*, was an engine
"of State *ad captandum vulgus*, in the four last inglorious
"years of the reign of Queen Anne. It was employed oc-
"asionally,

“casionally, most commonly once, sometimes twice a week,
 “to display the wisdom and blazon the integrity of her
 “ministers during that period; to contrast their skill and
 “virtues, with the ignorance and vices of their predeces-
 “sors; to whitewash or blacken characters; to state or
 “mis-state facts: to varnish men and things, as simulation
 “and dissimulation thought proper, and just as the nature
 “and exigencies of their weak and wicked administration
 “required. As it was directed to a variety of purposes, it
 “was played-off by a variety of hands, who from the
 “highest to the lowest, were venal prostitutes who did as
 “they were desired to do, and all wrought, to borrow the
 “elegant words of one of their principals, like ‘Scrub
 “hang-dog instruments of mischief and under-spur-lea-
 “thers,’ rather *fortiter in re* than *suaviter in modo*.”

Some *Lucubrations* in the TATLER of a political nature,
 of which STEELE was the author, or at least the publisher,
 exceedingly offended the Ministry above mentioned, and
 gave birth to the Examiner. The animadversions in it,
 on STEELE and his politics, are penned with so much
 asperity and so little wit, that now that personal malice is
 passed, they counteract the ends of their original publication.

This work in its early infancy was committed to the care
 and conduct of Dr. SWIFT, who as he declares in a confi-
 dential letter to Mrs. Johnson, with the assistance of *under-*
spur-leathers, penned and published the papers by the en-
 couragement and direction of the great men, *who assured*
him that they were all true. See SWIFT’s “Works,” Vol.
 XXII. p. 120, ed. cr. 8vo. 1769. Of this ill-employed
 clergyman, and all concerned with him in this ignominious
 service, it may be truly said, as Swift himself says, that for
 the value of sixpence, a woman from Billingsgate, prompted
 by the *great men*, who were the directors, might have done
 the business better than the best of them. SWIFT in his
 journal letters to Mrs. Johnson, has given the history of
 the Examiner very particularly; the curious may have re-
 course to that source for farther information, or save them-
 selves the trouble by consulting the fair impartial statement
 of SWIFT’s own account in the notes on the TATLER, to
 the numbers above-mentioned. See TATLER in 6 Vols,
 cr. 8vo. N° 210, and N° 229, *ut supra*.

T H E

T H E
R E A D E R.

N^o 1. Thursday, April 22, 1714.

Semper ego Auditor tantum?— Juv. Sat. i. 1.

“Still shall I hear, and never quit the score?”

DRYDEN.

IAM a man that have READ myself almost blind, and find by a modest calculation of things, that it is as wonderful how the scribblers of this age live as how the ale-houses subsist, though almost every house is a victualler's. I take this circumstance of the tippling-places to be in some measure attributed to the justices of the peace, who as well to oblige their clerks, who have so much a licence, as to let no one who is a stranger in town want accommodation— But I have run this simile too far to be like what I was going to liken it to; and shall therefore proceed, without minding that, to give an account

count to the Public before whom I appear, why I appear at all.

You must know I have a long time frequented coffee-houses and Read Papers, and spent my money upon coffee for the advantage of Reading the Papers; though the coffee and the papers also are meer dryers, and do but hinder my natural capacity by a forced liveliness as to the coffee, and a false gravity as to the Papers; for as to the former, I have afterwards found myself dispirited thereby; as to the latter misled rather than enlightened.

I humbly therefore desire all who [like myself] have been patient or gentle Readers, to take in me, who set up in behalf of all persons who for some time last past have been imposed upon, I mean from the beginning of the world [which is but an instant in comparison of the succeeding time—]. I beg pardon, I am still but a READER, and so little used to Writing, that I have made two *parentheses*, if not more; so that I cannot go on, without beginning a new sentence.

I am then to let you understand, that, in consideration that all Readers have a long time been imposed upon, I step out to do all of those good people justice, and write things, which, from the observations I have made in the character of a Reader, have most offended that innocent part of the world. It is certain that many become Authors before they have been Readers, which has led them into much error,
from

from the fault of humourfome parents, who would have them learn to Write firft. But under the chara^cter of READER, I claim the liberty to go out of my way, and lay by what I am about, take a nap, or fufpend my attention as I please—: but this carelefs behaviour to what I met with in public, firft vanifhed from two remarkable circumftances. The “Daily Courant” of April the 15th publifhes a declaration of the French king given at Verfailles, wherein he renews a prohibition that had been in force for three years; I fay, he renews an order which had been fo long in force, without fuch fuccefs as not to need the repetition of it, that no new converts to the Roman Catholic Religion fhould fell their immoveable eftates within the three next fucceeding years; without the king’s leave, or that of thofe authorized by him. I remember our papers formerly fpoke another thing I am very forry for, which this good prince infifts upon, which implied that his majefty would underftand all the children of his Proteftant fubjects, born within the dominions of other provinces, to be under the penalties of his inland Proteftants. This grieved me more than ordinary, becaufe by the rule of taking from us one generation, and not letting the naturalization of the parents, or birth of the children, denominate thofe born in other nations fubjects of thofe nations, he may take off, for aught I know, the beft men of all other dominions. I am fure he might by that rule un-
do

do Great-Britain, by taking from us his greatest opponents, and our best patriots; for some etymologists and heralds say, the illustrious names of *Harley*, *d'Harcourt*, and *St. Jean*, are originally French. But as to the prohibition I was speaking of, to dispose of their fortunes, I took great notice, when I was a private man (like you common Readers) that a worthy Prelate*, author of "The History of the Reformation," in his sermon preached on last Easter Monday, March 29, has this excellent and reasonable paragraph on the subject of the danger of Popery.

‘ Here I have given you but a faint description of what you must all look for, when that day comes which our assertors of Hereditary Right are pleading for, and are not afraid to own (so sure, it seems, they think their designs are laid), that even all funds must be at the mercy of the next heir, whom they look and wish for; and if they are at his mercy, let none deceive themselves with this vain and impious thought, that it will cost them no more but the changing their Religion to save all. To those who have none, this will be no hard performance to secure every thing to them; but even in this they may reckon wrong: in France a heavy jealousy hangs still over those who fell in the hour of trial; every step they make is watched; their want of zeal is observed, their children are taken from them, and every information against them

* Dr. Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury.

‘ brings

' brings them into great trouble: so that their
 ' lives become a burthen to them, which even
 ' their apostacy cannot secure them from. They
 ' must either over-do matters, and run into all
 ' the excesses of supererrogating superstition,
 ' and even of informing against others, or else
 ' they will be still under suspicion. The en-
 ' riching of shrines and relics, the adorning
 ' churches and images, an affected devotion to
 ' saints, with the pomp of endowments, will be
 ' then the tests by which mens affections will
 ' be judged. The bare doing what is com-
 ' manded will not serve turn: the wealth with
 ' which God blesses any must be applied to
 ' the endowing of altars, the founding of per-
 ' petual masses, and the redemption of souls out
 ' of purgatory. A multitude of holidays must
 ' take men off from their labour; but processions
 ' will come in place of that, which though they
 ' impoverish the laity, yet will be turned to the
 ' enriching those who deal in that traffic.'

As to the new converts mentioned above be-
 fore the last quotation, I must remark, that a
 fellow in the coffee-house where I read that the
 sale of the estates of New Converts was for-
 bidden, said, we would not care a farthing for
 that, if the New Converts amongst us were for-
 bidden to purchase. I know not what he meant
 by that, nor am I responsible to find out his
 meaning, but am at liberty to fob off my Read-
 ers, as I have when a Reader, been delayed my-
 self, till time shall discover these matters; and

T

in

in the *interim* to say, whether I think it or not, that these matters want confirmation.

The Reader may see with what familiarity of style I treat him; but he will I hope, excuse me, when this is only to recover lost time, by imposing upon others as I have been myself, and desiring of them to bear with me as well as they have done with my predecessors in scribbling. This favour I will deserve, by being an observer upon all that is written by other journalists, and being partial to no author but myself. The *Post-boy* is a considerable man; the *Courant*, you see, I have quoted already; the *Post-man* is a neuter, but against his conscience; the *Lover* is a cheat, for he is a married man; and the *Flying-post* has abundance of mistakes, which he never commits by little and little, but is wrong or right from the beginning to the end of a Paper.

Besides this, there are abundance of books printed every day, which I shall take notice of, and put myself to the labour of Reading haphazard, without staying till I hear them commended. This let me tell you, is a great help to men of good estates, who are not obliged to be so exact in their Reading; and I will take care that he who talks after me, shall talk well enough for a man of quality. Let me tell you again, this is a great matter; the rich by my means may adorn themselves by the labours of the poor, and the poor feed by the follies of the rich; which indeed is as it should be.

I must

I must take notice that I have *read* the following advertisement twice or thrice repeated.

“Whereas there is a new Altar-piece* or
 “Painting put up in the chancel of the church
 “of White Chapel, within the diocese of Lon-
 “don (belonging to the *Rector* of the said parish),
 “wherein the traytor Judas (contrary to all fi-
 “gures ancient and modern) is drawn as sitting
 “in an elbow chair, in a priest’s gown and
 “band, and other appearances of a dignified
 “clergyman of the church of England: these
 “are to give notice, that if any person or per-
 “sons will discover who was the designer and
 “director of that impious fancy†, they, or either
 “of them, shall have ten guineas reward im-
 “mediately paid upon information and evi-
 “dence so given, in order to prosecute any pro-
 “phane fellow concerned in it, by me

“WILLOUGHBY WILLEY.”

What I have to say to this point is, that (if the fact be true) the minister of the church, if privy to it, who suffered it to be erected, has done a thing that is in the highest degree a

* See some particulars of this business at the end of the READER, N^o IX.

† A celebrated Italian painter is said to have served a dig-
 nitary of the Romish church the same waggish trick. In a
 painting of Hell-torments for an Altar-piece, he drew Judas
 with all the *pontificalia*, in the striking likeness of a Prior,
 to whom he bore some grudge. The Prior complained of
 the impious painter to the Pope; but his Holiness, happen-
 ing to be a man of humour, said coolly, “Sir, I could and
 would have taken you out of *Purgatory*, but HELL is out of
 my jurisdiction.”

scandal to his character; and has given the gentleman, whom the unchristian man is said to have caused to be drawn in that Tablet, an opportunity of imitating the most sacred character that should be there in his patience, and turning the Judas upon him, who could with that supper before him, project so treacherous and base an assault upon the reputation of his brother, and consequently disappoint the effect of his ministry, which in charity he ought to believe better directed than his own.

N° 2. Saturday, April 24, 1714.

*Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
Intaminatis fulget honoribus.* HOR. 3 Od. ii. 17.

“No base repulse can Virtue know :
“Her honours unpolluted flow. DUNCOMBE.

THE title of my Paper may sufficiently explain the design of it, which is chiefly to disabuse those Readers who are imposed upon by the licentious writers of this degenerate age. The greatest offender in this kind is the “Examiner.” I know many sober and intelligent men are of opinion, that his assertions are so gross, and his falshood so visible, that there is no need of taking any notice of him; but I am

of

of another mind; for all such people as have not temper enough to reflect upon reasoning against him, are satisfied if more words are put into their mouths to vent that rage, which they have not patience to root quite out, or perhaps after having gone some lengths which they are ashamed of, want candour to retract their errors. "The Examiner" has a great while had nothing else to utter but meer words of passion; and his paper, which came out this 23d of April, is written in this taste. After putting the following words in Italic letters, at such distances as he thinks are onamental to his Paper, *Whigs, Government, Fears, Jealousies, Peace at home, Sedition, Suspicions, Censures, Murmurs, Dreams, Prophecies, Rumour, Report, Ghosts, Apparitions, honourable amends, and Scarecrow*, he begins to be a little understood, and seems to say that those Whigs, a people not yet described by him, but in general revilings, so that it is impossible to tell whom he means; but he says of them, that instead of making atonement for their past sins, they are "still
 "reviving their own shame and infamy, and
 "ringing over the same chimes in our ears
 "without ceasing. Popery! the Pretender!
 "French Tyranny! Dunkirk not demolished!
 "Toby Butler! the Highlands! swarms of Jacobites! the Catalans! the Peace! Importation of Jesuits! Invasions from Bar-le-duc!
 "all these stale noisy topics are still flying
 "about our ears like wild-fire wrapped up in
 "paper."

“paper.” Give me leave to observe, this author has put the peace in very bad company; and no one but he would dare to take the liberty to put it, in the most oblique way, on the same foot of being mentioned with the case of the Catalans, and the importation of Jesuits. But after the *climax* of distresses from the word Popery to the words invasions from Bar-le-duc, he has not thought fit to obviate any arguments heretofore used, that all good men should be alarmed at the growth of power in a superstitious prince, who has been formerly the patron of the Pretender: nay he is so far from doing any thing like this, that he strives to abate the pleasure men take in the hopes of the arrival of a prince from Hanover, who is the third in the succession to the crown after her majesty without issue.

There are many circumstances in this affair which make it improper to mention it at all; but since this gentleman has, or takes, leave to say what he pleases, I shall in behalf of all who Read him, answer what he calls a few “seasonable Questions in this Juncture of Affairs.”

“Would the coming of the young prince
“demolish Dunkirk more effectually? Would
“TOBY BUTLER’s recruits immediately desert?
“Would it raise the siege of Barcelona? Break
“the peace? Change the nature of French
“tyranny? Or reduce the exorbitant power of
“the Duke of Lorrain? I believe they will not
“venture

“ venture to say, that a prince, however power-
 “ ful, yet a subject still, would upon his first
 “ landing, interpose so vigorously in public
 “ affairs. And if so, then it is plain, from the
 “ conduct of the Whigs themselves, that all
 “ these clamours, which they have so long
 “ dwelt upon, taking each particular case as
 “ their own advocates have stated it, are per-
 “ fectly groundless, and the Protestant religion
 “ is in no danger from any of these incidents;
 “ unless they would loyally and modestly in-
 “ sinuate, that the same things which they call
 “ grievances under her Majesty, would cease to
 “ be so if any of her Protestant heirs were resi-
 “ dent among us.”

Here are his questions, and reflections after
 them: to which I answer, that though the
 arrival of the Duke of Cambridge would not
 demolish Dunkirk, yet it would make us less
 fearful of the ill consequences from its being
 undemolished; one of which may be an attempt
 of imposing upon us the Pretender, whose in-
 vasion would be less dreaded, when one who is
 a prince of the blood was ready to fight against
 him, and animate all good subjects in her ma-
 jesty's and his own cause against him. TOBY
 BUTLER's recruits might not, perhaps, desert;
 but it would make Mr. BUTLER's promise to
 them, of seeing their master soon in these do-
 minions, more unlikely than at present, when so
 valorous a prince as the Duke of Cambridge
 was ready to oppose him; the Duke of Cam-

bridge, who before now has kept the field when the Pretender fled out of it. His arrival would not raise the siege of Barcelona, but it would animate the besieged, that this instance of the prevalence of the cause of liberty, in so powerful a nation as Great Britain, had this reinforcement. His arrival would not break the peace, but it would make our affairs more confirmed and cemented both in time of peace, and in case of a war. It would not change the nature of a French tyranny, or reduce the exorbitant power of the Duke of Lorrain; but it would certainly render them both less formidable to all who are friends to the succession in the house of Hanover. After the questions he insinuates in his reflections above, that a busy behaviour would not become his Grace the Duke of Cambridge: and I agree with him that it would not; but his very residence in England would have all the good effects above-mentioned.

But the Examiner discovers immediately afterwards, that he has exceptions, which he does not think fit to speak out, against his coming at all. I, who have been a careful Reader, have observed that it has been the trick, for some time past, to let drop hints in the Examiner (which I am not to judge who gives the author) of what has been openly avowed afterwards: the way to any unwelcome circumstances has been paved by some received political writers. The words which raise my jealousy

ously are these: "I shall not pretend to speculate upon the motions of this Prince, with whom the faction have made so free, nor explain those words in the preamble of the Duke's patent, which seem to cross upon any such early undertaking as the Whigs pretend is in view." It is an hard thing to keep one's temper under this malicious insinuation against both the queen and her successors; but his malice is not to be frustrated by my anger, therefore I shall calmly rehearse the preamble of which he speaks, as I find it translated, and have compared it with the Latin. It runs thus:

' Whereas the most serene electoral house of
' Brunswick Lunenburgh is sprung from the
' royal stock of our ancestors, and in case of
' our death without issue, ought (according to
' the laws ratified by our authority) to enjoy
' the kingdoms of their progenitors; yet, as
' we earnestly desire that the said most serene
' house should no less be tied to us by friend-
' ship than by blood and alliances, we, accord-
' ing to our singular affection towards the same,
' have decreed to grace with the highest hon-
' ours our most dear cousin GEORGE AUGUSTUS,
' son to the most serene elector. And although
' the only son of so great a prince cannot go
' out of his native country without the utmost
' danger, especially at this time, when the
' neighbouring states are tossed with such vio-
' lent tempests: to the end nevertheless, that,
' as

‘as much as possible, he may by the authority
‘of his name and dignity, though absent, be
‘in a manner present in our parliament and
‘councils, WE have ordered him to be added to
‘the number of the peers of this realm. This
‘will be to him an earnest of that supreme
‘dignity, to which (according to ours, and
‘the wishes of all our subjects) he is destined;
‘that being henceforth adorned with the titles
‘of this most noble kingdom, which the princes
‘of the blood royal have always courted, he
‘may be proud to be ours. You therefore the
‘Barons, Viscounts, Earls, Marquisses, and
‘Dukes, congratulate with yourselves, that a
‘prince of so great hopes, the ornament and
‘darling of Germany, the defender of our most
‘holy religion, and the assertor of the public
‘liberty, one that is hereafter to govern you,
‘and till then is one of you, should now de-
‘light to be vested with the same honours with
‘you, &c.’

I see no imperfection in this Preamble; and
it is a most disloyal insinuation to say there is
any thing in it which seems to cross the ex-
pectation of seeing the Duke of Cambridge in
England. All that is said, that gives the least
pretence to his stay abroad, to wit, the import-
ance of his person where he is, and passing
through nations troubled with war, are fully
answered, in that we are now in peace; and
most cogent reasons for his coming are im-
plied in the matter which form the Examiner’s
questions.

questions. The insinuation from this preamble is as frivolous as it is malicious; for if the preamble were what we may call the constituting or enacting part of a patent, what would become of peers whose patents have no preambles at all? The Duke of Cambridge is as good a peer as any in England, and is by a subsequent act of parliament the first of the English nobility: and whenever he is pleased to visit England, he has a right to precedence to all our nobles, and to assist or instruct himself at their councils. However he is qualified for the former, he will improve as an Englishman, by being observant of pleadings at the court of judicature wherein is our last appeal. He may learn our laws of persons who have come into that house through their merit in knowledge of them, and from such as are fit to converse with and inform princes (without a servile awe of their quality) how to be blessings to mankind, and how to scorn any power over men but such as God uses, a power which rejects any obedience but what flows from their years and affections, and no other sovereignty can be looked upon as of right divine.

This Examiner has one honest line: "We hope that the vacancy of the throne is at a great distance off." This is what every good subject will join with him in. But he goes on to say, "We have not yet heard of any resignations; and we are confident, that an active faction, and a passive government, will not
 " always

"always be the case." Will not always be the case! Where or how is it now the case? I cannot but urge this sentence upon the Examiner, and must own as a Reader, that he never offended me more in his life than in this last sentence. The government, under which the Examiner writes, might very well demand of him what government he means. If it may be presumed he means the government of that kingdom in which the language wherein he writes is spoken, he has called it despicable; for no one will deny that a passive government can be any other.

But this man has the least judgement of any creature in the world, except those who, if they have it in their power, do not silence, or bring him to justice.

While he is tolerated, or any other that scribble to the disadvantage of my country, I will, in justice to all my countrymen their Readers, explain their sophisms, and bring them to the examination of reason and justice. This will I certainly do with firm resolution; and now I name the word resolution, I must say something proper for the theme at top of my Paper, which ornament is become a great fashion. I will go on secure of a reward, as needing none; for virtue (says my author) will shine with unblemished honour, in spite of all the repulses it can meet with. There is a manuscript, which I had not out of the same library from which
the

the Affterter of *Hereditary Right* borrowed his quotations, but I will not say where. The story is this (it runs mightily upon the word certain): ‘ There was a certain husbandman, in a
‘ certain kingdom, who lived in a certain place
‘ under a certain hill, near a certain bridge.
‘ This poor man was a little of a scholar, and
‘ given to country learning, such as astrological
‘ predictions of the weather, and the like. One
‘ night, in one of his musings about his house,
‘ he saw a party of soldiers belonging to a
‘ prince in enmity with his own, coming to-
‘ wards the bridge: he immediately ran and
‘ drew up that part which is called the draw-
‘ bridge, and calling all his family, and getting
‘ his cattle together, he put his plough, be-
‘ hind that his stools, and his chairs behind them,
‘ and by this means stopped the march till it
‘ was day-light, when all the neighbouring
‘ lords and gentlemen saw the enemy as well as
‘ he. They crowded on with great gallantry
‘ to oppose the foe, and in their zeal and hurry
‘ throwing our husbandman over bridge, and
‘ his goods after him, effectually kept out the
‘ invaders. This accident (says my author)
‘ was the safety of that kingdom; yet no one
‘ ought to be discomfited from the public ser-
‘ vice for what happened to this rustick, for
‘ though he was neglected at the present, and
‘ every man said he was an honest fellow, that
‘ he was no one’s enemy but his own in exposing
‘ his all, and that nobody said he was every
‘ one’s

‘one’s friend but his own, the man had ever
 ‘after the liberty, that he, and no other but he
 ‘and his family, should beg on that bridge in
 ‘all times following.’

N° 3. Monday, April 16, 1714.

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.

VIRG. Ecl. iii. 90.

“Who hates not living Bavius, let him be,
 “Dead Mævius, damn’d to love thy works and thee.”

DRYDEN.

IN my last I took notice of that sublime writer “The Examiner.” The next to him among the journalists in dignity and order is “The Post-Boy:” this writer is excellent in his kind; but presenting them both to my imagination at one view, makes me turn to a passage of a Paper published in the volume of Medleys, called “The Whig-Examiner.” There the Author, speaking of a Paper entituled, “A Letter to the Examiner,” finds it necessary to consider the nature of Nonsense: and afterwards very pleasantly, exquisitely pleasantly, represents to us the difference we ought to make between *High* NONSENSE and *Low* NONSENSE. A Reader cannot see any thing any where that has more wit and humour in it, nor that is more necessary to prepare him for the Reading the authors of whom I am speaking. A page or two
of

of his will make up for many a page of mine, therefore I shall rehearse him. "The Whig-Examiner," N^o 4. has it thus.

' HUDIBRAS has defined *Nonsense* (as COWLEY does *Wit*) by negatives. NONSENSE (says he) is that which is neither true nor false. These two great properties of *Nonsense*, which are always essential to it, give it such a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either answered or contradicted. It stands upon its own *basis* like a rock of adamant, secured by its natural situation against all conquests or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favour an enemy in his approaches: the *major* and the *minor* are of equal strength. Its questions admit of no reply, and its assertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to distinguish colours in the midst of darkness, as to find out what to approve and disapprove in *Nonsense*. You may as well assault an army that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms any thing, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obscurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written piece of *Nonsense*, than in the most abstruse and profound tract of school divinity.

' After this short panegyrick upon *Nonsense*, which may appear as extravagant to an ordinary

' dinary reader as Erasmus's "*Encomium* of
 ' FOLLY; I must here solemnly protest, that I
 ' have not done it to curry favour with my an-
 ' tagonist, or to reflect any praise in an oblique
 ' manner upon the "Letter to the Examiner;"
 ' I have no private considerations to warp me
 ' into this controversy, since my first entering
 ' upon it. But before I proceed any further,
 ' because it may be of great use to me in this
 ' dispute to state the whole nature of *Nonsense*,
 ' and because it is a subject enirely new, I must
 ' take notice that there are two kinds of it, *viz.*
 ' *High NONSENSE* and *Low NONSENSE*.

' *Low NONSENSE* is the talent of a cold phleg-
 ' matic temper, that in a poor dispirited style
 ' creeps along servilely through darkness and
 ' confusion. A writer of this complexion gropes
 ' his way softly amongst self-contradictions, and
 ' grovels in absurdities: *Videri vult pauper, &*
 ' *est pauper*: he has neither *Wit* nor *Sense*, and
 ' pretends to none.

' On the contrary, your *High NONSENSE* bluf-
 ' ters and makes a noise; it stalks upon hard
 ' words, and rattles through polysyllables. It
 ' is loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical.
 ' It has something in it like manliness and force,
 ' and makes one think of the name of Sir *Her-*
 ' *cules NONSENSE*, in the play called "The
 ' Nest of Fools." In a word, your *High Non-*
 ' *SENSE* has a majestic appearance, and wears a
 ' most tremendous garb, like *Æsop's* "Afs
 ' cloathed in a Lion's skin."

• When Aristotle lay upon his death-bed, and
 ‘ was asked whom he would appoint for his
 ‘ successor in his school, two of his scholars
 ‘ being candidates for it, he called for two dif-
 ‘ ferent sorts of *wine*, and by the character
 ‘ which he gave of them, denoted the different
 ‘ qualities and perfections that shewed them-
 ‘ selves in the style and writings of each of the
 ‘ competitors. As rational writings have been
 ‘ represented by wine, I shall represent those
 ‘ kinds of writings we are now speaking of by
 ‘ *small-beer*.

• *Low NONSENSE* is like that in the *barrel*,
 ‘ which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid.
 ‘ *High NONSENSE* is like that in the *bottle*,
 ‘ which has in reality no more strength and
 ‘ spirit than the other, but frets, and flies, and
 ‘ bounces, and by the help of a little wind that
 ‘ is got into it, imitates the passions of a much
 ‘ nobler liquor.

• We meet with a *Low growling NONSENSE*
 ‘ in every Grub-street production; but I think
 ‘ there are none of our present writers who
 ‘ have hit the *Sublime* in NONSENSE, besides Dr.
 ‘ SACHEVERELL in divinity, and the author of
 ‘ this letter in politics; between whose characters
 ‘ in their respective professions, there seems to
 ‘ be a very nice resemblance.

• There is still another qualification in NON-
 ‘ SENSE which I must not pass over, being that
 ‘ which gives it the last finishing and perfec-
 ‘ tion. This is when an author without any
 U meaning

‘ meaning seems to have it, and so imposes
 ‘ upon us by the sound and ranging of his
 ‘ words, that one is apt to fancy they signify
 ‘ something. After having perused such writ-
 ‘ ing, let the reader consider what he has learnt
 ‘ from it, and he will immediately discover the
 ‘ deceit.’

As this excellent discourse was admirably
 suited to the day or time on which it was pub-
 lished, *viz.* October 5, 1710*; so, like all things
 that are truly good, it is still new and useful,
 and will prove very serviceable to persons who
 would be criticks in the modern writings, es-
 pecially those of the journalists. The Ex-
 aminer began with that sort of spirit which is
 described by “ *High Nonsense* ;” but of late
 has used that kind only which was last described,
 as putting off no meaning “ by the sound and
 ranging of words.” Give me leave therefore
 to express as a Reader, what sentiments arise in
 me, and what temper I am left in by the per-
 usal of the Examiner, and Post-boy. The chief
 aim and purpose of these authors are *Defama-
 tion*, which both carry on with security. The
 Examiner escapes punishment by being ‘con-
 cealed; the Post-Boy, by being below resent-
 ment. There was about the time of the Revo-
 lution a natural fool they called *Job* in one of
 the colleges of Oxford. The wags of that
 time used to teach him scandalous verses, which

* See Whig-Examiner, N° 4; with this motto, “ *Satis
eloquentia, sapientia parum.*” SALLUST.

he had memory enough to repeat, though not wit enough to understand. The Post-Boy is thus made use of by our dabblers in politicks; he is the vent for their crudities, before they appear in themselves, and the Examiner is to argue them into reputation. Both these good works are carried on by the vehicle of NONSENSE. The NONSENSE of the Examiner is composed of *Malice* and *Impudence*; that of the Post-Boy, of *Ignorance* and *Stupidity*. The Examiner is a criminal which is not yet taken; the Post-Boy an accessory that we know could not of himself have entered into the guilt. The Examiner flies from the law; the Post-Boy need not fly, because he is exempt from it as an idiot. But as this is really the state of the case, I must own I cannot but be highly surprized why several of the good subjects of these realms are afflicted or exalted at any of the NONSENSE uttered by those authors; for no one ought to hold himself commended or disparaged by those who do not themselves stand in the view of mankind, under the same rules of examination as to their own actions with the rest of the world. I therefore, by the force of natural justice and reason, pronounce all the NONSENSE which the Examiner ever has, or ever shall utter, let it be *never* so sublime, or *never* so mischievous in itself, to be of no effect of any moment, with regard to life, limb, honour, or fame of any of her Majesty's subjects, because no one knows who he is; and I pronounce the same

of the Post-Boy, because every body knows who he is.

Indeed I could not but wonder how the Post-Boy should grow so very famous in this nation as he has, ever since I was shewed the man's person; for he is a personage of a very inconsiderable figure for one that makes so much noise in the world; whereas all others who have risen by NONSENSE have had something overbearing and arrogant, and have had usually robust figures, and lofty language to set themselves off. But I shall do my endeavour in my future lectures to explain to the world how it has happened that NONSENSE has been so prevalent at sundry times in these kingdoms; but I cannot go into that matter till I have made the force of NONSENSE in general a little better understood, and shewed from Machiavel how by two kinds of perplexity, which he calls in the Italian, "NONSENSE to the *Understanding*, and NONSENSE to the *Conscience*," he could, for the use of the ambitious, make the terms *Honour*, *Justice*, and *Truth*, meer words, and of no other signification, but what shall serve the self-interest of him who shall utter them for his own private emolument.

* * * ADDISON as usual contributed some assistance to his friend in the course of this publication. He was the Author of this and the following numbers, originally published by him in "The *Whig-Examiner*," and re-printed here, with *accommodations*. If STEELE had any other auxiliaries in the *Reader*, their names and their contributions have not yet come to the knowledge of the Editor.

Wednesday,

N^o 4. Wednesday, May 28, 1714.

—*Nefas animam præferre pudori.* Juv. Sat. viii. 83.

“ ——— rather choose

“ To guard your honour, and your life to lose.”

DRYDEN.

AFTER I had in my last Lecture considered *High NONSENSE* and *Low NONSENSE*, I proceeded in my discussion to a second division of it, from a manuscript of the great MACHIAVEL, to wit, into NONSENSE to the *Understanding*, and NONSENSE to the *Conscience*. That famous politician avers, that to carry considerable points, especially in assemblies (next to the hardness of caring for nothing else but carrying it) the main matter is to find out persons whom he calls in the Italian *Almoxarifasge*, which as far as we can reach it in the English, signifies “*Wrong FELLOWS*;” men who have the same right from fortune to be orators and give their suffrage, but differ in the gifts of nature. These *Wrong FELLOWS* have in them something like *Sense* which is not *Sense*, but enough to confound all the *SENSE* in the world. They are from being incapable of conceiving right at

first, also incapable of being set right after they have vented their perplexities. He recounts you a famous instance of this among the *Guelfs* and *Ghibelins*, the parties of Italy. There was, said he, among them a person of the first quality, whom no one in the world ever did or could possibly like, that was in nature both in mind and body a puzzle, from head to foot hideously awkward, from his first conception to the utmost extent of his judgement ridiculously absurd. This animal, the leader of the *Ghibelins*, used to put others upon saying what he thought fit, to interrupt business, or break into what he was ashamed, or believed improper to begin himself. This person was master of that NONSENSE which was called above "NONSENSE to the *Understanding*." What he said, every body could observe, had nothing in it, and at the very best, which happened but seldom, was but like the truth; but how to break in upon him, perplexed all the great orators of the *Guelfs*. Thus he stood impregnable, and the leader, instead of having compunction for such a piece of humanity, to the disgrace of our nature, standing in an illustrious assembly casting forth blunders and inconsistencies, used to sit sneering to observe how impregnable his fool was, and exulting in himself that it was not in the compass of all the sciences either wholly to aver he had uttered nothing to the purpose, or to bring him to it. Many others the chieftain of the *Ghibelins* had to support each

each other against the first assaults of Sense and Reason; and brought NONSENSE so far into fashion, that they who knew better would speak it by way of triumph over those who went upon the rules of logick. *Wrong* FELLOWS were his orators; but this could not do only, without persons who were as much masters of that kind of NONSENSE, which my author calls "NONSENSE to the *Conscience*."

NONSENSE to the *Conscience*, is when the party has arrived to such a disregard to reason and truth, as not to follow it, or acknowledge it when it presents itself to him. This is the hardest task in the world, and had very justly the greatest wages from the chieftain; for indeed, if we were to speak seriously, this is the lowest condition of life that can possibly be imagined; for it is literally giving up life as it is human, which descends to that of a beast when it is not conducted by Reason, and still is worse when it is pushed against Reason. Now all those parties of the species which we call *Majorities*, when they do things upon the mere force of being such, are actuated by the force of NONSENSE of *Conscience*; by which MACHIAVEL meant, that the doing any thing with NONSENSE, that is without *Sense* of the *honour* and *justice* of it, was what he called pushing things by the NONSENSE of *Conscience*. But that arch Politician proceeds, in the manuscript I am speaking of, to observe, that NONSENSE was not to be used, but as an expedient; for it

would fail in the repetition of it, and the *Understanding* would so goad the *Conscience*, that no potentate has revenue enough to pay reasonable men for a long series of *Nonsensical* service. They will, quoth he, occasionally, and now and then, give into an enormity, and pass by what they do not approve, and laugh at themselves for so doing: but there is something latent in the dignity of their nature, which will recoil, and raise in them an indignation against herding for ever with the half-witted and the absurd; and being conscious that their concurrence is an aggravated transgression, in that it is the support of those who in themselves are incapable either of the guilt or shame of what they are managed to promote.

My author further adds, that the use of NONSENSE of *Conscience* will fail also in process of time, not only from the defection of the numbers of those who act under it, but also from the little effect it would soon have upon all the world, besides those numbers; for which reason he advises, that now and then they should be put upon something that is good to satisfy the multitude. For, says that sagacious man, the people are always honest; you lead them into wrong things but as long as you keep up the appearance of right; for which reason he advises never to forbear the use at least of *Verisimilitudes*; and indeed, he says, it was by neglecting that, all the sensible men, both *Guelfs* and *Ghibelins*, came together out of mere shame;

shame; and receive one another without making explanations or expostulations upon what had happened when they differed, when they could end in nothing but how fillily you acted! how contemptibly you suffered!

The most excellent authors of this our age, as to proficiency in NONSENSE, are those who talk of faction, and pretend to tell others that they are spreaders of false fears, and jealousies. The Examiner of the 26th says, 'We have a faction in our bowels, who, when it comes to their turn to submit, make no difference between liberty and power, that all their business may be only to squabble about the profits.'—Now he says this either as an incendiary or an informer; if the latter, let him name who are in this faction; if he will not do that, we are to set down the word Faction among the rest of his jargon of *High Nonsense*, and dismiss him with an inclination only, not power, to do more mischief. But as I conceive, he had a younger brother born to him the same day of my first appearance, and is named the MONITOR. He begins with the old trick of the pickpockets, who commit a robbery, and join in the cry after the offender. The purpose of his paper, if it is not to pass into the realms of *Nonsense* also, is to lay a foundation for making exceptions against a certain prince's behaviour who is expected in England. He lays before us, 'That the Duke of GUISE was an hot and ambitious novice, who took ill courses and un-
' did

• did himself. Had the king, says he, with a
• timely severity, taken care to have caused
• those libels, however trifling and however in-
• significant, to be suppressed, or by solid rea-
• son and good evidence to have been detected
• and exposed, the fatal effects which they pro-
• duced had been in a great measure avoided.
Then for application he says of libelling, 'See-
• ing then the same evil, and that with too
• much success, is already begun among us, and
• the same neglect of it appears in our govern-
• ment as did in France, thinking them not ca-
• pable of doing so much mischief as they
• really did; why may we not apprehend con-
• sequences, though not so extraordinarily fatal;
• yet sufficiently dangerous, and such as call for
• a timely redress?' I find there is no help for
it, this writer must be passed upon the foot of
the *Nonsensical* also. Does he tell a govern-
ment they are guilty of neglect, and call any
other men libellers? He must name his offen-
ders, and bring them before justice, or he is
One himself. It is strange want of skill (in the
Examiner, and such imitators of him as this
same Monitor begins to shew himself) in the
choice of tools, to make use of creatures that
say things, in which it would be a fault to
tolerate them, if they were not employed by
themselves.

But I shall take upon me to keep a strict eye
upon their behaviour, and scribble as fast as
they :

they: for when they give up all rules of honour and conscience to hurt and betray the liberties of mankind, I shall sacrifice smaller considerations, and venture now and then to write NON-SENSE for the good of my country—

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Faction is humbly desired to read carefully the following Satyr against Sedition in the EXAMINER, and amend their lives if they understand it.

• What a noble opportunity would the same
• CERVANTES have, to improve his art, and
• carry this way of writing much further; were
• he now alive, and as conversant in our affairs,
• as in the humours of his own country? The
• same *Martial* MADNESS is broke out among
• us; a distemper more raging and violent, and
• productive of more ridiculous, and far more
• dangerous effects. Instead of touching here
• and there a weak head, or reaching only to a
• few frolicksome individuals, it has infected
• whole bodies and societies of warlike *Enthu-*
• *siafs*: the party is almost as strong as the de-
• lusion with which they are animated; and our
• *Romantic* MADMEN march up and down in
• troops and squadrons: the regularity and refem-
• blance of their frenzy creates order and dis-
• cipline. We have our *books* and *legends* of
• *Chivalry*,

‘ *Chivalry*, containing the feats and adventures
 ‘ of *Errant Saints*, of *Holy Almanzors* and *Draw-*
 ‘ *canfirs*, bound by strict vow, and assisted by
 ‘ *Sages* and *Magicians*: who destroyed nations,
 ‘ made whole kingdoms do homage and pay
 ‘ *Tribute* to their mightiness; tamed the *Beast*,
 ‘ and kept the great *Whore* under; trod upon
 ‘ the necks of *kings*, and kicked *crowns* and
 ‘ *sceptres* before them; relieved the distressed
 ‘ by changing their condition; freed mankind
 ‘ for their own use; and turned the world, as
 ‘ artificers whirl about the *globe*, to prove the
 ‘ regularity of its motion. Some of these
 ‘ knights were by birth gentle and of low de-
 ‘ gree; so called from the *Pestle*, the *golden*
 ‘ *Fleece*, the *Truncheon*, or the *brazen Helmet*:
 ‘ others had been *Pages*, *Dwarfs*, and *Squires*,
 ‘ and many of them were forced to go a great
 ‘ way in search of their parentage: and yet the
 ‘ honours they acquired, the spoils they won,
 ‘ and the dominions they conquered, vastly sur-
 ‘ passed the lesser acquisitions of a *MISTRESS’s*
 ‘ *Scarf*, a *SALADIN’s Daughter*, a *Sett of AR-*
 ‘ *MOUR*, a *Cupboard of PLATE*, won at some
 ‘ *Tournament*; a *Castle*, a *Palace*, or even than
 ‘ the rich possessions of the islands of *Pines*,
 ‘ *Battara*, or of *Forced-meat BALLS**.’

* See the Note at the conclusion of the preceding Paper,
 N^o 3, p. 292.

N^o 5. Friday, April 30, 1714.

————— *Ingentia cernes*
Mania surgentemque novæ Carthaginis arcem.
 VIRG. *Æn.* i. 369.

“————— from far your eyes
 “ May view the turrets of New Carthage rise.”
 DRYDEN.

I TAKE upon me, as a Reader, among other things, to make my plain observations upon the papers as they come out; and the news I read yesterday has given occasion to the following letter, which, out of zeal to my country, I writ to my Lord Mayor's gentleman of the horse, who I think, ought to send us scribblers when we are saucy, to *The Green-yard**, as well as unruly hackney coachmen and other transgressors in the streets of London. But all I can do is only to take notice of things, and leave the redress to the proper officers.

‘ To the *Sword-bearer* of London †.

‘ SIR,

‘ THOUGH I have not the honour to be acquainted with you, yet I have always with.

* The receptacle of whatever is considered as a nuisance in the streets of London.

† An officer of considerable consequence in the Lord Mayor's household.

‘ great

great delight and satisfaction beheld you
carry that awful weapon which you have the
honour to bear before the chief magistrate of
this renowned and wealthy city. The many
fears and jealousies which are with much care
and diligence spread among the multitude,
only because some people have not as much
courage as others, have been apt to intimidate
me, among many other well-meaning good
subjects. Those rumours are chiefly about the
Pretender, and the demolition of Dunkirk; as
if the French King, who has done us no man-
ner of harm ever since the time was expired
in which he should have demolished that place,
would do it now. This is being suspicious
out of meer humour and temper of mind, not
from reason. It is true indeed, he has de-
stroyed the works of the town, but that was
since it was an English garrison; and though
he is obliged in honour not to hurt us, who
can blame him for not leaving it in our power
to hurt him? Dunkirk then is demolished as
it is an English garrison; but is it not yet in
being as it is a French harbour? and now
when things are in this condition, I think we
cannot enough applaud his most Christian
Majesty, in that we have not received any
manner of hurt from him, though so much
is in his power. Therefore I must needs say,
and I say it from a great respect to his Ma-
jesty's faith and honour, that I am of opinion
he will not send the Pretender amongst us;
but

† but if ambition should come into the thoughts
 † of so pious a prince, after the disbanding so
 † many of our forces, and that the few we have
 † left, lie in parts so distant from each other, I
 † place great confidence, let me tell you, Sir,
 † in you, and hope that on such an occasion
 † you will exert yourself according to your
 † office. Be pleased, Sir, to remember, that a
 † Lord Mayor of London, in the reign of King
 † Richard, dispatched Wat Tyler at the head
 † of his followers. He did it, as the history
 † says, with a dagger: how much more, Sir, is
 † it expected of you to cut off the Pretender
 † with that great sword which you bear with so
 † much calmness, which is always a sign of
 † courage? Let me tell you, Sir, in the present
 † posture of affairs, I think it seems to be ex-
 † pected of you; and I cannot but advise you,
 † if he should offer to land, or indeed if he
 † should so much as come up the river, to take
 † the *Water-bailiff** with you, and cut off his
 † head. I would not so much, if I were you,
 † as tell him who I was, till I had done it. He
 † is outlawed; and I stand to it, that if the
 † water-bailiff is with you, and concurs, you
 † may do it on the Thames; but if he offers to
 † land, it is out of all question you may do it
 † by virtue of your post, without waiting for
 † orders. It is from this comfort and support,
 † that in spite of what all the malcontents in the
 † world can say, I have no manner of fear of the
 † Pretender.

* Another officer of importance in the city of London,
 † Stocks

“ Stocks rise meerly upon reports to the disadvantage of the Pretender; you may easily imagine how much they will rise, if you will be so good as to cut off his head. To tell you the truth, what makes me press the matter so much is, that one of the news-papers of yesterday has it thus :

“ L O N D O N, *April 29.*

“ YESTERDAY arrived letters from Dunkirk, dated the 22d of April. They advise, that on the Friday following, fifteen battalions were expected there, to begin to cut the new harbour designed to be made at Mardyke, which it was judged will be more commodious than ever that of Dunkirk was : that two hundred carpenters are employed, to take up and save the timber of the jetties of the harbour of Dunkirk, that it may be used in the new-intended harbour. They add, that men were going hard to work to fill up that part of the harbour of Dunkirk, next the town, and therefore all the shipping in that part of the harbour were ordered to fall down to the haven port in three or four days at furthest.”

“ I beg of your Serenity to be upon your guard, for I am one of those that hate to have it in any one's power to do me a mischief. Suppose these fifteen battalions should have a mind,

‘ and get leave to come for England with the
 ‘ Pretender, if you do not look sharp and do
 ‘ your office like a brave man and a worthy
 ‘ citizen, how do you know but we might be
 ‘ undone before we could get fifteen battalions
 ‘ together against him; but it seems those bat-
 ‘ talions are brought down only to work at a
 ‘ new harbour, in the neighbourhood of that
 ‘ which they have now at Dunkirk. You may
 ‘ be sure that must be a jest; for sure the French
 ‘ could not have the impudence to do such a
 ‘ thing! I swear to you, I think that would be
 ‘ using us worse than forbearing to abolish the
 ‘ harbour they have already. This would
 ‘ be an injustice to our Properties, but that
 ‘ would be an insult also upon our Understand-
 ‘ ings. We should be the shame of nations, to
 ‘ be put off with so palpable an evasion. But
 ‘ if there should be any such attempt as coming
 ‘ upon us, I earnestly recommend it to your
 ‘ Serenity to draw that dead-doing blade, and
 ‘ you will be had in everlasting honour by,

‘ SIR, your great admirer,

‘ and most humble servant,

‘ ENGLISH READER.’

‘ *Extract from a Pamphlet, called, “ The Im-
 ‘ portance of Dunkirk considered.”*

‘ That the British NATION *expect* the imme-
 ‘ diate demolition of it.

X

‘ That

• That the very common people know, that,
 • within two months after the signing of the
 • peace, the works towards the sea were to be
 • demolished, and within three months after it,
 • the works towards the land.

• That the said peace was signed the last of
 • March, O. S.

• That the British nation received more
 • damage in their trade from the port of Dun-
 • kirk, than from almost all the ports of France,
 • either in the Ocean, or in the Mediterranean.

• That the Pretender failed from thence to
 • Scotland; and that it is the only port the
 • French have till you come to Brest, for the
 • whole length of St. George's channel, where
 • any considerable naval armament can be
 • made.

• That the situation of Dunkirk is such as
 • that it may always keep runners, to observe
 • all ships sailing on the Thames and Med-
 • way.

• That whether it may be advantageous to
 • the trade of Holland or not that Dunkirk
 • should be demolished, it is necessary for the
 • safety, honour, and liberty of England, that it
 • should be so.

• That when Dunkirk is demolished, the
 • power of France, on that side, should it ever
 • be turned against us, will be removed several
 • hundred miles further off of Great Britain than
 • it is at present.

• That

‘ That the demolition of Dunkirk will re-
 ‘ move France many hundred miles further off
 ‘ from us *.’

A C A V E A T.

THE paper called “ The Monitor ” is im-
 pudent and traiterous: he dared yesterday to
 print words hereafter recited. He is a follower
 of the Examiner, a tool who like him, under
 pretence of vindicating her Majesty’s servants,
 suggests things against her honour and dignity,
 which it is criminal to mention, but to remind
 those in power to vindicate her sacred name and
 character from his scurrility. His words are
 these:

‘ How can it but be uneasy to her Majesty,
 ‘ to have a people whom she has done so much
 ‘ for, and whom with so much justice, moder-
 ‘ ation, clemency, and goodness, she has go-
 ‘ verned, whose safety has been so much her
 ‘ care, and to whom she never denied any
 ‘ thing, now fall upon her administration as
 ‘ dangerous to the nation, and reproach her
 ‘ with designs to betray them to the Pre-
 ‘ tender?’

* See the Letters signed *English Tery* in *GUARD*. Vol. II.
 written likewise by the Author of this Paper, and of the
Pamphlet here referred to, entitled, “ *The Importance of*
DUNKIRK considered,” *GUARD*. 8vo. 1789, with *Notes*.

N° 6.

Monday, May 3, 1714.

“The Constitution in Church and State must be the
 “measure and standard of every public person’s
 “character, the sum of his pretensions, the mark
 “of his conversation or steadiness, and the tenure
 “of his greatness, and authority.”

EXAM. Numb. 44.

A READER that has any understanding is naturally a Commentator. This is a most remarkable sentence, which I have taken out of the last Examiner: it occasioned me to turn to some assertions in an half-sheet, intituled, “A Letter to Sir Miles Wharton concerning *Ocasional* PEERS.” The writer of that letter says, ‘When I consider the danger
 ‘of making *Ocasional* LORDS, and lay before
 ‘the world this fatal novelty, as it affects the
 ‘Queen’s most excellent Majesty, the House of
 ‘Peers, and the whole people of England; I
 ‘assert, that the numerous creation of *Peers* is
 ‘the greatest wound that can be given to the
 ‘prerogative. A *Peer* and his heirs are checks in
 ‘the legislature to the Queen and her heirs; that
 ‘part of the legislature which is in the Queen,
 ‘is apparently diminished by so much as she gives
 ‘out

' out of it from her own into other families.
 ' This is equally destructive with relation to the
 ' merit of the persons on whom honour is con-
 ' ferred; if they happen to be men who are
 ' barely unblameable, without talents or high
 ' qualifications, they do but crowd that illustri-
 ' ous assembly, and like all other crowds, they
 ' are serviceable and hurtful, but just as they
 ' are inspired by those who have skill to lead
 ' them. As to the House of Peers, it is visible
 ' that the power of each *Lord* is so much less
 ' considerable as it is repeated in other persons;
 ' but the great hardship to that great and awful
 ' body, whose privileges have so often been a
 ' safety and protection to the rights of us below
 ' them; I say, the great hardship to these noble
 ' patriots is, that when they are prepared with
 ' the most strict honour and integrity to do
 ' their duty in relation to their prince and
 ' country, all their determinations may be
 ' avoided by a set of people brought in the mo-
 ' ment before they come to question. Now
 ' when we come to consider the introduction
 ' of "*Occasional LORDS* with regard to the peo-
 ' ple," what can be more plain, than that it is
 ' doing all that is necessary to take from them
 ' both *Liberty* and *Property* at once: for from
 ' the very moment a man has a patent, and is
 ' introduced into the House of Peers, men ap-
 ' peal to him from the decree of all the judges.
 ' Besides this, the *Lords* are perpetual legislators,
 ' and have an hand in the repealing as well as

‘ making laws ; by which means the whole constitution may be subverted by this one innovation. And it is plain, that the prince who should place so entire a confidence in his ministry, as to give *Peerage* upon their recommendation, would enable them by that power in the legislature, joined to the execution of the regal authority as ministers, to give that prince and nation to the next potentate who should be powerful enough to receive and maintain so vast a present *.’

The Examiner has of late a second, who sets out as hardened in iniquity as himself, who is an old sinner ; I mean the *Monitor*. He has the same heavy endeavour to be witty, the same choler corrected by the same phlegm. This author says, his business “ is not much with the authors of pamphlets, but with the design of them.” He does not stick to this declaration, which (as the lyes of his abettors are only for one day) was to serve but for that page. At the beginning of the next page, without regard to any decency in the world, he owns he falls upon a gentleman, who is a man of dignity. ‘ We begin, says he, with a man of character, lately become a scribe without doors, the well-known BULLYMANDRA. A man of great words he had long been, but confined himself to the speeches occasionally made in public assemblies ; till of late finding

* STEELE owned, in 1715, that he was the Author of this Letter, dated January 1711-12. See STEELES’ “ Letters,” vol. II. p. 349.

‘ it needful to speak more extensively, he listed
 ‘ in the roll of libellers, and became a proficient
 ‘ in most of their talents, especially that of *arrogance* and *lying*.’

This stupid doggrel term of BULLYMANDRA is given to turn an open behaviour and honest countenance, a noble elocution, and many other qualities which render the gentleman the object of respect and love to all that know him, into burlesque. But these little tools may well endeavour to debase those excellences and endowments which render their pitiful shifts and artifices useless. This gentleman is a perfect master in business, and has so clear an head, that he communicates his thoughts as perspicuously as they are placed in his own mind. For this reason every wily blockhead, whose brain dabbles crude conceptions, on a tongue that hesitates in the representation of them, looks with envy at a capacity that at once both exposes and confutes him. A manly resolution to persist in the right in an honest cause, and qualities to make that cause shine in the midst of all that iniquity and craft can invent to oppress it, are never to be forgiven. It has been ever the custom of these tools, to turn all the insinuations which they believe may affect *Courtiers* upon her Majesty. After he has in a caviling way fallen upon this worthy gentleman as no less than a liar, for saying Dunkirk was not demolished, and that the completion of that work would be deferred to Christmas; he has the impudence to take no notice that it is

not yet done, and to add, "notoriously false !
" for it was begun when her Majesty thought
" it proper, and the compleating is not limited
" to any time." After this barbarous insinuation
against our Sovereign, that gentleman may well
rest satisfied with his share of slander from him.
It is worthy repetition ; this man says " the de-
" molition was begun when her Majesty thought
" it proper, and the compleating it not limited
" to a time."

This Author forms himself upon the Examiner in the practice of impudence, scandal, and prevarication ; and goes on in his paper to attack a much less considerable man than the former, against whom indeed he has the vote of the present sitting House of Commons. But there is nothing in that vote which authorises any man to call Mr. STEELE a liar for what he has said about Dunkirk. The heavy displeasure of the Commons of Great-Britain would have been a protection from insult with a man of any humanity, rather than have given occasion to add to the distress. It would have become a good subject and an honest man, rather to have lamented this misfortune of a *Commoner* of Great-Britain expelled from his seat, and have made arguments in behalf of himself and all his fellow-subjects, that the like penalty for less offences may not befall better men in future parliaments. Put the case that any great man should at any time lay a design of removing a man he did not like out of the House of Commons, and should be able to effect it upon
accusa-

accusations of him for the errors of his former life: now I say supposing this, and granting that the Crown can make *Lords* when it pleases, *Lords* added by half dozens, and *Commoners* removed one by one, would quickly invert the constitution, and destroy the British GOVERNMENT.

The dull rogue accusing STEELE of writing lies, and speaking of the Crisis, says, "Yet here also palpable falshood is apparent;" and then quotes these words, "The most important article between France and England is the demolishing of Dunkirk." "That is false in itself," says the Monitor; and naming other circumstances, among which is the renunciation of Spain by France, and France by Spain, he avers of them, that they are more important than the demolition of Dunkirk. Why it may be so, and yet STEELE may have spoken very honestly. Suppose I should say adultery is the greatest of all sins, can you reckon me a liar because you think idolatry a greater? But it is endless to talk to these muddy, perplexed, malicious, blundering rogues; they cannot distinguish between what a man says by way of opinion, and what he relates as a representation of a fact.

But I am glad to hear. now I am speaking of Mr. STEELE, that he is turning his thoughts to services which may be of greater use to the publick, and less exceptionable with regard to himself, than controversial writings can possibly be from a man against whom there is formed so
 3 strong

strong a prejudice. There are, I am informed, in his custody, proper materials for the history of the war in Flanders; and it seems the relation will commence from the date of the Duke of Marlborough's commissions of Captain-general and Plenipotentiary, and end with the expiration of those commissions. I doubt not but he knows well enough how much a partizan he is thought, and will therefore produce sufficient authorities for what he shall write. It is not doubted but this history, formed from the most authentic papers, and all the most secret intelligence which can be communicated with safety to persons now living, and in the confidence of foreign courts, will be very entertaining, and put the services of her Majesty's ministers at home and abroad in a true light. The work is to be *in folio*, and proposals for the encouragement of it may be seen at Mr. TONSON'S, bookseller in the Strand*.

* The papers for this work, which STEELE never executed, came afterwards into the hands of Mr. Mallet, to whom 500*l.* was bequeathed by the Dutches of Marlborough, to write the life of her deceased Lord. It was intended to have been performed jointly by Mr. Glover and Mr. Mallet, under the immediate inspection of Lord Chesterfield: but Mr. Glover resigned the undertaking; and although it is probable that his colleague had the papers directed by the Dutches delivered to him, and it is certain was several years employed about the work, which, he informed the Duke of Marlborough in a Dedication to his Poems, 1762, was so far executed, that he hoped soon to present it to him; yet it is said, at the time of Mr. Mallet's death, April 21, 1765, he had made but small progress in it. See Dr. Maty's Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield, Sect. IV. The Dutches died September 18, 1744, in her 85th year.

Wednesday,

N^o 7. Wednesday, May 5, 1714.

“Men engaged in ill designs must suit their tools to
 “their work, and make choice of agents fit to do
 “the business that is assigned them.”

EXAM. May 3, 1714.

THERE can be no greater commendation to an author, than that he acts and comes up in his practice to the maxims which he lays down for the instruction of others. The Examiner ought therefore to be justly celebrated for making the above apology in behalf of those who employ him, and of himself, who has performed to his utmost ability the work in which he was employed. The professed, or at least apparent design of this author since he first began, has been to vilify an administration which rendered the kingdom of England the terror of its enemies, and the refuge of its friends; and he has done as much in this good work as the cause would bear, which could not possibly be promoted but by two methods, the one to keep up popular prejudices, the other to disparage men of great reputation on the contrary side.

This is so truly his character, that there is no one paper of his which does not afford us examples

amples of this practice. As to the point of general prejudice, he says of those whom he calls the Whigs, 'If they could not find men
 ' either more zealous for a single family than
 ' for the constitution, or who were in possession
 ' of some principles prejudicial either to the
 ' rights of the Crown or the Church, or who
 ' had given proofs of their preferring the in-
 ' terests of their party to the laws, religion, and
 ' liberties of their country: if they could not
 ' meet with persons at least indifferent in their
 ' sentiments of loyalty and regard for the
 ' Church, rather than want tools, or hazard
 ' their cause in the hands of honest men, they
 ' would resort to the open implacable enemies
 ' of both, and lavish their favours upon professed
 ' Republicans, Free-thinkers, Deists, Socinians,
 ' Occasional Conformists, both by themselves and
 ' all their acquaintance.'

This long accusation alludes to no one circumstance in the world, nor was there ever one man of that character preferred under the late ministry. And this great master in tautology, who has said the same thing ten thousand times with the most impudent falshood, has never produced one single instance of such a misapplication of the public favour. In this particular therefore the tool has very well acquitted himself of the employment to which he was assigned.

Now as to the disparaging men of great reputation, he has abused every man that was
 conspicuous

conspicuous in the late war for the liberties of mankind, from the Emperor of Germany to a disbanded subaltern. But I shall not run back to his former great exploits, but consider only his last paper, with principal regard to his assertion which I have placed at the head of this. He says, ‘Lesser ills must be supported by greater; and Providence hath so ordered it for the good of mankind and peace of societies, that ill principles and ill conduct naturally go together. But still I insist, that, in general, the design of these men to strengthen themselves, to find out and to distinguish what they called *Merit* and *Service*, to keep their body closely and firmly united, and to crush all opposition in its earliest attempts, was a proof of their excelling in *Prudence* and *worldly wisdom*; and they thereby shewed themselves to be at least as *wise in their generation* as those who came after them.’

This is a very plain declaration, that “these leaders of the Whigs excelled in *Prudence* and *Worldly Wisdom*.” One would have thought *Worldly Wisdom* would never have been mentioned as a subordinate character in men of business; but it seems those of that character now, according to this assertion of the Examiner, are *Babes of GRACE*: the innocents are averse to the wiles and stratagems of the wicked, and they are too pious for the affairs of this world. They, alas! good men, carry the Christian instruction of forgiving their enemies to an excess

excess that is to be allowed to men abstracted from all the temptations of this life; and know that whatever can happen, it must go well with the *Saints*.

The Examiner has plainly shewn, that the chief imputation against the late *Leaders* in the fashion of the world, was their sinfulness; and the weakness of the present, their too much piety. Speaking of the former and the latter, he says, "They shewed themselves to be at least as wise in their generation as those who came after them." This godly phrase of "as wise in their generation," though it may aptly fit the wicked of whom he speaks it; yet there is a transposition of persons and things, which makes it approach very near to what we call *Nonsense*. It is an odd way of speaking, to compare a man's carriage to that of those who come after him; but at the same time I acknowledge it a favour that he allows them as wise though they had not the advantage of their example. But alas! when we consider that they were only as wise in things of this world, we must by that circumstance account, that what good they were capable of doing had a duration accordingly, and could not possibly be so lasting and effectual, as those which are done by *Saints* and *New CONVERTS*.

If men take things as we ought, and with the cheerfulness this good man the Examiner advises, upon the "*thorough* REFORMATION which" is now openly talked of," and our author
says,

says, "some steps have been taken towards it;" the *Saints* are contriving for the edification of some people, who perhaps, for want of a spiritual cast, may take it for an affliction to lose an employment. Our author exhorts them against temptation in the following comfortable words: 'Their dismissal, which was only a right before, would then become an act of justice, highly safe and necessary, if they should assume a new spirit of turbulence and uneasiness at their going off; and their very friends, instead of pitying their misfortune, would then be more ready to wonder why [it happened] no sooner.'

This *righteous* author speaks this as a *churchman*, and has his eye only upon the goods of the spirit: he prepares therefore all such as are to receive disgraces and afflictions, not to mistake them as things not meant for their good. An action is always to be understood and interpreted by the character of the person who does it. Let no one therefore take an injury that is done him by a *Saint*, or *new Convert*, to proceed from ill-will. How could a *sanctified* person lay a greater obligation upon another, than by being the instrument of begetting in him the virtue of patience? Suppose a soldier should have passed through ten campaigns under a commander that had reduced his heart to the love of the vain pomps and vanities of this world, by leading him through a continual scene of triumph, what could a *new Convert* do for

for him better than to send him a-starving; this would be the true way for those who are above *worldly Wisdom* to distinguish "*Merit and Service*." Such must be the treatment of mankind from those who are but comparatively "*wiser in their generation*," to those who are exposed in another scripture phrase as "*delighting in war*."

The Monitor of the day following, to wit, on the instant of my present writing, May 4, after abusing his brother-scribblers, which we do not meddle with, as having it in themselves to revenge, abuses a Reverend Divine in dog-grel, and then proceeds to an account of a written libel, giving an invitation to the Duke of Cambridge to come over into England. He takes occasion to tell a very silly discourse in the flattest manner imaginable, between a country farmer and a neighbouring townsman, and ends it with leaving amongst us this question, "What would they have him (to wit, the Duke of Cambridge) come hither for, if it is not to make him a king?" I see no danger in answering the question, which is, to make him a good king when it comes to his turn. But the Examiner, who is *as wise in his generation* as the Monitor *who comes after him*, has been inquisitive about this matter *before*; he asked, "Would the coming of the young Prince demohish Dunkirk more effectually? would TOBY BUTLER's recruits immediately desert? would it raise the siege of Barcelona? break
" the

“ the peace? Change the nature of French
 “ tyranny? Or reduce the exorbitant power of
 “ the Duke of Lorrain? I believe they will not
 “ venture to say, that a prince, however power-
 “ ful, yet a subject still, would upon his first
 “ landing, interpose so vigorously in public af-
 “ fairs. And if so, then it is plain from the
 “ conduct of the Whigs themselves, that all
 “ these clamours which they have so long dwelt
 “ upon, taking each particular case as their own
 “ advocates have stated it, are perfectly ground-
 “ less, and the Protestant religion is in no dan-
 “ ger from any of these incidents; unless they
 “ would loyally and modestly insinuate, that
 “ the same things which they call *grievances*
 “ under her Majesty, would cease to be so if any
 “ of her Protestant heirs were resident amongst
 “ us.” And I answered, though the arrival of
 the Duke of Cambridge would not demolish
 Dunkirk, yet it would make us less fearful of
 the ill consequences from its being undemo-
 lished; one of which may be an attempt of im-
 posing upon us the Pretender, whose invasion
 would be less dreaded, when one who is a prince
 of the blood was ready to fight against him,
 and animate all good subjects in her Majesty’s
 and his own cause against him. TOBY BUTLER’s
 recruits might not perhaps, desert; but it
 would make Mr. BUTLER’s promise to them,
 of seeing their master soon in these dominions,
 more unlikely than at present, when so valorous
 a prince as the Duke of Cambridge was ready

to oppose him; the Duke of Cambridge, who before now has kept the field when the Pretender fled out of it. His arrival would not raise the siege of Barcelona, but it would animate the besieged, that this instance of the prevalence of the cause of liberty, in so powerful a nation as Great Britain, had this reinforcement. His arrival would not break the peace, but it would make our affairs more confirmed and cemented both in time of peace, and in case of a war. It would not change the nature of a French tyranny, or reduce the exorbitant power of the Duke of Lorrain; but it would certainly render them both less formidable to all who are friends to the Succession in the House of Hanover. After the questions, he insinuates in his reflections above, that a busy behaviour would not become his Grace the Duke of Cambridge: and I agree with him that it would not, but his very residence in England would have all the good effects above-mentioned.

I shall add to these answers, that I am convinced the Court thinks it an argument of safety against the Pretender, that the Duke of Cambridge is coming; and I attribute to an intelligence of it, before the publick knew it, that a proclamation against the said Pretender was thought unnecessary*.

* It may be thought equally unnecessary to mention here that the Duke of Cambridge never came till he was called to the throne on the demise of Queen Anne.

Friday,

N^o 8. Friday, May 7, 1714.

Refinata bibis vina, Falerna fugis.

MART. 3 Ep. lxxvii.

“ You drink Mundungus, and desert Champagne.”

THE following letter, written in that style the praise of which is simplicity, may be useful to that part of the world who are never quite drunk or sober, but go to bed mellow every night. I believe, as it is written by a vintner, he designed it particularly for the use of some good club that use his house, and who he fears might be succeeded by a more temperate generation, if they should drop off; besides that, it is remarkable, sets of tipplers go fast one after another, when one of their number is taken from among them.

• To the READER.

• SIR,

• THE Love, which by your Paper you seem
• to have for your country, gives a good ex-
• ample for others to follow, and prompts me
• in particular to represent to you a conversa-

Y 2

• tion

‘ tion I have had of late, in which some things
‘ passed, which I think are not improper to be
‘ communicated to the English Reader.

‘ I live in a part of Great Britain which has
‘ formerly traded much to France, Spain, and
‘ Portugal, and in a town where we have (not-
‘ withstanding all the contrasts occasioned by
‘ elections) still so much humanity left among
‘ some of us, as to meet now and then at a
‘ tavern.

‘ Not long since some of our merchants, hav-
‘ ing their *Doctor* with them, meeting there,
‘ the master of the house, according to order,
‘ brought up one bottle of *Claret*, and one of
‘ *Red-Port*, and assured the company upon his
‘ honour, they were both neat, and flowers in
‘ their kind.

‘ You know Sir, the honour of this sort of
‘ men is very great when they are vending their
‘ own goods; and that it is common with some
‘ of them to pawn their salvation, after such a
‘ manner as if they thought we had reason to
‘ doubt them.

‘ Well Sir, a glass of each sort was drunk
‘ round to the Queen. The French merchants in
‘ the company liked the flavour of a wine they
‘ had formerly, with much pleasure, drunk in
‘ that country; but at the same time owned
‘ it was somewhat low, and not so cordial as
‘ heretofore in France. To which it was re-
‘ plied, “ That this was the effect of their age
‘ (which wanted a stronger liquor), and not of
‘ the

‘ the wine which they now drank ; and that
 ‘ to take off this inconvenience, the quantity
 ‘ should be enlarged, and, instead of one bottle
 ‘ apiece, they should drink two.

‘ The vintner who stood by, smiled at this,
 ‘ and could not forbear saying, “ That gentle-
 ‘ man was much in the right, and he was of the
 ‘ same opinion.”

‘ The Doctor (who all this while seemed to
 ‘ amuse himself with his pipe) being observed
 ‘ to prefer the *Port*, was desired to give his
 ‘ opinion of these two sorts of wine in general :
 ‘ upon which he replied, “ Gentlemen, I will
 ‘ do it readily ; but must, by way of preface to
 ‘ my discourse, desire only to know, whether
 ‘ you would drink wine for pleasure or for
 ‘ health ? if you say for pleasure, I shall be apt
 ‘ to reply, You are then better friends to the
 ‘ men of my profession, than to yourselves and
 ‘ your own families. I think it would be un-
 ‘ pardonable in me to advise any man to drink
 ‘ or eat to his prejudice. Which of these two
 ‘ sorts of wine, *Port* or *Bordeaux*, is fittest
 ‘ for the common draught of England, will
 ‘ evidently appear from the following consider-
 ‘ ations. Let a man drink of *Port*, it shall in
 ‘ a small quantity answer the design of wine,
 ‘ and neither injure his pocket, nor his consti-
 ‘ tution. One, two, or three glasses, at or
 ‘ after dinner, and the like quantity before he
 ‘ goes to bed, makes him digest his meat
 ‘ well, sleep kindly, and wake refreshed the

“ next morning. This man has seldom any
 “ four risings, or any sickness at stomach the
 “ next day. Indeed, if he happens to drink to
 “ an excess over night, he may, from the
 “ generosity of the liquor, complain of his
 “ head, but rarely of his stomach. It is a very
 “ rare thing to see a man disgorge after drink-
 “ ing good *Port* wine ; and when it does hap-
 “ pen, it is scarce ever known to be with those
 “ ill symptoms which often attend a debauch
 “ on Claret. In the former case, the matter
 “ thrown up is seldom offensive ; in the latter,
 “ little better than verjuice. And for the truth
 “ of this observation, I appeal to all the old
 “ stanch drunkards of these two sorts of wine in
 “ town and country.

“ And now gentlemen, (to go on a little
 “ further in the way of my profession, and build
 “ upon the foundation I have laid), as you can-
 “ not but have heard, that many chronical dis-
 “ tempers, and not a few of the acute, do, in
 “ the opinion of the best physicians, take their
 “ rise in a great degree, from indigestion, you
 “ cannot but allow, that where there is so much
 “ indigestion, as of course must follow from
 “ the drinking of *French* wine habitually, the
 “ ill effects of it must be very great : and ac-
 “ cordingly we find among the toppers of greatest
 “ reputation, who survive those who have been
 “ long dead-drunk, and are troubled with the
 “ gout, stone, rheumatism, much more of
 “ these diseases may, upon a fair computa-
 “ tion,

“tion, be imputed to *French*, than to *Portugal* wine.”

“But,” says a French merchant then in company, “do we not find by experience, that French wine exhilarates beyond all other sorts imported into this island? Do not our great wits, and men of the best conversation, prefer it to all others? Are not deep councils and great dispatches owing to this wine? And is not the best society chiefly kept up by it?”

“Sir,” replied the *Doctor* with something of warmth, “I do not find but that men among us who have drunk little or none of the French wines, have had as much wit, and wisdom too, as any of those who have drunk most of them. Mr. Shakespear, I dare say, drank but little *Claret*; old BEN’s wine was *Canary*; Mr. WALLER was not fond of any wine, only now and then (as I am credibly informed) enough to wash his head and temples with. There is no manner of doubt but that Spain, Italy, and Greece, have produced as great wits as any nation in Europe; and is this owing to *French* CLARET? Did Homer, Aristophanes, Horace, Virgil, and Miguel de Cervantes, drink *French* CLARET?”

“But Sir, (because I will be easy to you in the argument) grant that *French* WINE will make an Englishman chearful and pleasant, and fit him to write a song, a poem, or a

“ play ; or to tell his story, and make his address with an air extraordinary ; is this an argument why this wine should be made a national drink ? Let the men of wit have their proportion of this wine (if they must have it) and take the inconveniencies of it ; but shall we set up for a *Nation of WITS* ? let us endeavour at a little discretion, and drink of such wines, in such proportions, and at such times, as shall answer the design of this great blessing to mankind ; that is, so as to make it most conducive to our health ; which, I positively aver, in English constitutions, generally speaking, is better preserved by a proper use of *Portugal* than of *French WINES*.”

“ This argument of the Doctor’s made the greater impression on the company, for that we knew him to be no way concerned in merchandize ; and that, as his age and profession had given him opportunity to make observations of the matter he spoke of, so the entire love he has for his country will not suffer him to advance any proposition, which he thinks is not for the good of it.”

“ Sir, I am the more ready to communicate to you the sum of this conversation, for that I remember about thirty years since, when *London CLARET* (as it was then called) was in fashion, the master with whom I then lived in the city, with many others, made that wine, by mixing *Bordeaux* with red of the *Spanish* grape,

‘ grape, which gave a composition more grateful
 ‘ to the palate, and less injurious to the stomach,
 ‘ than the *French WINE* was of itself. These
 ‘ hands of mine have thus brewed many a ton.

‘ I hope it may not be amiss if I endeavour,
 ‘ as far as in me lies, to set forth in a proper
 ‘ light this great error in our liquors, and from
 ‘ good and undeniable arguments beat down
 ‘ that impetuous, humourfome, unreasonable,
 ‘ overweening love for *Claret*, which, to the
 ‘ great prejudice of the English nation, does
 ‘ so much prevail among us; and shew that
 ‘ we act in this, as in too many other particu-
 ‘ lars, as if our welfare and happiness were the
 ‘ least part of our care.

‘ I have heard a very experienced Vintner say,
 ‘ that he had observed great difference between
 ‘ the tempers of his *Claret* and *Port*-CUSTOMERS.
 ‘ The old age of the *CLARET-drinker* is generally
 ‘ peevish and fretful; that of him who uses *Port*,
 ‘ calm, and at the worst dull. The blood of a
 ‘ *CLARET-Drinker* grows vinegar; that of your
 ‘ *PORT MAN*, mum. The effect of *Claret* is to
 ‘ make men restless; of *Port*, to make them
 ‘ sleepy. But *Port*, moderately used, had all the
 ‘ good effects which can come from the best *Clare-*
 ‘ *ret*, and none of the ill effects which flow from
 ‘ the immoderate use of itself. I am, Sir,

‘ Your most humble servant,

‘ RUBARB HEARTY.’

Monday,

Nº 9. Monday, May 10, 1714.

—*Nefas animam præferre pudori.* Juv. Sat. viii. 83.

“ ————rather choose

“ To guard your honour, and your life to lose.”

DRYDEN.

I HAVE found by following the whispers of the town, that my Paper Number 4, which bore at the top of it the same piece of Latin which I have affixed to this *, has very much revived a sort of feeling, which for some time had been utterly lost among many people, and is commonly called the *testimony of a good CONSCIENCE*. My discourse on that day was taken from a hint of MACHIAVEL, and explained that state of mind which that great politician calls “*NONSENSE to the CONSCIENCE*.” The description I gave there is this, “*NON-SENSE to the CONSCIENCE* is when the party has arrived to such a disregard to reason and truth, as not to follow it, or acknowledge it when it presents itself to him.” All the impudent to a man, are masters of this great qualification for rising in the world. Whoever is the author of the paper called “*The Weekly Packet*,” let him look to it; for he has

* See p. 293.

printed

printed a speech as if spoken by his Sicilian Majesty, which begins with a paragraph in the most sublime degree formed from NONSENSE of CONSCIENCE. The said packet of April the 24th has it thus :

‘ On the 22d of March, the States of Sicily met,
‘ and the King being seated on the throne,
‘ made the following speech to them.

‘ The ardent desire we had to provide for
‘ the necessities and advantage of this faithful
‘ kingdom, the dominion whereof we acknow-
‘ ledge we have received at the hand of God,
‘ made us very willingly disregard, not only the
‘ difficulties of the voyage, but also the other
‘ motives, which the condition of the rest of
‘ our dominions might have furnished for in-
‘ ducing us to retard our coming, and defer the
‘ satisfaction we have in this assembly.

‘ Our pleasure of seeing the representatives of
‘ the kingdom here assembled, is so much the
‘ greater, in that we have found you full of
‘ zeal and affection towards us, and convinced of
‘ the assurance you ought to have of being looked
‘ upon with a fatherly love.’

It is certain this was never spoken, for if it had, it had been the most solemn banter that ever was put upon any assembly of people. All the world knows that the contingencies in the interests of European princes produced that allotment of empire to the Duke of Savoy ; and

no man can suppose that a prince of his good understanding, without regard to facts so notoriously known, would slap-dash put his "Divine right and fatherly love" upon the crowd of reasonable creatures, who knew well enough who made him their king, and that he was become their father without their adoption. No man shall make me believe this speech was ever spoken; for if it had, it had been a stroke of passive obedience in the subject to the divine right of Sicily, not to have laughed-out in the presence of their new-made monarch. There is something so great in the nature of men, that they are not to be ruled but upon the principles of reason and justice; and absolute power cannot possibly subsist without the extirpation of arts and sciences, without the strictest administration of justice, to which if a monarch ties himself, it is for his ease and glory to govern by laws of his people's own making. All demagogues keep themselves in fashion by the force of NONSENSE *to the* CONSCIENCE; but politicians know they are undone when they are reduced to it. Shame and confusion for hard usage of their fellow-creatures, arising from a deference they owe to them as rational, would disable their progress upon any manifest false step in which they should be detected. But demagogues are never confounded by their errors, but, from their NONSENSE *of* CONSCIENCE. go on in committing more, under the manifest dislike of all the world, and are
insensible

insensible of any thing that is criminal which passes with impunity. Men of such coarse and insensible spirits, can fancy themselves in an happy condition as long as they can deceive the vulgar; and would prefer a power over a crowd of Barbarians, to the applause and approbation of a few polite Athenians.

From this NONSENSE of CONSCIENCE proceed all the evils which can possibly betide mankind; for it naturally brings men to be satisfied with appearances instead of things, and is apt to make an ill man believe that he is not wicked, because nobody dares tell him he is so. For this reason I have done an act of charity, by sending a couple of letters to two certain persons by messengers who were very proper to carry them. If the gentlemen concerned will read them, it may be of very great use; if not, I have done my duty, and they are safe by their impregnable armour, the NONSENSE of CONSCIENCE. One of these epistles I have sent by the *Examiner*, the other by the *Monitor*. The first is as follows.

‘ I am told there is of late such a liberty
 ‘ taken in opening letters, that I would not
 ‘ send this by any but the bearer, who loves you
 ‘ at his soul, and has hazarded it for your service.
 ‘ The inclosed, called “ A Letter to the
 ‘ *Examiner*,” is what you ought to give him
 ‘ instructions to answer, and not desert the poor
 ‘ man, who has done nothing but repeated the
 ‘ word

' word *Faction* for some weeks last past. The
 ' writer of the letter bids him examine the
 ' methods of negotiating the peace by the 8th
 ' article of the grand alliance; and desires him
 ' to shew, that the part acted in the field,
 ' while the peace was transacting, was the most
 ' effectual way to second what was doing at
 ' Utrecht.

' That the scheme of a general peace agreed
 ' between us and France, is better than that
 ' designed by the preliminaries of 1709.

' That the peace was general at the time we
 ' signed.

' That the settling of the Spanish monarchy
 ' in the house of Bourbon, is no addition of
 ' strength and power to France.

' That it can be no prejudice to us, that
 ' France is permitted to trade to the West Indies,
 ' which they never were before.

' That it would have been the same thing to
 ' the trade of Great Britain, to *whomever* Spain
 ' and the Indies had been given.

' That King Philip will not favour France
 ' more than England, nor the French undersell
 ' us in their markets.

' That

‘ That Portugal is in no danger of becoming
‘ a province to Spain.

‘ That the Catalans are not an unfortunatè
‘ people from their adherence to the common
‘ cause.

‘ That the method taken in the demolition
‘ of Dunkirk agrees with the letter of the
‘ treaty.

‘ He adds abundance of other questions, which
‘ he knows in his own *Conscience* need no an-
‘ swer, the justice of what he excepts against
‘ being visible to all the world. But however,
‘ since there are some specious odd insinuations
‘ in the book, I beg of you to speak intelligibly
‘ to the bearer, and furnish him with answers;
‘ otherwise the man must go on in an empty
‘ triumph, from the NONSENSE of CONSCIENCE
‘ which renders him unable to do you any fur-
‘ ther service, to the great grief of all your well-
‘ wishers, who are enumerated in the following
‘ blank.’

My second letter, carried by the *Monitor*, is
as follows.

‘ THE bearer I send to you, because I know
‘ you have a respect for one of the persons con-
‘ cerned in his following expression in the
‘ *Monitor* of Saturday. “ Fear and appre-
‘ hensions

“hensions of remote slavery, and of a contemptible destitute Pretender, are contrary to all reason.” This is plain disrespect to the Duke of Lorrain, to call a man destitute and contemptible, who is under his protection. Just after the pardon granted to Mr. BEDFORD*, he has the impudence to arraign her Majesty

* HILKIAH BEDFORD, son of a mathematical instrument-maker in Hosier-lane, was born July 23, 1663; and in 1679 was admitted of St. John's college, Cambridge; the first scholar on the foundation of his maternal grandfather William Plat. He was afterwards elected fellow of his college, and patronized by Heneage Finch earl of Winchelsea; but being deprived of his preferment (which was in Lincolnshire) for refusing to take the oaths at the Revolution, kept afterwards a boarding-house for the Westminster scholars. In 1714, being tried in the court of King's-bench, he was fined 1000 marks, and imprisoned three years, for writing, printing, and publishing “The Hereditary Right of the Crown of England asserted, 1713,” folio; the real author of which was George Harbin, a Nonjuring CLERGYMAN, whom his friendship thus screened; and on account of his sufferings he received 200l. from the Lord Weymouth, who knew not the real author. His other publications were, a translation of “An answer to Fontenelle's History of Oracles,” and a Latin “Life of Dr. Barwick,” which he afterwards translated into English. He died Nov. 26, 1724. By his wife Alice, daughter of William Cooper, Esq; he had three sons; 1. William, educated at St. John's college (appointed physician to Christ's hospital 1746, and Register of the College of Physicians in London, of which he was Fellow and Censor, and died July 11, 1747, leaving by his second wife an only daughter Elizabeth, married 1778 to John Claxton, Esq; of Lincoln's-Inn. and of Shirley near Croydon, Surrey, F. A. S.) 2. Thomas, a Divine. And, 3. John, Physician

‘ Majesty of being guilty of mercy to a fault,
 ‘ in these words ; “ This nation is at present
 “ under the blessing of a pacific reign, under
 “ a Queen whose personal behaviour is un-
 “ tainted with crime (except that of too much
 “ clemency) a Queen who is a pattern of vir-
 “ tue and piety.”

‘ I hope you will take the proper methods
 ‘ for doing justice in this case, by sending the
 ‘ bearer to the stocks ; for being exalted to
 ‘ public view and a higher pedestal, is a dis-
 ‘ tinction which he has known already ; and is
 ‘ so little the better for it, that he calumniates
 ‘ the clemency which he has since known by
 ‘ a pardon for subsequent offences.

‘ If you, who are a Justice of Peace, let these
 ‘ things pass, I can only say with Mr. BAYES,
 ‘ *I’ll write no more.*”

physician at Durham, who used to sign himself “ John Bedford, M. D. Univ. Patav.” About the year 1761 he retired from practice, and lived remarkably recluse. John was thrice married ; died in 1776, very rich ; and left a son, Hilkiah, who was entered in the summer of 1768 of St. John’s college, Cambridge ; became a fellow of that college, and a counsellor ; and died at York, whilst attending the circuit, in 1779. Dr. John Bedford had also two daughters ; one of whom died single in 1765 ; the other (born in 1748) was married in 1766 to Mr. Hill, formerly a linen-draper, but retired from trade with a plentiful fortune, which he left to his widow. The first-mentioned Hilkiah had also three daughters, of whom Christian the eldest married George Smith, Esq; of Burnhall ; Elizabeth, married 50 years to the Rev. Mr. Gordoun, who died advanced in years within a week after her, Oct. 1779 ; Mary, married to Mr. John Soleby, druggist, in Holbourn.

Z

*** The

* * * The altar-piece in White-chapel church, which gave such great offence, (see p. 275.) was painted by W. Fellows. It represents the last supper; and Judas the traitor was drawn sitting in an elbow-chair, dressed in a black garment, between a gown and a cloak, with a scarf and white band, a short wig, and a mark in his forehead between a lock and a patch, and so much of the countenance of Dr. Kennet, that under it, in effect, was written, *The dean, the traitor*. It was generally said, that the original sketch was for a *bishop* under Welton's displeasure; which occasioned the elbow-chair. But the fears of a *scandalum magnatum* rising before the painter's eyes, leave was given to drop the *bishop*, and make the *dean*; which he did as well as he could. The print of it in the Society of Antiquaries library is accompanied with four manuscript lines by Mr. Maittaire:

"To say the picture does to him belong,

"Kennet does Judas and the painter wrong.

"False is the image, the resemblance faint:

"Judas compar'd to Kennet is a saint."

The preface to a sermon, preached on the occasion by Dr. Welton, the rector, 1714, intituled, "Church-Ornament without idolatry vindicated," gives an account of the whole affair. By way of defence, Dr. Welton republished "The case concerning setting-up of images, or painting of them, in churches, writ by the learned Dr. Thomas Barlow, late bishop of Lincoln, upon his suffering such images to be defaced in his diocese; wherein it is disapproved and condemned by the statutes and ecclesiastical laws of this kingdom; and the book of homilies, &c. Lond. 1714." 8vo. First printed in Barlow's "Cases of Conscience. Lond. 1692." 8vo.

It was found expedient to remove the picture, which is supposed to be the present altar-piece of the abbey-church at St. Alban's, where tradition ascribes it to Sir James Thornhill.

See READER, N° I. and Gent. Mag. 1784, Vol. LIV. p. 644.

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White-Chapel, rector of, his impiety in the altar-piece set up there, N^o 1. ; and see p. 338.

Wine, French, not so good as formerly, N^o 8.

— Port, more wholesome than Claret, *ibid.*

Wrong fellows, in great assemblies, described, N^o 4. A great man's Orators, *ibid.*

F I N I S.



To the Author of the **LOVER**.*

SIR,

THAT all your Readers may have a right Notion of the *Use* and *Abuse* of Love, as founded upon the unerring Laws of Nature, I here communicate the Discussion of two Cases of Conscience, as resolved by our learned Country-

* The general title of the Publication from which this article is taken is as follows:

"Memoirs towards a History of Men eminent in the Republic of Letters, as well foreign as domestic."

Of how many half crown numbers this work consisted we are not certain, nor that there ever was any more of it printed than the part from which we are now extracting. That part has the following separate title:

"Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Richard Steele. Wherein are contained, Two Curious Dissertations, written by the late Bp Burnet, viz.

"I. A Defence of Polygamy, proving, that it is not contrary to the Law and Nature of Marriage; and that an express prohibition of it is no where to be found in Scripture.

"[II. The Lawfulness of Divorce on account of *Sterility* in Women, proving that *Defect* a sufficient Reason for Separation.] Also some Memoirs of the Earls of Nottingham, Portmore, and Lord Chief Baron Pengelly, with his Will: Lond. Printed for E. Curll and W. Leventhorp, at Congreve's Head, directly over against Catherine-Street, in the Strand. 1731. Pr. 2s. 6d."

A a

man

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man Dr. GILBERT BURNET, 1680, and they
are freely at your Service. Yours,

Glasgow,
Nov. 20, 1714.

JOHN MITCHELL.

This Copy is taken from the Original, at-
tested by Dr. PATTERSON, Archbishop of GLAS-
GOW, now in Possession of the Honourable
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, where it may be
seen, if there is Occasion.

*The Archbishop of Glasgow's Attestation under
his Hand and Episcopal Seal Manual. Edin-
borough, the 5th of Jan. 1703.*

The Resolutions of these two Cases, viz.

[I. Is POLYGAMY in any Case lawful under the
Gospel ?

II. Is a Woman's Barrenness a just Ground for
DIVORCE, or POLYGAMY ?] is a true Copy of
what I saw, read and copied, from the Original
Manuscript, written with Dr. GILBERT BUR-
NET's own Hand; and which I copied over at
HAM *, in the year 1680, the Original being
then in the Possession of the Duke of LAUDER-
DALE, by whose Allowance and Consent I
took a Copy of it. This I do hereby solemnly
attest; as witness my Hand and Seal, Day,
Year, and Place, above written.

J. GLASGOW. (L. S.)

* In Surrey, where the Duke of Lauderdale had a fine seat.

CASE

CASE I.

“Is POLYGAMY in any Case lawful under
“the Gospel?”

RESOLVED.

“For Answer, it is to be *considered*, that Marriage is a *Contract* founded upon the *Laws of Nature*, its *End* being the *Propagation of Mankind*; and the Formality of doing it by *Churchmen*, is only a supervenient *Benediction*, or pompous solemnizing of it; and therefore the *Nature of Marriage*, and not any *Forms* used in the *Celebration* of it, is to be *considered*. It is true, the Case is harder when any is married by such a *Form* as binds him to ONE *Woman*, than where he is bound only by the *Tie of Marriage* conceived in *general Terms*.

“The Case of Mankind, since the Fall, varies very much from what it was in Innocency; for then the *Soundness* of their *Bodies*, and the *Purity* of their *Minds*, did keep out of the Way all the Hazards of Barrenness, Sickness, Unclean-ness, or crossness of Humour; and therefore a single Marriage, as being the perfectest Coalition of Friendship and Interest, was proper to that State; and so *God* made but *one Woman* for *one Man*: but upon the Fall, the Case varied

A a a

hugely,

hugely, and Frigidity, Barrenness, Unchastity, Crossness of Humours, made the former Law not so proper for the following Race of Mankind; yet still a single Marriage was the perfecter, as being nearer the Original.

“Before the Flood, we find *Lamech* a POLYGAMIST; such were *Abraham* and *Jacob* after it; so that this was not indulged by *Moses*; for all that he did relating to this, was only to allow of DIVORCE, which was a *Proviso* from the Hardness of the *Israelites* Hearts. Every Man was bound to maintain whom he had *once* Married; lest therefore such as designed *another* Wife, and could not maintain the *former*, might use *Indirect* Ways to be rid of them; this *Fair One* of *Divorce* was allowed of by *God*; and this *Polygamy* was practised, without either Allowance or Controul, as the natural Right of Mankind; neither is it any where marked among the *Blemishes* of the Patriarchs; *David's* Wives (and store of them he had) are termed by the Prophet, *God's Gift to him*: Yea, *Polygamy* was made, in some Cases, a *Duty* by *Moses's* Law; when any died without Issue, his Brother, or nearest Kinsman, was to marry his Wife, for *raising up Seed* to him; and all were obliged to obey this, under the *Hazard* of *Infamy* if they *refused* it; neither is there any exception made for such as were *Married*; from whence I may faithfully conclude, that what *God* made *necessary* in some Cases to any Degree, can in no Case be *sinful* in itself; since *God* is holy in all

all his Ways: And thus far it appears, that POLYGAMY is not contrary to the *Law* and *Nature* of *Marriage*: But it is next to be examined, if it is *forbidden* under the *Gospel*. It is certain our *Lord* designed to raise Mankind to the highest Degrees of *Purity* and *Chastity*; and therefore our *Lord* and *St. Paul* do prefer a *Single life* to a *Married State*, as that which qualifies us for the Kingdom of Heaven, and was loaded with the fewest Incumbrances; and by this Rule, a *Single Marriage* being next to none at all, is certainly most suitable to the *Gospel*; but a simple and express Discharge of POLYGAMY is no where to be found. It is true, our *Lord* discharges *Divorces*, except in the Case of *Adultery*; adding, that whosoever puts away his Wife upon any other Account, commits *Adultery*; so *St. Luke* and *St. Matthew* in one Place have it; or *commits Adultery against her*; so *St. Mark* has it, or *causes her to commit Adultery*; so *St. Matthew* in another Place. If it be then *Adultery* to take *another* Woman after an *unjust Divorce*, it will follow, that the *Wife* has that Right to the *Husband's* Body, that he must touch no *other*. This is indeed plausible; and is all that can be brought from the New Testament, which seems convincing; yet it will not be found of Weight: For it is to be considered, that if our *Lord* had been to antiquate POLYGAMY, it being so deeply rooted in the Men of that Age, confirmed by such famous and unquestioned Precedents, and riveted by so long

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a Practice, he must have done it plainly and authoritatively; and not in such an involved Manner, that it must be sought out of his Words by the search of Logic; neither are these dark Words made more clear by any of the *Apostles* in their Writings. Words are to be carried no farther than the Design upon which they were written will lead them to; so that our *Lord* being in that Place to strike out *Divorces* so explicitly, we must not, by a Consequence, condemn POLYGAMY, since it seems not to have fallen within the Scope of what our *Lord* does there disprove. Besides, the Term *Adultery* may be taken in general for such a Breach of Wedlock, as is equivalent to *Adultery*; and such is an *unjust Divorce*. This may be the Importance of the Phrase used by *St. Mark*, viz. *He committeth Adultery against her*; or all may be better explained by the Phrase *St. Matthew* uses about it in one place, *He causes her to commit Adultery*: Since he that exposeth and tempteth to Sin, shares in the Guilt with the Person that succumbs: And from this it appears, that POLYGAMY is not declared *Adultery*, neither in the Place cited, nor any other that I know of. But it is true, that POLYGAMY falls short of the Intendment of *Marriage* in Innocency, to which State we that are under the *Gospel* must return as near as it is possible. It is to be confest, that POLYGAMY was much condemned by the Ancients: Tho' I think I have met with something about it that is little noticed;

noticed; but of *that*, I can adventure to say nothing at this Distance from my Books and Papers. But all that being granted, it is to be considered, that the Ancients were unjust and severe against *Marriage*, and did excessively favour the Celibate or *Single*; so that in some Places, they who *Married the second Time*, were put to do *Penance* for it: And indeed, both *Jew* and *Gentile* had run into such Excess, by their free Commixtures, that it is no Wonder, that if the Holy Men of these Ages, being provoked to a *just* Zeal against such *unjust* Practices, must have been carried, through immoderate Swaying of the Counterpoise, into some Extremes on the other hand: Therefore, to conclude this short Answer, wherein many Things are hinted, which might have been enlarged to a Volume, I see nothing so strong *against* PGLYGAMY, as to balance the great and visible imminent Hazards that hang over so many Thousands, if it be not *allowed*."

As to the *Solution* of the second Case of Conscience, viz. "*Of the Lawfulness of Divorce on account of Barrenness*," there are some Expressions so plainly uttered, as would offend the Fair Sex; for which Reason we shall omit the Recital of them in this Place, and only observe with a late Historian, that these Arguments seem to forward a Design which Dr. Burnet tells us was set on foot, to divorce King Charles II. from Q. Catherine*.

* See Higgins's Remarks on Burnet's Hist. p. 158, 159.

From the casuistry of Dr. BURNET, I shall now proceed to that of Sir RICHARD STEELE, who in 1715, the year of the Preston rebellion, gives us his honest reasons for concerning himself so warmly both in theological and political enquiries. 'I must,' says he, 'say something by way of apology to those who may be surprised at my being so deep in points which I never before pretended to meddle with.' And, adds he, 'I acknowledge it has been sometimes with me, as it is with too many others, that a sort of an implicit Religion seemed the most easy, and most comfortable; and that a blind veneration for I know not what, and I knew not whom, stood for every thing valuable and important. I confess, I was not enough aware that this implicitness of conduct is the great engine of Popery framed for the destruction of good nature, as well as good sense. But my benevolence to my fellow-creatures, I can truly say, is, and has been always warm and inflexible. And this it is that hath at length alarmed and roused my understanding, which one or two accidental shocks have settled into the order wherein I now feel it.

'I remember, that some time ago I said, in print, That all exorbitant power in Clergymen was Popery. What would be more general; or more inoffensive, than to speak this without determining at all, what is that exorbitant power? And yet it is incredible, what an out-

cry

' cry there was made about this, as if it was the
 ' very height of all madness and absurdity to say
 ' so. I know there are many of that reverend
 ' body who are disinterested enough themselves
 ' to maintain such a sentiment; but I soon found
 ' from the resentment of others, that no power,
 ' let it be what it will, in their hands, can be
 ' esteemed by them to be exorbitant, or else that
 ' that part of Popery was not a thing they might-
 ' tily abhorred. Upon this, I proceeded to think
 ' a little farther of the consequence and tender-
 ' ness of such principles.

' But the great shock of all that I ever received
 ' was from the proceedings about the late Schism-
 ' Act, which opened the scene thoroughly.
 ' And this, I confess, was so great, as to move
 ' in me an indignation not to be contained; to
 ' see the law of nature, and the common rights
 ' of mankind, going to be sacrificed to fury and
 ' bigotry. I know, indeed, very well, that the
 ' Church was only a word, made use of by those
 ' then at the helm, who valued all Churches
 ' and all Religions equally, and that no farther
 ' than for the forwarding their own ruinous pro-
 ' jects. But I saw by how great a party the de-
 ' sign was warmly espoused; that their very
 ' hearts were in it; and crowds of innocent peo-
 ' ple ensnared by them into the same violence.
 ' This put me upon more enquiries; and led
 ' me to some thoughts, of which I then gave
 ' the world a short account. It is upon that bot-
 ' tom

‘ tom I have governed myself ever since; till I
‘ am now brought, by the natural course of such
‘ thoughts, to examine into the conduct of
‘ Christians, and particularly of Protestants of
‘ all sorts. One thing drew on another; and,
‘ as little conversant as I have heretofore been
‘ in such matters, I quickly found that Christi-
‘ anity was neither unintelligible, nor ill-na-
‘ tured; that the Gospel does not invade the
‘ rights of mankind; nor invest any men with
‘ authority destructive to society; and (what
‘ was the most melancholy part of the whole)
‘ that Protestants must be reduced to the absur-
‘ dity of renouncing Protestant as well as Chri-
‘ stian Principles, before they can pretend to
‘ make their practices and their professions con-
‘ sistent. This I resolved to represent; and
‘ have done it, without regard to any one sort
‘ of them more than another*.

‘ I am more and more persuaded every day,
‘ that it is fitting to understand Religion, as well
‘ as to praise it; and that it is the Golden Rule
‘ of Proportion, to give the highest respect to
‘ those only who deserve it.

‘ If I have used a severity in some of the fore-
‘ going pages, it flowed from the resentment I
‘ have at the usage King GEORGE hath met
‘ with from too many of a body of men who
‘ owe all their security to his accession. This
‘ part of their conduct admits of no apology. I
‘ have given them sufficient proof of my devo-

* See p. 359.

' tion to their interest, when they do not divide
 ' it from that of their country. But I thank
 ' God, my love to the publick is above it: and
 ' I feel it true within, what the Patriot and
 ' Orator of Rome said, "*Omnes omnium cha-*
 ' *ritatis patria una complexa est.*" And there-
 ' fore, since many of them are not contented
 ' that the Glory of their past conduct should be
 ' forgot, or buried in silence; but have thought
 ' fit, by their renewed assaults, to revive the re-
 ' membrance of their former behaviour, when
 ' they engaged themselves in the cause of a
 ' worthless incendiary *, and taught the people,
 ' by the cry of the Church (which hath deserved
 ' better usage at their hands), to rebel for passive
 ' obedience, and to insult the supreme au-
 ' thority of the whole legislature, out of loyalty:
 ' Since, I say, they have begun the war anew,
 ' and beat a fresh alarm from their high places,
 ' and, unprovoked and unmolested, have given
 ' the best of Kings a reception, unworthy I do
 ' not say, of Christians, but, of men; it lies
 ' upon them alone to answer for the conse-
 ' quences; and upon all others to guard their
 ' country, their laws, and their Prince, from
 ' such attempts; and to shew by their courage
 ' and constancy, that, in spite of all the oppor-
 ' tunities which such men employ to the mis-
 ' leading of the people, We will not sacrifice,
 ' either our religion, or our establishment, or
 ' even the very people whom they mislead, out

* Dr. Sacheverell.

‘ of any panic dread of their invectives, or investigations.

‘ Indeed, whatever others do, I think it time to
‘ let them see, that there are those who are even
‘ passionately disposed to love, and almost adore
‘ them who will not fear them. Whilst they
‘ shew the world that they hate the King, it is
‘ my humble opinion, that they who love him
‘ do no better than make a sacrifice of him,
‘ whenever they shew themselves afraid of such
‘ men. As I am always romantic enough to
‘ speak what I think; so I am weak enough to
‘ think it has its use.

‘ All the world knows, with what a tenderness of affection, and what a sincerity of passion, I have espoused the cause of the Clergy, and Universities; that they have been observed
‘ to be the delight of my tongue, and the darling subject of my conversation; and that I
‘ have, with an impetuosity of warmth, in season and out of season, run into their defence, and their panegyric. But what can I say?
‘ The cause, the topic, I delighted in, is torn from me; and left without any support, but that of Hope, that the Better Part (who have stood faithful, uncorrupted, and unwearied, amidst the throng of great examples, and against the torrent of violence and reproach)
‘ may be looked upon, at present, as some atonement for the contrary; and their virtue (after the season of mad despair is over) spread its influence and create an imitation, universal
‘ enough

‘ enough to raise again the Sacred Character, and
 ‘ make it once more shine in all that brightness
 ‘ and vigour of glory, in which every good man
 ‘ wishes to see it.

‘ And in the mean while, certainly it remains
 ‘ upon the conscience, and honour, of every
 ‘ True Briton, to employ all the opportunities
 ‘ which can occur to him, from his talents, his
 ‘ station, and his fortune, in doing honour and
 ‘ service to such excellent men in Holy Orders
 ‘ as have, in the whole bent of their words and
 ‘ actions, and upon all just occasions, acknow-
 ‘ ledged and asserted the constitution and basis
 ‘ of our Government. Happy they, who have
 ‘ the power, and the will, to do it.

‘ Certainly, to such Clergy-men esteem and
 ‘ regard are due, in proportion to the excellence
 ‘ of their virtue, and to that course of calumny
 ‘ and reproach which they have suffered, both
 ‘ from their own order, and from others, for
 ‘ their candour and honesty; in disdaining to
 ‘ exalt themselves, at the expence of the prospe-
 ‘ rity of their brethren; and in labouring to
 ‘ shew themselves the most generous Patriots,
 ‘ in respect of this world, as well as the most
 ‘ faithful Stewards, with respect to the next.

‘ What I have to add is, that, if there were
 ‘ occasion, I could call God to witness, that the
 ‘ whole of what I have said hath proceeded, not
 ‘ from any regard to private interest, or the nar-
 ‘ row spirit of a party (which any one may see,
 ‘ at first view, who knows the world) but from
 ‘ a prin-

* a principle of benevolence, and a dilated zeal
 * to serve the best of Princes, and the best of
 * Constitutions, and particularly to rescue the
 * Christian and Protestant name, and the Church
 * of England, from all the scandals of Anti-
 * christianism and Popery.*

I shall now close this short Memoir with a recapitulation of the favours he received from his late Majesty, who soon after his accession to the throne, put him in the commission of the peace for the county of Middlesex, and made him Surveyor of the stables at his palace of Hampton-court, and Governor of the Royal company of Comedians; and, in April 1715, the King was pleased to honour him with Knight-hood, upon the presenting of an address to his Majesty by the Lieutenancy, of which he was the penman.

In the first Parliament of King GEORGE I. he was chosen a member for Boroughbrig in York-wire, and after the suppressing of the rebellion in the North was appointed one of the Commissioners of the forfeited estates in Scotland, where he received distinguishing marks of respect from several of the nobility and gentry of that part of Great Britain. In this Parliament Sir RICHARD voted for the repeal of the Triennial Act, and of the Occasional Conformity and Schism Acts*; but opposed the Peerage Bill, not only within

* See STEELE's "Letters," June 2, 1714, Note.

doors, but without, by the Share he had in those excellent papers called the **PLEBEIAN**. Not long after this, he wrote in opposition to the **South-Sea Schemers***, which somehow or other gave offence; the consequence of which was very well known. He likewise wrote some of the **PASQUINS**, and two papers called the **WHIG** †.

Towards the latter end of his life he grew paralytic ‡, and being perfectly disabled for all sorts of business, study, and conversation, having in a great measure lost his speech, as well as the use of his limbs, he retired to Caermarthen in Wales, where he lingered some years in that unhappy condition.

* In his "THEATRE;" in "The Crisis of Property;" and in "A Nation a Family:" All which are now reprinting in a size uniform with this volume. See also **TATLER** with Notes, cr. 8vo. Ed. 1786. Vol. VI. N° 251. Note on Mr. WHISTON, &c.

† The two papers by ADDISON, called "The Old Whig," are probably here meant.

‡ **TATLER**, *Ut supra*. N° 271. Note, p. 454.

* * * The following extract from a Letter of Sir RICHARD STEELE to his Lady, dated from London, April 10, 1717, abundantly illustrates what is said in page 354; proves that he perfectly understood the Protestant principle, and that he embraced it, not only to talk about, but to live upon:
 "You say I am reported a *Tory*. You know I have always
 "an unfashionable thing, called conscience, in all matters
 "of judicature or justice. There happened, a little while
 "ago, a petition to be brought into the House of Com-
 "mons from the Roman-catholics, praying relief as to
 "point

" point of time, and the meaning of certain clauses which
 " affected them. When there was a question just ready to
 " be put upon this, as whether it should be rejected or not,
 " I stood up, and said to this purpose: ' Mr. Speaker, I
 " cannot but be of opinion, that to put severities upon
 " men merely on account of Religion is a most grievous
 " and unwarrantable proceeding. But, indeed, the Roman-
 " catholics hold tenets which are inconsistent with the
 " being and safety of a Protestant people; for this reason
 " we are justified in laying upon them the penalties which
 " the Parliament has from time to time thought fit to in-
 " flict: but, Sir, let us not pursue Roman-catholics with
 " the spirit of Roman-catholics; but act towards them
 " with the temper of our own Religion. If we do so, we
 " shall not expect them to do any thing in less time than
 " is necessary to do it, or to conduct themselves by rules
 " which they do not understand,' &c. When I had ad-
 " ventured to say this, others followed; and there is a bill
 " directed for the relief of the petitioners. I suppose this
 " gave an handle to the fame of my being a Tory; but you
 " may, perhaps, by this time, have heard that I am turned
 " Presbyterian; for the same day, in a meeting of a hun-
 " dred parliament-men, I laboured as much for the Prote-
 " tant Dissenters."



LETTER to Sir RICHARD STEELE,

From the Rev. WILLIAM ASPLIN*.

March 2, 1727.

IN the brightest days of *Britain*, when BICKERSTAFF presided in the chair of Wit, and o'er this happy land showered *manna* down, which suited every taste, I had the honour (though unworthy and unknown) to be accepted as an humble correspondent. And it gives me now a melancholy reflexion, when I am once more inclined to visit the world in print, that the only person, who introduced me to it, is himself retired.—To be an intruder upon solitude, I am conscious, is rudeness; but, as the greatest souls have never been so much adored, as when departed, suffer me, Sir, to approach your recess, (which ought to be sacred) with the reverence due to the Genius of our Isles, and to make this small oblation of gratitude to the immortal *Manes* of the SPECTATOR.

* Of St. Alban Hall, Oxford, where he took his degree of M. A. in 1710. He was afterwards settled at or near Banbury; and published in 1728, "*Alkibla*, a Disquisition upon worshipping towards the East;" to which the Letter here printed was prefixed.

VINDICATION

OF

Sir RICHARD STEELE,

AGAINST THE

Injurious Misrepresentations of Mrs. TALBOT.

By the Annotator on the TATLER.

IN the character of EUCRATES (TATL. N^o 176.) STEELE seems to have copied from himself, and to have been both the painter and the original. Some notice has been taken of a former picture of this sort by the same hand, in a *Note* on TATLER, N^o 27.

From the sketch above-mentioned, with the help of *bearsay*, and some dashes of her own, Mrs. CATHARINE TALBOT struck out a *caricatura*, on which, as it is averred to be a likeness of Sir R. S. it becomes necessary to make some remarks.

Sir R. S. who had long acted a conspicuous part, and not in a corner, had now made his final exit from the stage of the world; but his character, it seems, was still a *non descript*; and we are as good as told, that the true description of it was among the *desiderata* of science till Mrs. TALBOT, in spite of *gravity* and *decorum*, drew it in the following lines:

“ There is a kind of *shatterwitted* amiable character which gains no confidence, and loses all respect. It is a careless, good-humoured creature, as full of liveliness and entertainment, as void of cau-

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“ tion

“ tion and discretion ; living on from moment to moment, without meaning any harm, or ever taking thorough pains to do good. Every thing goes on at random ; every thing is unequal and odd, and yet every body loves them. Their affairs for the most part run to ruin without any extravagance ; nay, by starts they will be the best managers, and the strictest œconomists in the world ; but alas ! this is all the while *whimsy* masquerading in the dress of a *housewife*.

“ They who come under this description, whatever their principles may be, are guided in all the common affairs of life by mere humour and frolick. They run with the prettiest harmlessness in the world into acts of injustice, which make all around them suffer severely, while they themselves are perfectly insensible whence the mischief comes, because they are conscious to their own hearts of the best designs and sentiments imaginable.

“ By all I could ever learn, the *great* and *amiable* Sir R. S. was one of these whimsical unhappy mortals. With a genius and a heart that few have equalled, he had this defect in his conduct to such a degree, as made him in every respect, but that of an Author, as hurtful a member of society as well could be. Wit like his turned his very distresses into entertainment ; and it is hard to say, whether he raised in his acquaintance more love, diversion, or compassion. But what pity it is, that such a mind should ever have had any blemish at all !”

The officers of Bow-street and drill serjeants draw characters, which have their likenesses to their originals, as well as those that are drawn in the manner of SALLUST. There are also painters who exercise their employment without the least breach of the second commandment. But as for this *fat simile* of Mrs. TALBOT's, it is, as BAYES says, one of the most dainty,

dainty, delicate families in the whole world, if one but knew how to apply it. It does not apply well to *greatness* and *amiableness*, to superior *genius* or uncommon *refinement* of HEART. It has no more resemblance to Sir R. S. than it has to *fifty* others, who, with *fifty* good qualities, happen to be bad economists, and sometimes frolicksome. There might have been some cylinder that illustrated this *anamorphosis*, for want of which, its similitude to the pretended original is now undiscoverable.

The sources of this lady's learning are now unknown, or dried up; and for all she has communicated, we are still left to collect Sir RICHARD's character from the records of his time. If we are to judge of it from them, and we can now judge of it no otherwise, Mrs. TALBOT's description is so far from denoting him truly, that it is a most injurious misrepresentation of a very eminent man, whose great services to the sex might well have entitled him to a milder treatment from any woman who could either write, or read.

Mrs. TALBOT was certainly misled by some gross misinformation; for such a description as she has given of such a character as STEELE's *really* was, unless the describer was so misled, betrays more ignorance, more prejudice, and more malice, than can well comport with the character of this lady, whether we take it on the testimony of her acquaintances, or deduce it from her other writings.

To support what has been said, it seems necessary to give some outlines of STEELE's character, which may be filled up, or retouched if necessary, in a more proper place. If they be fairly drawn, and there cannot be much to be learned now, that has not been attended to, certainly Mrs. TALBOT's tea-table description, and Sir R. STEELE's real character, must be at utter variance for ever.

Sir

SIR RICHARD'S humour, of which the lady says nothing, was genuine, and his wit *sound*; both which he generally employed, as he did all his other talents, heartily, and not unsuccessfully, in the service of truth, virtue, and humanity. He must doubtless have been very respectable, because he was certainly much respected; and justly entitled to such distinction, because he was honourably distinguished by the *confidence* of most of the greatest and best people in the age in which he lived. In all the common affairs of life, it is admitted, that he had the consciousness, and it is certain that he had the character, of having the best designs and sentiments imaginable. His gallantry is undeniable; but to the daughter *which fell to his lot* in this way, he shewed a paternal tenderness, and gave her a most accomplished education. His gaiety led him too much into conviviality and drinking. In both these respects his character is indefensible, and his conduct must have been injurious; but in all other respects, as well as that of an Author, as a husband, as a father, as a friend, as a citizen, &c. having escaped the reproaches of all his contemporaries and enemies, it may now be fairly said, that he was, at least, irreproachable. There is nothing more certain, than that he often took thorough pains to do good; his kind offices were indeed innumerable; he was always a sure friend to friendless merit, and to use the testimony of a good judge of characters, where he was not misguided by party, in which however he was always consistent, he seems to have been a man of *boundless benevolence*. If he was not the most useful member of society that *well could be*, it would certainly be a happier and more enviable society than ever this world saw, that had not in it a more *hurtful* member than he was.

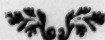
This writer is yet to learn, that any body *suffered severely* by his frolics and indiscretion, besides himself.

But he has learnt with certainty, and on the most respectable authority, a well-known fact, that STEELE retired to Wales before he had the paralytic stroke, that deprived him of his intellectual faculties, and *solely*, on the principle of doing justice to his creditors, at a time too when he had the fairest prospect of satisfying all their claims to the outermost farthing.

In possession of well-supported facts and authorities, that he thinks proves all that has been said, undeniable, this writer is at a total loss to reconcile Mrs. TALBOT's description of STEELE, with the character which is given of herself, by the duchess of SOMERSET, in a letter to lady LUXBOROUGH.

"She is all the world has said of her, as to an uncommon share of understanding: but she has other charms, which I imagine you will join with me in giving the preference even to that; a mild and equal temper, an unaffected pious heart, and the most universal good-will to her fellow-creatures that I ever knew. She *censures nobody*, she despises nobody, and whilst her own life is a pattern of goodness, she does not exclaim with bitterness against vice." NICHOLS's "Anecdotes of Mr. BOWYER," 4to, p. 645.

The fine things which Mrs. TALBOT has said of the *greatness* and *amiableness*, the *genius* and *heart* of Sir R. S. are undoubtedly true; but they look here like the garlands with which Pagans adorned the sacrifices they slaughtered, and seem as ridiculous as CROMWELL's religious regard to his promise with respect to king CHARLES's hair, when he cut off his head. See "Essays on Various Subjects, &c." Vol. I. Ess. xvi. p. 132, &c. 12mo, 1772.





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